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Harriet-Roelofson Griffith

URSULA AT HOME.

BY

MRS. HARRIET P. ROELOFSON GRIFFITH.

Vogt Bros.,
Morristown, N. J.
1897.

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"The very flowers that bend and meet
In sweeting others grow more sweet."

To

Ursula Frances and John Eliot Rowland, Florence Thompson, May Elizabeth McCracken, Emma Vogt and Lois Pierson Durant, my dear little friends, and to the sweet innocent twins Florence Margaret and Isabel Griffith Eaton.

And

also to those who have become endeared to me in the Buds of Promise Class (numbering sometimes eighty-five scholars) through the intercourse as teacher and scholars for twenty (20) years, in the Sunday School of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Morristown, New Jersey, this book is affectionately inscribed by the author.

"Live not without a God
However low or high—
In every house should be
A window to the sky."

CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	Seven Times One are Seven,	17
II.	The Mamma's Musings,	26
III.	On The River Bank,	33
IV.	Five of the Sweetest Words,	56
V.	Twilight Hour,	65
VI.	The Sweet Brier,	72
VII.	The Texts,	75
VIII.	At the Park,	78

"Home should be the centre of joy."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
IX.	Ursula's Dinner Party,	89
X.	The Bower,	120
XI.	The Drive,	136
XII.	The Subjects of the Church Windows,	145
XIII.	The Drive Home,	155
XIV.	Intelligence of Cats,	161
XV.	Sunday Morning,	178
XVI.	The Church,	187

"OUR LIVES."

"Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music, at pleasure ;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever it's rhyme or metre ;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad ;
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
XVII.	Aunt Emily's,	193
XVIII.	The Sunday School,	196
XIX.	The Church Windows ; God is Love,	209
XX.	The Return Home,	224
XXI.	The Invitation,	227
XXII.	Wyman's Woods,	230
XXIII.	Tutu,	268

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier ; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow ; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influence that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth, and the whole civilized world.

DEAN STANLEY.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
XXIV.	TWILIGHT HOUR ; THE GYPSIES,	281
XXV.	THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT,	291
XXVI.	THE TABLEAUX,	294
XXVII.	SUNDAY,	300
XXVIII.	THE PRIMROSE,	305
XXIX.	RAVENSPORT CHURCH,	308
XXX.	THE DREAM,	359
XXXI.	RED LETTER DAY,	370
XXXII.	THE SURPRISES AND THE TRICK,	378

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece,
Ursula, What are You Learning, 14
Seven Times One, 15
The Bridge, 27
The River Bank, 32
Mary and Her Little Lamb, 45
Ursula's Home, 57
Heart, Hope, &c., 63
Elsie's Home, 85
The Balcony, 96
Jane, 104
The Summer Shelter, 123
Ravensport Church, 138
Parable of the Ten Virgins, 144
Phebe Scott, 154
Home Pets, 160
Sweet were His Words, 169
Mother and Kittens, 174
Baptism of Jesus, 179

Cousin Elizabeth, 190
The Nativity, 208
The Angel Appearing to Mary, 219
We are Going Away Now, 242
"My Heart's in the Highlands," &c., 251
The Shepherdess Fast Asleep, 255
"Perhaps some Dreadful Wolf," &c., 259
Tutu, 269
Who Did This, 278
The Little Ducklings, 315
"Gabble, Gabble, Gabble." 319
"Lo, the Star Went Before Them," 325
"They Presented Him, Gold," &c., 329
"Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings," &c., 333
"Glory to God in the Highest," &c., 337
The Shepherds Find Jesus, 341
The Wise Men Looking at the Star, 345
The Angel Appearing to Joseph in a Dream, 349
Joseph and Mary with the Child in the Temple, 353
Jesus Teaching in the Temple, 357
Florence Margaret and Isabel Griffith, 361
Ruth and Myrtle, 371
Cousin Fred, 379
Beatrice and Pauline, 383

PART FIRST.

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"Ursula, what are you learning? Do tell me."
"Seven times one are seven, Elsie."

"SEVEN TIMES ONE."

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CHAPTER I.

"SEVEN TIMES ONE."

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
  My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
  They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night ! I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoo-pint toll me your purple clapper,—
  That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me the nest with the young ones in it,
  I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
  I am seven times one to-day."

"Ursula, what are you learning, do tell me. Is it your piece for school, you are saying."

"Yes, Elsie, it is lovely, listen while I say it to you, all of it. I think I can almost say it all. It is "Seven times One are Seven." I was just seven times one this month, and mamma says my sisters and brothers, and all my cousins learned this piece when they were my age, seven years old, and mamma wants me to know it well to say at school when the term ends."

"That is beautiful, I wish I could learn it too."

"O don't Elsie, it wouldn't be nice for two to say the same piece the same day."

Elsie said nothing, but in the little face she showed she was sorry and disappointed.

These little girls had been good friends ever since they were old enough to know each other—a narrow river divided their fathers' land, and this river had always been a never-ending pleasure to the little ones. They could easily cross the river by a short bridge, and often and often were the little feet skipping over the bridge, hither and thither, from one home to the other. Their

little forms, their pleasant little ways, their winsome voices, and their sweet faces were known by all the neighbors around and many called them the children of the stream, the little mermaids, and the twin Undines, for after school, they would take their play things, their dolls, their paints, and their books, and sit on the green emerald sloping bank of the river and amuse themselves for hours, until almost dark. Then as the cows were going home to their shelter would often be heard the voices of their mammas. "Ursula," "Elsie," "Elsie," "Ursula," "It is getting late, you must come in now."

It was a lovely spot, this river side; the branches of large luxuriant trees over shadowed it, and as far as the eye wandered broad green meadows rose on every side. The fluttering of the butterflies, the sweet smell of the new mown grass, and the whispering bees, made it seem almost enchanted not only to children, but to all who rested on the river bank, and listened to the murmuring, musical stream, its sweet tale saying as it went and came—"It comes and it goes," "It comes and it goes,"—as the wind rippled its waters to and fro, and mirrowed some of the high hills, which on one side were near it.

The sun was going down behind the hills, the cows were already on their way home, and the voices were heard calling them, and the little ones were aware they must part.

Ursula was not satisfied with herself, for not telling Elsie to learn the piece "Seven Times One are Seven" she had been saying over, but she could not overcome

the feeling that she wanted to say the piece alone the last day of school. *Schlafen Sie wohl. Schlafen Sie wohl.* Elsie, mamma's maid, taught me that our twilight hour before mamma could be with me last night. It is German, Elsie, mamma's maid is German. She was afraid I had forgotten it this morning. She made me say it over and over to her while I was dressing; I know it, don't I. *Schlafen Sie wohl.* It means, "I wish you good night. I will teach it to you, Elsie. To-morrow I will teach you everything I know," and with a pang she thought of the "Seven times one," poem, she had kept all to herself, so loath to part with it even for Elsie, and then they both ran home as fast as their little feet would take them.

Ursula's supper was all ready for her. After eating it, she went directly to her mamma's room, where she found her mamma waiting for her.

"Come here to mamma, Ursula, sit down here close to me, I want a nice little talk in the twilight with my little daughter. I want to know if everything has passed off nicely at school and at play with my Ursula—if she has been good all day to her little school friends and has tried to do as the dear Christ would have had her do."

"O mamma, don't say anything more, I have done wrong, I know I have done wrong—I will tell you, dear mamma, all how it happened. This afternoon, as we sat on the river bank, I said my piece "Seven Times One are Seven" over to Elsie; as soon as she had heard it, she said, 'O, that's beautiful, I wish I could say that at school, it is so pretty.' And I am almost ashamed to

tell you mamma, what I said, for I know you will say I was wrong."

Ursula looked very sweet, confiding her real grief to her mamma. Her little countenance, usually so bright and sunny, was quite grave and serious.

Her daily charm was the sweetness of her temperament; it almost seemed, to look at her, that life had nothing in store for her but sunshine and joy. Her mamma's old nurse used to say "there is always laughter on Miss Ursula's lips and sunlight on her brow"; but to-day her eyes even looked sorry.

One could scarcely tell the color of Ursula's eyes, for like the river which flowed past the house, they changed color constantly—but they really were blue—large beautiful blue eyes. They were lovely and bright (fringed with long dark lashes, full of frankness, and spoke for themselves with varied expressions,) and there was no mistaking their pained look now. Her voice usually so joyous had a ring of unhappiness in it, but her face was a clear and true mirror to the sweetest and best heart one could imagine. "Yes, I know I was wrong, but mamma I felt so pleased that I was going to say the piece "Seven Times One are Seven" the last day of school, and that I knew almost every word of it, I could not bear any one, even Elsie, should say it too, and I told her no, I did not want her to say it then."

"Yes, Ursula, you were wrong, and I am very sorry my dear little child should so soon have forgotten our little talk together at our "Twilight Hour" only a few days

ago. You remember, we talked of how much delight it ought to give us, to do as we knew God wanted us to do, that the delight in the law of God, was, to do His holy will, to do everything for His glory, that we should gain strength through the joy we would feel, following God's commandments, and surely it is not the will of God to do wrong, or for His glory not to try and please your little friends and gratify them. Yes, you were wrong, as you say yourself you were, Ursula, when you refused to allow your little playmates to say the piece the same day you expected to say it. What is your golden text for to-morrow, that you have been learning to-day. If I remember rightly it taught or should have taught, my little girlie something very different from this. It taught her gentleness and kindness to be good, and true, and pure. 'Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.' If you had heeded these words, Ursula, you would have thought more of making Elsie happy, than of anything else."

"I feel sorry for little Elsie. It is very different with her, than it is with you. To be sure she has a comfortable home, but she really has no religious training at home, her parents are not members of any church; in fact rarely go to church, and their children are allowed to do about as they please on our blessed holy Sunday. We have often seen the older boys with their skates on Sunday, with them over their shoulders, going to skate, and I do not suppose their father or their mother said a word to them to prevent their going, or

told them it was a sin to do so. The older girls are under no restraint whatever, and seem to go wherever they please on Sundays, as well as other days, for they have no one to check them. Our Elsie, as we call her, is certainly different from the rest of the family. She is like a fresh, sweet flower left in poor soil by mistake. She has grown up with us so closely, she seems more like one of our family than of her own. Indeed I have often wished she could have all the religious instructions my child you have, and yet what does all this good teaching avail, if we do not profit by it. Here my little girl, after all, when the test came, the test of your real goodness, you failed yourself. You did worse than little Elsie would have done under the same circumstances. You were unkind to her, you showed her no kindly affection. If you had made the same request of her, her eyes would have shown with a brighter, happier light, and she would have been so very glad you liked her verses, and she would have told you so, and that she wanted you to say them the same day with her. I am sorry Ursula; you must pray fervently and constantly to God to help you do what you know is right to do. Fervently, means with all your heart."

"O mamma," and Ursula threw herself in her mamma's arms, "dear mamma, pray for me. I did not want to hurt Elsie's feelings, and I wish now I had let her say it. I am sorry for her, I do love her, and I wish I could have her with me all the time, and then you, dear mamma, could talk to her, just as you do to me every day, our "Twilight Hour," and she could hear all about that

lovely home above, and how Jesus came here a little baby to take us safely there at last when we leave this world, if we try, as you say, to be good and love Him and try to do as he wants us to do. Just think, mamma, Elsie never goes to Sunday School. I have asked her mamma lots of times to let her go with me, but she has always said "perhaps," some other Sunday she may go, but not this one. She has been to church sometimes, but she says she never understands what the minister says, and she don't like to go. All she has ever learned that was good, was from you, mamma. I am so glad God did not put me in a home like Elsie's, where there seems to be no God. They are like the heathen, mamma, don't you think so; what is the difference? You say, mamma, the heathen do not worship any real God. If Elsie's family don't worship any God, and they don't, if they don't go to church, do they? I should think they would be heathen, too. I never thought of it before mamma, how dreadful not to love God, and not worship Him, and be heathens."

"You do not understand, Ursula; there are many reasons why people cannot go to church—sickness, accidents, cares at home, prevent many from going to church when they otherwise would wish to go; we must not judge anyone. There is one judge only, the Lord Jesus Christ, but you must always use your influence to do all you can to make others love the dear Lord, and to serve Him, and be sure to watch well over yourself that you fail not again, as you have to-day, to see the right course, for there are times when temptations will

come to us all. It is often easier to tell others how to be good than to be good ourselves. I want you now, and as you grow older, to realize more and more, that to do all things to the glory of God is the all important thing through life, and if we do this we must show ourselves kind to everyone around us, and never be selfish or unkind—and now, Ursula, I hope you will profit by the sad lesson you have had to-day. I feel confident you are sorry for Elsie, for I can read my little girl's warm heart, and how anxious she is to make amends to her friend. I will tell you what I will do to-morrow--you may invite Elsie over after school to stay to dinner, and to spend the night with you, if her mamma will let her. At the "Twilight Hour," I will read her another pretty piece and she shall come over from time to time, before the end of the term and I will teach it to her, in the same manner I taught you your "Seven Times One are Seven." The verses are lovely, and she will love to say them, and sing them to her baby brother, for she loves dearly the wee little baby ; her eyes always sparkle when she speaks of him."

"Tell it to me, mamma, what is it ?" "No, Ursula, that shall be your punishment, that you are obliged to wait until to-morrow, at the 'Twilight Hour.' No one shall hear it until I tell it to Elsie. It is her own little treat. Now to bed, my darling ; pray earnestly to God to make you his own dear little child. Good night."

CHAPTER II

THE MAMMA'S MUSINGS.

After the little daughter had retired for the night, the mother sat musing over all her conversation with her child. What her little girl had told her, pained her. Seven years ago God had placed this little bit of humanity, this baby Ursula, in her arms. It was untold joy to her to feel she possessed this precious gift, that it was her very own. Weeks passed, and months, and her baby Ursula grew more interesting each day that passed, and seemed quite healthy, until one day she grew suddenly ill, and the little mother was very much frightened, and when her good minister came to see her, just after the doctor had told her how sick her baby was, she told him she was grieving lest she should lose her child, fearing she would have to part with it. She remembered how soothingly he talked to her. He told her if God should take her baby to himself, it would not be lost, only kept safely for her until she too went to her eternal home, and then they would be together always, in that beautiful home. So much more beautiful than any home could be on earth in this

The Bridge, where stooping you may see
The little minnows darting restlessly.

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world. In the good Shepherd's arms she would be folded, where no harm of any kind could reach her.

Your life-long loss would be her eternal gain he said. If God should think best to take your little one to himself, you should consider it had been a great blessing to have enjoyed the comfort of loving her, during her little short life here on earth, to have been able to love her and to thank God for the privilege you would still have of loving her forever, in our Father's Home above, and yet my heart cried for my child, my sweet baby. "I had pictured to myself catching the first word my darling should say. *The first word of a babe.* Is there any other such music in the ear of a parent? The language of our own. The dove cooing, the chirp, and carol of her joy had long been understood by us, those sounds were shaped by imitations, and were sweet and constantly solicited—but the application of the first words, as a being of intelligence, the call of the mother, and the father, and the other kindred spirits; the outstretching of the round waxen arms, as on little tottering feet the baby hastens towards us, is a delight surpassing all power of description," and with grief I felt her papa's and mamma's name would never be lisped by our sweet baby, Ursula. We thought it would be God's pleasure to take our darling to himself that day, but it was the Lord's will she should stay with us a longer time. He only knows how long. I tremble lest I shall not dedicate her to the Lord, and nurse her for Him, for I inwardly promised that well remembered day, if Ursula, was spared to me, that with God's help, I would with-

draw my heart from the love of visible things, and turn myself to the invisible, and teach my little girlie from year to year to fix her heart on Heavenly things and trust in God at all times, that she may be a glory to her God, and that we may all receive at last the everlasting reward, our Saviour's love in His Heavenly Home. "I remember how I prayed that night for strength and the very words of my prayer, they were these"—"I beseech Thee my dear Saviour that I fail not in my weak efforts, let not grace be wanting in me to teach my dear child Thy overwhelming love, and let me never lose the desire to gain strength at the foot of the cross, for there alone shall I find strength and help to feel at all times that Thy will is mine. O God, be ever before my eyes as a pattern, and give me understanding that I may know all that Thou would have me know, and be fully qualified to be Thy teacher here on earth, to guide my children aright, and never let drowsiness creep over me, so that my senses shall be numbed, and my promise to Thee, my God, be forgotten." Amen.

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"How sweet thou art, thou sunny place!
Thy God approves thy smiling face:"

CHAPTER III.

ON THE RIVER BANK.

"Oh, what a lovely day, mamma. Hear the bobolink sing, and see how bright the sun shines. To-day Elsie is coming after school to see me. I almost think I hear the little birds chatter and talk about it. I am so glad it is so pleasant, for last night it was very cloudy. I thought Elsie and I could not sit on the bank of the river to-day, for it would rain. Oh! see how nice it is, I am so glad," and Ursula clapped her hands with joy.

Fair she was, her flaxen hair glistening in the warm sunshine, and natural as a bird she flitted from room to room, and warbled her little tale of joy. "There is the morning bell, mamma."

The family all met in the library where they had family prayers, and then went directly in to breakfast. After the family were all seated at the table, with bowed heads, each one repeated a Bible text before grace was said. Little Ursula's was the same one she had repeated to her mamma the night before. "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another."

The father's. "The Lord is in his holy temple."

The mamma's. "Sing unto the Lord and praise his name, by telling of his salvation from day to day."

Marguerite's (the eldest daughter). "O come let us worship, and fall down and kneel before the Lord our maker."

Edith's (a younger daughter). "The Lord is a great God, and a great king above all Gods."

Ernest's (the eldest son). "Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."

John Eliot's (the youngest son). "Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."

It was evident that the father too was a christian, and that the parent's efforts were united in guiding their children in the right way; they felt their religion was their every-day life, and they lived it, and breathed it; it was a part of them.

The school bell rang, and soon all was quiet in the great house. The children did not come home to lunch; arrangements had been made that they should have their lunch at the school teacher's, next door to the school, and it was after three o'clock before the young voices resounded through the hall.

"Elsie is here, mamma, can we go down on the bank, under the trees now? Elsie's mamma says she can stay all night with us, and if you will let me I will take four of my dollies with me, and my blue tea set and my table, and my doll's high chairs, and Elsie and I will have a doll's tea party. I wish Nora could come and

help us, she could take the little table down, and the chairs and some books too."

"Ursula, Nora is not at home; you must learn to wait upon yourself a little more than you have been accustomed to doing. You are getting to be quite a big girl now, old enough to be useful in many ways to others, and to yourself. With a little systematic management you and Elsie can get all your things down at the river bank very easily. First you and Elsie take the little table down together, then the chairs and dollies, and afterwards take the books and dishes."

"Oh, here is John Eliot, he will take some of them down for you."

"John Eliot, help sister and Elsie take some of these things down to the river bank."

"Yes, mamma, I will, I will take the chairs and table and books."

"Before you go, Ursula, you can ask Rebecca to make you some lemonade and to take down a pitcher of it with some of the buns and cakes that are in the pantry. I do not want the young ladies to be thirsty or hungry."

"O, mamma, you are making fun of our doll's party—well, Elsie and I will drink the doll's share of lemonade. We shall be very glad to have it. I am very thirsty now."

In a short time the little girls and all the dollies were arranged around the tea table. Florence and Isabel were twins, and were dressed exactly alike in light blue silk. Their mamma was very fond of them, as she had every reason to be, and could not help saying constantly,

"what little dears they are, did you ever see anything half as sweet ; they are the darlings of our house, these twins, Isabel and Florence." Lois was very beautiful too, her eyes were a warm brown, and her short silky hair was the same color, and she was dressed in brown. Her mamma's pet names for her were "Brownie" and "Sweetheart." Pearl was a perfect little fairy, her blue eyes were so bright they seemed to read you through and through, and she had a wealth of sunny curls flowing over her shoulders, and her mamma called her "Sunbeam," but she was known by the name of "Fairy" in the household.

"Now, Elsie you must be Mrs. DeSilver and I will be Mrs. Eaton ; you know we won't really be those people, but will make believe we are ; each of us will take two of the dollies for our very own children." "What a lovely day it is, Mrs. DeSilver ; I think it would do our children good to be out in the cool air. It has been so warm lately in doors."

"Yes, I know it will, but my dear Mrs. Eaton, I notice Isabel does not seem to eat very well, is anything the matter with her ?"

"I do hope not, do you think she looks pale ? O dear, what shall I do for her, she does look pale, and we are so far away from a doctor at this place and we can't get any medicine, unless we send a long way for it. Papa thought this was such a healthy place for my children, but I have often heard my mamma say it was dreadful to be far away from a doctor and stores, with children, and now I know it myself. I wish now we

had all gone to Cape May, instead of coming here. I do hope Isabel is not going to be sick, but she does not look well. I try to be so careful of her, and Florence. They hardly ever eat any cake, and are never out of doors after the dew begins to fall. O, if my children get sick I really shall not know what to do, with no doctor I can call in for them." "Florence seems very well, Mrs. Eaton, they are very interesting children—such cunning little things. Don't you have lots of fun with your children, Mrs. Eaton, when they are well? I have with mine, lots of good times. I play hide and seek, and hide the slipper, Puss, Puss, in the corner, and other plays and games with them, and I think I enjoy playing as well as my children do. My children sleep well at night, are you awake much with your children at night? It is such a comfort to have good children nights and days both. Lois thinks she is getting old enough to stay out evenings a little later than Pearl, but when I say no, she cannot, she is very good and comes in without a word. She is a merry little Puss, and is happy in doors or out of doors, wherever she is, and Pearl is a happy child, too."

"O yes, Mrs. DeSilver, I have very good times with Florence and Isabel, and nights they are just as good as they are day times. I am so glad my children sleep well at night. I see Nora coming with the lemonade." "There's a good time and we are in it." "Nora give Elsie, oh dear! I forgot—Nora give Mrs. DeSilver some lemonade. Nora, Mrs. DeSilver has two children here, they are Lois Durant and Pearl."

"They are fine children, Miss Ursula," said Nora.

"I am Mrs. Eaton, Nora, and these are my children; their names are Florence Margaret, and Isabel Griffith. I will take some more lemonade, after Mrs. DeSilver has had some more. These cakes are good. Have some more Mrs. DeSilver. Nora won't you read to us?"

"What shall I read?" said Nora, "I have read all these books through so many times."

"That's why I like them Nora because I know them. I like them a great deal better than I would new books."

"What shall we read? Mr. John Eliot is coming, we will ask him. Can you tell us Mr. John Eliot what to read? Mrs. DeSilver and Mrs. Eaton do not seem to be able to tell what they would like to have read."

"Mrs. Eaton! and Mrs. DeSilver! Which is Mrs. DeSilver, and which is Mrs. Eaton?"

"This lady is Mrs. Eaton, and that one is Mrs. DeSilver."

"How do you do, Mrs. DeSilver, and Mrs. Eaton," said John Eliot. "Nora, I would like 'The Little Pilgrim.'"

"O, I just love that too," said Mrs. Eaton.

"I should never get tired of that if I heard it a thousand times. Please read that, Nora," said John Eliot.

"A LITTLE PILGRIM,"

OR,

"JESUS PAID THE FARE."

"One summer's evening, ere the sun went down,
When city men were hastening from town,
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far,

By snorting train, by omnibus, or car,
To be beyond the reach of city's din
A street car stopped, a little child got in,
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old,
But all alone. One scarce could understand.
She held a little bundle in her hand,
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide.
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,
Was on her shoulders thrown. She took her seat
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
And to the porter said, "May I lie here?"
He answered instantly, "Oh, yes, my dear."
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,
While once again the car went on its way.
The tall conductor, over six feet high,
Now scanned the traveller with an ominous eye,
But in that eye was something kind and mild,
That took the notice of the little child.
A little after and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—
The car was full and he had much to do:
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said,
She looked a moment, shook her little head—
"I have no pennies:" Don't you know," said she
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"
He looked bewildered—all the people smiled—
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"

"Why, don't you know? He once for sinners died,
For little children, and for men beside,
To make us good, and wash us from our sin—
Is this His railway I am travelling in?"
"Don't think it is; I want your fare you know."
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago; my mother told me, just before she died,
That Jesus said, when he was crucified
That at the cross His railway did begin
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.
My mother said his home was grand and fair;
I want to go and see my mother there—
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives—
Won't you go to? My mother said he gives
A loving welcome: shall we not be late?
Oh, let us go before He shuts the gate:
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim
He knew not why; he fumbled at his coat
And felt a substance resting in his throat.
The people listened to the little child, some were in tears, the roughest only smiled—
And some one whispered, as they looked amazed,
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing,
"I am going to heaven, my mother used to sing
To me of Jesus, and His Father's love,
Told me to meet her in His Home above;
And so to-day, when Aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not farther see,

I got my bundle, kissed my little kit—
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit ?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to Heaven to roam,
And then your carriage stopped and I could see
You looked so kind—I saw you beckon me,
I thought you must belong to Jesus train,
And are you going home to Heaven again ?"
The poor conductor only shook his head,
Tears in his eyes, the power of speeh had fled.
Had conscience, by her prattle roused his fears
And struck upon the fountain of his tears
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl ?
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much—she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me, but one day she died,"
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied.
"She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare,
O dear conductor, won't you meet her there ?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down,
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,
But no one laughed, but many sitting by,
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won,
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus's gate.
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock
And at the gate give just one little knock !

And you'll see Jesus there." The strong man wept.
I could but think, as from the car I stepped,
How oft a little one has found the road
The narrow pathway to that blest abode
Through faith in Christ has read it's title clear,
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
A little child—the Lord oft uses such
To teach, or bend the stoughtest heart to touch.
Then by his spirit bids the conflict cease,
And once forever enter into peace.
And then along the road the news we bear,
"We're going to heaven--that Jesus paid our fare."

"How pretty that is" said Elsie. "It was lovely, Nora. You were right, John Eliot, in saying you could hear it a thousand times and not get tired of it."

"I could too, Ursula, it is just as sweet as it can be."

"I love it," said John Eliot.

"Nora, please read us something else, you'll have time," said Ursula.

"Miss Ursula, a few days ago I came across two little articles written about Mary and her little lamb. I know how fond you have always been of that poem, 'Mary had a little Lamb,' and are even to this day, and I am sure the piece written by C. McR., you and Miss Elsie will like to hear."

"Oh, we shall. Do read it, Nora."

"I will children."

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

A Critique.

"Critique means critical examination. Here it

means that a person has examined and thought about each line of this piece and has written the thought out so that little girls and boys may understand the beautiful parts as well as the one did who examined the piece, and wrote the thoughts out for them."

"Mary had a little Lamb."

"Mary"—the name strikes us at once as belonging to one pure as the inside of an apple bloom.

"A little Lamb"—The writer does not take it for granted that because a Lamb is mentioned (that is, spoken of,) that the reader will think it is one of the frolicsome, gentle, confiding creatures commonly accepted as an emblem of meekness, not at all: The Lamb is not only a Lamb, it is a *little* Lamb. Thus never in the whole course of the poem can we by any oversight look upon Mary's treasure as a sheep; it retains all its infantile sweetness and grace through the entire narration. The poet thus draws our attention to the youth of the animal in order to excuse the little creature's after guilt. This is done with such grace and delicacy that it is scarcely perceptible. The writer knows human nature, that we see at a glance. Else would he have entered into a detailed account of Mary's parentage, her appearance, place of residence, or at least the manner in which she became possessed of the Lamb. But no, all is left to the imagination; Mary may be a blonde, the "Fair one with golden locks," or as dark as "Black Agnes;" each reader has a heroine, after his own heart, and each is satisfied.

"It's fleece was white as snow."

No black sheep (or lamb) could we any way imagine as

a companion of Mary, gentle, affectionate, pure little Mary. All her associates must be pure as herself.

> "And everywhere that Mary went
> The lamb was sure to go."

Does not this suit the character given to Mary by her name; we can imagine to ourselves the lost lamb, the mournful bleating for its mother, it's hunger and cold. In the depths of it's misery, we see Mary's sweet face bending pityingly over it; she raises it, takes it home, it revives and loves her; she loves it in return. Can we wonder that it follows in her footsteps wherever she goes? Those two lives tell more than many a volume, but they must be read feelingly. Now follows a tale of wrong doing and punishment.

> "It followed her to school one day,
> Which was against the rule."

Although the lamb followed it's mistress everywhere, school is a tabooed place. Yet the little creature can not live without Mary. Long are the hours that must elapse ere Mary's return, and the lamb tires of waiting.

"It followed her to school one day." How innocent an act that seems, how natural; then we read the next line—

"Which was against the rule."—and the lamb's action is turned from innocence to guilt; Mary's favorite, that we have seen heretofore in only a good light, violates deliberately a rule of the school Mary attends. The lamb leaves it's pleasant home to wander schoolward,

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

"And everywhere that Mary went the Lamb was sure to go."

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and we are left to imagine it's thoughts on the way. A scene in the school house bursts upon us and—

> "It makes the children laugh and play,
> To see a lamb at school."

This is another instance in which we are shown the poet's knowledge of human nature. At any thing less than the sight of a lamb, the little scholars are too well trained to laugh. They have been told how to behave should a dog enter the room, or should a ludicrous error in lessons occur ; but when a lamb trots soberly in, not gamboling now, conscience already whispers, remorse eats at the little creature's peace of mind. It is not to be expected that order can longer be maintained, and the school, with the exception of Mary, runs riot. Mary is perhaps, meanwhile, reproaching her pet with a look, "more in sorrow than in anger." She is too gentle to scold, but that glance completely fills the lamb's cup of sorrow ; it is yet to overrun, and the drop is soon poured in—"the deep beneath the lowest deep is soon reached."

> "For this the teacher turned him out."
>
> It was his duty reader, judge him not too harshly.
>
> "But still he lingered near."

This at least was not forbidden—to wait for his little mistress.

> "And waited patiently about
> Till Mary did appear."

How fraught with significance is that one word "patiently ;" all too eager before, he has turned over a new leaf, and now waiting patiently for Mary, we can

imagine him resolving to be a better lamb in the future, to grow more worthy of Mary's love.

> "What makes the lamb love Mary so ?
> The eager children cry."

All have noticed this devotion ; all wonder at it. The teacher answers in words that prove how well he read Mary's affectionate nature.

> "Why Mary loves the Lamb, you know,
> The teacher did reply."

What could be a more worthy ending to so fine a poem than that the love of the two, human and brute, should be recognized by all Mary's little world, her school-mates and her teacher.

"There are a few words in this article I have just read to you your mamma said you might not quite understand, and she wrote them out for me to explain them to you. Emblem is a sign, symbol. Subsequent means following. Deliberate means to take in consideration, to balance in the mind. Fraught means filled, stored. Significance means meaning. And tabooed means forbidden. These were the words your mamma said you were not likely to know, and that you could enjoy the piece better if you knew what all the words meant. We will all say them over a number of times until we all know them well, and then when I read the article again to you all, some other time, you will understand all the words."

"That is just like dear mamma, to take such pains, to

have us understand it well," said Edith, who had come down to hear Nora read.

"I will now read you the other story which your mamma, Miss Ursula, wished me to read to you, after I had read the one I have just read to you; if you are not tired of hearing me read."

"O do," said Ursula, "we are none of us tired, Nora."

"This piece is more interesting than the last one I read, *because* it is a true story of Mary's little Lamb.

A TRUE STORY OF MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

"In 1878, or near that time, this same little girl Mary, who had the little Lamb, had grown to be an old lady about seventy years old. In a letter one day she told the story of her little lamb. We can hardly imagine her being old, this little girl that this little poem was written about, but the years have gone by since then, and almost twenty years ago this little girl was a delightful old lady between seventy and eighty years old. This is the letter just as she wrote it."

"I was nine years old, and we lived on a farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with father to see the cows and sheep. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved, and almost frozen and father told me I might have it, if I could keep it alive. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all day. Night came, I could not bear to leave it, for fear it

would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settee, and I nursed the poor little thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could eat. After this we brought it up by hand until it learned to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used, before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb was all right, and securely fastened for the day.

"Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the Lamb could not be found, and supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be very fond of singing, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning after we had gone some distance, I began to sing and the Lamb hearing me, followed and overtook us before we got to school. As it happened we were early, so I went in very quietly, and took the Lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it with my shawl. When the teacher, and the rest of the scholars came, they did not notice anything curious and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. Hardly had I taken my place, when the patter of little hoofs were heard coming down the aisle, and the Lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed, and the teacher laughed too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the wood-shed until school was out; now on that day there was a young man in the school, John Roulston by name, who had come as a spectator. He was a Boston boy, and

son of a riding-school Master, and was fitting for Harvard College. He was very much pleased over what he saw in our school and a few days after gave us the first three verses of the song. How, or when it got into print, I don't know."

"I took great care of my pet, and would curl it's long wool over a stick. Finally it was killed by an angry cow. I have a pair of little stockings knitted of yarn, spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which have been raveled out and given away, piece-meals, as mementoes."

"I am so glad you read that letter to us, Nora, said John Eliot. I shall think more than I ever did of Mary and her little lamb, and I always loved the dear little lambs. Is it really true, Nora?"

It is true Mr. John Eliot. I know you were always very fond of even little toy lambs when you were a little boy. Once when you were quite young, you asked a lady who was visiting your mamma if she had a little lamb. The lady said she had not. The lady was holding you in her lap. She said she should always remember how sweetly and affectionately you looked in her face and said, "Have you got a little lamb?" No, she said. "Then I will get you one, just where I got mine. I will ask mamma to take me to the store and I will buy you one, and I will tie a little blue ribbon on its neck, and you can love it, and love it, O how you will love it."

"Your mamma told me to tell you that this story is true, and that the same person that wrote this letter is

the very same Mary who is read about in the story, "Mary and Her Little Lamb."

"I can hardly believe it Nora. I always think of this Mary being a little girl now," said Ursula. "Do you believe it, Elsie? It is almost dark, and mamma is calling us." "Ah! here is mamma coming to meet us." "I hope it is not quite supper time, mamma," said little Ursula kissing her mamma. We have had a beautiful time all the afternoon. Nora has read to us about Mary and her little lamb, and a Little Pilgrim. We liked it all so much, but mamma my little daughter Isabel has been quite sick, and I am afraid she must go right to bed; she seemed sick in the grove and at the table ate very little; she must have some medicine. I am glad we are at home."

Ernest opened the door of the library which the children had just closed after them.

"I am a doctor, I can give some medicine if it is needed, I will see what ails the child. Let me see, I think she had a bad dream in her sleep. The trouble is she has had too much excitement."

"Yes," said the mamma, "she was at a tea party this afternoon."

"That's the trouble. Keep her very quiet Mrs. Eaton, and in the morning she will be all right."

"Ernest, Ernest, what are you saying there among the dollies, don't trouble the little ones. They really play very nicely together when they have no one to disturb them."

"I was not troubling them, sister, but I will go. I

was only playing doctor for Ursula's child, who she said was sick. Come out on the piazza a few moments; it is really astonishing, sister, how pretty Ursula and Elsie play house together—Elsie can carry out the idea just as well as Ursula. She is a sweet child, and I believe mamma's influence has had a great deal to do in making her just what she is, for certainly she finds very little to refine her, or make her know the good from the bad, in her own home."

"No, Ernest, she is taught very little at home, I am sure, that would enable her to be more refined than her sisters; I think Elsie has had some influence over her little brother, Paul, for he seems to be a dear little boy. You know, Ernest, the whole family are people who seem to have no principle, and no person void of principle, true, right principle, can be refined."

"I do not believe a wicked person could be refined, if they *always* remained wicked. Poor little Elsie is never taught at home anything from the Bible.

What those children know regarding the good things of this world, and of the next world, they have seemed to learn outside of their home, for their parents seem dumb, mamma says, about teaching them how to live, and how to die."

"I am so glad, sister, that Ursula is going to have Elsie stay with us to-night and I am going to have a little talk with mamma, and ask her if Elsie can't come over from time to time and stay with us, so she can be here sometimes Ursula's Twilight Hour. If Elsie's mamma would let her, I know mamma and

Ursula would dearly love to have her, and think, sister, what an advantage it would be to Elsie. Can you ever forget those delightful Twilight Hours you and Edith and I have spent in mamma's room alone with her. I cannot thank God enough for giving me such a loving, christian mother. I could not help, Marguerite, but think of our own darling mother, when I read my French to-day, or rather translated a little chapter an English poet wrote to a friend. It was a letter from Charles Lamb to Coleridge. I will read it to you."

"O ! my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days of the past which among them would I choose. Not the pleasant days of hope, not those wanderings with a fair haired maid, but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I not give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all these little asperities of temper, which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain, and I trust the day will come when there will be time enough for kind offices of love, in Heaven's eternal years. Ah, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings, and let no man think himself released from the kind character of relationship—these shall give him peace at last. These are the best foundations of every species of benevolence."

"Isn't that expressive, Marguerite ? I thought it was beautiful when I translated it."

"It is indeed, Ernest. Charles Lamb's life is a sad life, but interests me very much. He and his sister were so fond of each other, they remind me of you and

I in their deep affection for each other. But we have the happiness of our dear father and mother, and the children, and for these blessings we ought to thank God daily, as you say you do, Ernest."

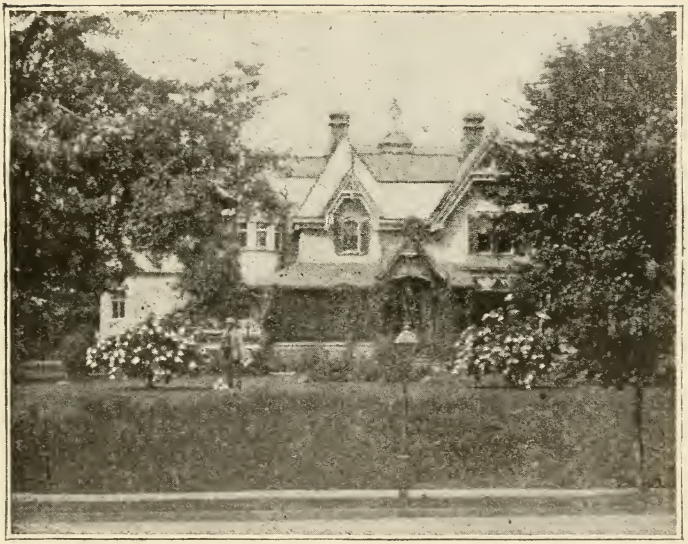
"It is dinner time, we must go in now."

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE OF THE SWEETEST WORDS.

The dinner passed happily and pleasantly, all their language was refined, courteous, and kind. All were truly happy and interested in the varied thoughts and opinions expressed on different subjects. Elsie's eyes spoke volumes, though her voice was silent most of the time. It was the first time she had ever had a meal away from her own home for, though these little girls Ursula and Elsie were together constantly, they had never taken any meals at each other's houses. Elsie could not but contrast it all with their different way of living at her home. The difference of her own humble home-repast did not exercise so much wonder in her little mind as the perfect harmony there was at the table. They all seemed to be there because they loved each other, and wanted to be together for the pleasure it gave them all to be in each other's society.

She had never heard grace asked before. This was a new revelation to her ever-inquiring mind, and it made a great impression on her.



URSULA'S HOME.

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In the centre of the table was a lovely bunch of wild flowers and at each plate were a few flowers tied with a narrow rose colored ribbon, with an English pin fastened to each, and Elsie noticed that they all pinned them on their waists, or put them through their button holes, and she pinned her's on her dress. In her heart she felt how beautiful it all is. At her own home, it seemed as if everything was in confusion, for all the family seemed to talk at the same time, or else they all sat down to the table, and no one said anything. If anything disagreeable happened through the day, at night it seemed always to be brought up at their supper table. The father and mother seemed to think that that was a good time to either scold or reprove the children if they had done anything they had not liked through the day, or anything had gone wrong since morning, or the night before. And then oftentimes the parents would not agree and dispute over little things, and sometimes the children would cry and have to leave the table, and the parents would talk loud over their disagreements, and no one seemed happy afterwards. Elsie had often been at her father's table, when scenes like this had taken place, and then too, they never took pains to look neat and clean. Their mother had never impressed upon them the importance of being tidy, putting their clothes on with care and keeping the pores of their skin open, by keeping it perfectly clean and fresh, with plenty of soap and water.

Nature must have cradled little Elsie in her lap, a favored child, for she was not at all like her sisters, or

the other members of the family, (except little Paul, who had a little sunbeam face, and was always happy and merry.) Elsie was as sweet and pure, and fresh as the innocent flowers on her dress. In this family every one noticed particularly how they looked before coming into the dining-room ; if they were clean, if their hair was nicely brushed, and their linen was clean, and they thus showed respect to each other, as their parents had often told them.

The father always had something pleasant to say to his little family—something, too, that would do them good, and they would remember. This evening it was no exception. After grace was said, he turned to Elsie. "Elsie, as you are the guest of honor this evening, I address you : I know five of the sweetest words in the English language, beginning with the letter "H." Now you may all try to guess what the words are. They commence with "H," remember, and are important words for us all. Can you tell one of them, Elsie ?"

Elsie, startled and confused, replied, "No, Mr. Roelof."

"O, papa, I believe I know one," exclaimed Ursula, "anyway, it is the sweetest word, papa—Home."

"Yes, you have chosen well my little daughter, and it almost seems there could not be a sweeter word than 'Home' but there is one more sweet, for the happiness there is "Heavenly," for it is everlasting."

"O ! I know another," said Marguerite. "Happiness. It made me think of it, papa, your speaking the word."

"There is one quite easy to guess ; we all have one ; some people do much more good with theirs than others

and it is our own fault if we do not use it for good purposes—being kind to everyone, doing good to others. In a thousand and more ways our life will show whether we have a good 'H' in our body or a bad one. It lies on the left side, and beats sometimes slow and sometimes fast, but when it stops beating altogether, we can live no longer."

"Heart, heart, heart," they all cried with one voice.

"Why, my children, said the mamma, can't you think of the other two sweet words? A long time has passed and you have not guessed them. Your papa told them to me before dinner; they are not hard words to guess."

"Oh, mamma, it is very easy for you to know them, for papa told you, but not so easy for us," said Ernest.

"They are very important words to us, Ernest. We should find it very painful many times here on earth or to have any real pleasure here, or after this life is ended, if we could not grasp these words as tangible things, that is, if they could not be real to us, if we could not hold them and possess them."

"I had to go out of the room a moment just then, mamma, I did not hear papa," said Ernest.

"Think of that blessed home beyond the sky, which we are all striving to reach, when you think of the word one 'H' stands for; and what we all want implanted in our hearts when we think of the other 'H.'"

"Heaven, isn't that the first word, papa? I am sure it is," said Ernest, "and Hope is the other word, isn't it papa," said Edith.

"Yes, my children, these are the last two words, you may say them all over after me, John Eliot."

"Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven."

"Heart is a Home-place, and Home is a Heart-place, and that man, John Eliot, makes a sad mistake who would exchange the happiness of Home for anything less than Heaven."

Some one speaking of home, says, that "Home should be to us the sweetest, the fairest, the most wonderful thing in our life; and that in our home, all that is best and brightest in us, should shine with steady and purest lustre, and Heaven, my children lies about us in our infancy, and innocency, some say—but it really does all through life, if we care to have it; but as we grow older, and, perhaps grow less innocent, it is our own fault if we push Heaven farther and farther away from us, through sin."

"Work, watch, and pray always, never ceasing, never submitting to temptation—neglecting no opportunity to say or do one good thing, and thus built up by little accumulations, you shall become great in virtue and holiness through Christ, and no power in the universe can keep you out of Heaven."

"We will now have our family prayers."

HEART, HOPE, HOME, HAPPINESS AND HEAVEN.

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CHAPTER V.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

"You may come in my room Ursula, you and Elsie, and John Eliot, for your Twilight Hour." The first half hour was spent playing games. They have two checker boards, and they all played checkers for awhile, and then the mamma played "Hide the Thimble" with them, and their ringing voices spoke pleasure and happiness.

"It will soon be bed-time," said Mrs. Roelof, "and before it is time to shut your little eyes, I want to teach you your text verses, and read you a little poem. I have two little girls now, havn't I? I feel quite rich. I want you all to tell me what you think of it, after I have read it. I did not compose it, but I think the one who did, wrote a lovely poem."

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry sparks left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss ?
The angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear ?
God spoke, and I came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands.
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did you all come just to be you ?
God thought of me, and so I grew."

"Little rosebuds, how do you like my verses ?"

"They are just beautiful, mamma," said Ursula.

"They are the prettiest verses I ever heard, said Elsie. They make me think of our baby."

"What do you think of them, John Eliot ?"

"I think they are very nice, mamma."

"Would you like to learn them to-day for the last day of school Elsie ? I will teach them to you."

"That would be splendid, I should like very much to learn them, and say them then. Won't it be nice,

Ursula, for you and I both to have such pretty pieces to say, when school ends."

"Then Elsie we will commence to learn two or three verses to-night. Friday night, if your mamma is willing, you can come from school with Ursula, and stay until Saturday night with us, and we will learn more of the piece, and soon you will know it all. I will read the first four verses over a few times for you."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Roelof, I will ask mamma to let me come. I know she will let me stay all night, but I think I shall have to be home Saturday, to take care of baby, while mamma is busy around the house. Mamma is afraid to leave the baby Jim with Paul, for fear something will happen to him, and I always help mamma Saturday mornings."

"Mamma will you let me whisper to you a moment." "Excuse me Elsie," said Ursula, and with her little lips up to her mamma's ear, and speaking almost loud enough for any one to hear, she said, "Mamma, won't you ask Elsie to go with us to the Park to-morrow to see all the animals and everything. Do mamma. It will be just lovely to have Elsie with us."

"Elsie, we are going to the Park to-morrow afternoon, God willing, and if you come over just after lunch, we would like to have you go with us."

"Thank you, Mrs. Roelof, I should enjoy going very much. I will go if I can."

"Don't fail if you can come—to come early. Come to lunch if you can—we shall go about two o'clock. It is now almost time for bed and we will learn our Bible

verses to say at the breakfast table. Papa is always delighted when we all know a new verse well. Elsie, you shall learn this one. It is to me a very loving verse. 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' Ursula, you may say this one. 'O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.' You may say this one John Eliot. 'Cleave to that which is good.'" They repeated the verses over several times alternately. First Ursula's mamma had her say her's. 1st, only as far as the first comma at a time, and repeat this over twenty times. 2nd, as far as another comma, and repeat this over twenty times. 3rd, begin at the beginning and repeat as far as the second comma twenty times. 4th, repeat the words between the second comma and the end twenty times. 5th, repeat then all the verse from the beginning to the end of the verse twenty times.

"Now Elsie, you keep count of the twenty times on your fingers thus, when Ursula has said 'O God,' twenty times, you say twenty. 2nd, then when she has said 'Thou art my God,' twenty times, say twenty. Then, 3rd, she begins over again, now from the beginning, and says, 'O God, thou art my God,' when she has said this over twenty times, say twenty. 4th, she now says the last part over twenty times, 'Early will I seek Thee,' and then say twenty. 5th, she begins at the beginning this time and says it all twenty times; when she has finished her twenty times, say twenty. You must not count aloud Elsie, only say the twenty aloud. You, Elsie and John Eliot may say yours in the same way, and Ursula and I will keep

count in the same way. You may each of you say your verses over twenty times more. I think you know them quite well. Your sweet text is such a comfort and help to us, Elsie. Think what it means. 'He shall give his angels charge over you to take care of you, to be with you, to keep you in all your ways.' You must learn it too Ursula. I want all my children to learn it, and you do not know that text either, John Eliot; all the other children learned it a number of years ago."

"I think I almost know it now, mamma, hearing Elsie say it."

"You may try to say it, Ursula."

"Oh, my dear one, you do not quite know it, but almost; unless we know a thing perfectly, we can not recall it with pleasure in after years. If a thing is imperfectly learned, it is an annoying pleasure to try and remember it, and it is a great satisfaction from time to time to have come into our minds what we have learned some time before by heart perfectly. And if we are sick, it is pleasant to have our minds stored with sweet words from the Bible and lovely little hymns and to know how to pray aright to God."

The little girls then went to Ursula's room, which they were to occupy together. When they were ready to retire, Ursula said, "Elsie, let us kneel down together and say our prayers. I have three prayers I say every night, and a little hymn. I think you know two of the prayers, for mamma says almost all little girls here are taught them: 'Our Lord's Prayer,' which is 'Our

Father, who art in heaven' ; and 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' "

"I don't know 'Our Father, who art in Heaven,' Ursula, but I know 'Now I lay me down to sleep ;' mamma taught me it."

"I will tell mamma, Elsie, that you have never learned 'Our Lord's Prayer—Our Father, who art in Heaven,' and she will be glad to teach it to you, and so will I. First, I will say the prayers you do not know, then we will pray together, 'Now I lay me.' "

With their little hands clasped together, kneeling down reverently, it was a sight which the angels could have looked on with joy.

Full of earnestness were her prayers :

"O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee. Mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Amen.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever." Amen.

'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take, and this we ask for Jesus' sake."

"Bless papa, mamma, Marguerite, Edith, John Eliot, Ernest, Elsie, and Mary, the cook, and Mary, my nurse,

and Nora and Rebecca and Jane and bless all my friends and relations, my little cousins, and everyone, for Christ's sake." Amen.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well :
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

Then they arose from their knees and only a few minutes passed after they were in bed, before they were both fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SWEET BRIER.

It was a bright and beautiful morning. The little girls awoke refreshed and happy. Before dressing Ursula told Elsie she always asked God to keep her safe through the day, and thanked him for his care of her through the night. "Mamma says," said Ursula, "that if we forget God, we ought to be afraid God will forget us." They knelt down, and Ursula said her prayers.

"Blessed Jesus, make me good and holy, make me kind, gentle to all around me. Keep me from wicked words and deeds. Bless my dear father and mother. Keep me from quarrelling with my brothers and sisters. Make us to love each other, and be more like Thee. Amen."

"Now I awake and see the light ;
'Tis God has kept me through the night ;
To Him I lift my voice and pray,
That He will keep me through the day. Amen."

"Father we thank Thee for the night ;
And for the pleasant morning light ;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair,

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good ;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day."

"While we sleep and while we wake
Keep us safe, for Jesus' sake."

They then dressed themselves neatly, and as there was a little time before breakfast, they stepped out on the balcony, just outside of Ursula's window. The sweet brier had climbed up its sides and its sweet perfume with the early dew on it was delightful.

"Elsie, mamma planted this sweet brier when I was a baby, or perhaps I ought to say papa planted it, and mamma watched him plant it. It was planted for me. Don't it smell sweet, we all of us, I mean, sister, brother, Edith, John Eliot, and myself have something which papa and mamma have planted for us before we could walk, and they are all growing splendidly. Sister's is an English walnut tree. Brother's is an apple tree ; last year it had lovely apples on it—golden pippins. Edith had a wistaria. John Eliot had an apple tree too, his apples are pound sweets, they are so nice. Why, I forgot, Elsie, you had some of both kinds of apples last year."

"I remember Ursula, they were nice."

"Mamma said she guessed it was because I was the littlest baby, I had the smallest thing, but if it is the littlest she said it is the sweetest, and then mamma hugged and kissed me when she told me so, and said I

could be just as sweet as my sweet brier bush, if I always tried to be. That there is a lovely fragrance in every one who loves Christ dearly, and over them, and that this fragrance fills the air around them, and makes it sweet, and people enjoy the air of these good people, even at a great distance, just as I do far away from my sweet brier, if the wind wafts its lovely smell to me and mamma says this influence and goodness in the good people is really sweetness, and wafts from good people like the perfume of the sweetest flowers which is carried through the air."

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEXTS.

It was a warm morning, a mist rested upon the forest, a purple haze overcast the river, pleasant sounds came from all around, all nature sang its morning songs. The morning freshness was laden with beauty and royal gifts. As Elsie and Ursula were enjoying the scenes before them Mrs. Roelof entered the room.

"I came in to wish my early morning larks good morning, and to see if they know their table text, and to go down to family prayers with them. We will sit down here in Ursula's bower, and you may repeat them to me."

"You know them quite nicely, children. Papa is waiting in the library for us for family prayers. Come down now."

After prayers, they were soon seated at the table—bowing their heads, and each member of the family said a text.

The papa's was—"Yea, in God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid what man can do unto me."

Ursula's—"O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee."

Elsie's—"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Ernest's—"God is my strength, and my salvation, he is my defence, so that I shall not fail."

Marguerite—"I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart I will speak of all thy marvellous works."

Edith's—"Show me thy ways, O Lord and teach me thy paths."

The Mother's—"O put your trust in him always, ye people, pour out your hearts before him, for God is our hope."

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

John Eliot's—"Whatsoever ye do in word, or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Their papa then said grace.

Their breakfast always passed very quietly, for the papa was obliged to leave home at an early hour to attend to his business, and the children had to get off early for school. And all had the feeling they could not talk much in the morning for they had not the time; though often times the mamma would be heard saying to them, "children don't talk any more, but eat your breakfast you will not be ready," or "you will be late for school," and, "papa dear, you will have to go without your breakfast if you talk any more." As soon as breakfast was over, Elsie went home. It was one

o'clock before she came back. Her first words when she came in the room to Ursula were :

"Ursula, I believe I can say them all, those three verses of my piece your mamma was teaching me last night. I sang them all the time I rocked baby to sleep in my arms this morning. I believe he understood it, for he looked up in my face as if he did."

"That is nice Elsie, Oh, Elsie, we are going to have a splendid time this afternoon. You know we are going to the Park. We will have a donkey cart ride, and go on the merry-go-round, and perhaps a donkey ride too. Won't it be fun, and we are going to take our lunch, and eat it there, but mamma says we are to have some milk in the dairy, and we will see a great many children there. O what a nice time we will have to-day.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE PARK.

It was a jolly party that started off for an afternoon's enjoyment. The mamma was as much a child as the little ones.

It was three o'clock just as they entered the Park entrance.

"Where shall we go, mamma, can we go to the Mall now, where the donkeys and donkey wagons are, and have a drive?"

"Yes, Ursula, it is this way."

"There they are, mamma, I see them. We shall have a good ride Elsie."

The two little girls and John Eliot jumped into the donkey cart and off the donkeys started at a good pace, and when they came back, they said they had had a splendid ride.

Then one of the men who had charge of the donkeys came up to them and asked them if they would not get on the donkeys and have a ride, and go around the Lake and Park. He looked quite fancy in his bright red costume and red turban cap. The mamma told the children to go with him, if they wanted to and Elsie, Ur-

sula, Edith and John Eliot got up on the donkeys, and their guides took them all around the Park, and showed them grottos, and large rocks, with ivy climbing all over them, and a building where he said there were a great many curious things, Egyptian things, and Chinese things and many wonderful things they had never heard of before. They then rode around the duck-pond, and as their mamma was feeding some of the ducks, they told their guides they would jump down from their donkeys, and feed the ducks too.

The duck-pond was full of ducks and geese. It was clear as a mirror and they were very much interested seeing the white ducks on the surface of the transparent water, as it seemed to them, and as they threw crumbs of bread to them, their quack, quack, quack, was quite exciting, and the little ones were full of delight, answering them in their own language.

"Mamma, see through that bit of wood, there is more water."

"Yes, Ursula, I get a glimpse of it. It is the Lake. It is a lovely sheet of water. There was where the donkeys were going if you had all remained on them. We will go to it now."

When they reached the Lake, the sight quite surprised their already wondering eyes. On one end of the Lake were lovely white swan, and as the children walked along the shore, they came as near the land as they could, arching their long necks, looking very graceful, using the only means they possessed to show themselves pleased.

The children's shouts and laughter resounded over the water, as they from time to time threw them crumbs and they would lift their long necks higher and higher, almost speaking and thanking them.

It was a special delight to them for although they lived in the country, they had never seen swan before.

This may seem strange to little girls and boys who have been to Parks, and seen the swan there, or travel summers with their parents or friends and go to different places to board or visit, or have swan at their own homes or near them ; but these little children had never been to any Park before, and they had no swan at home, and had never been anywhere where there were any.

On the other part of the Lake were row boats, and sail boats. They said they would like to have a sail, and the mamma said she would go with them.

They had "fine fun" they told Nora, afterwards, trying to catch the little fish which seemed so near them in the water, and yet they could not really get one.

"Oh, mamma," said Ursula, "we must have a ride in the row boat too, can we have."

"Oh ! mamma, please let us. I have never been in a row boat," said Edith.

"Yes, my children, if we have time you may, but we will sit down here in this lovely cool spot on this bench, under these trees, and have our lunch now."

The lunch box was passed around, and they all seemed to enjoy very much the dainty sandwiches, and little frosted cakes and oranges.

"Mamma, we have all eaten our lunch, let us go into the boat, a man is waiting with a boat here," said John Eliot.

They went the length of the Lake in the row boat, and the man who was rowing let them take turns trying to row with one of the oars, but as they could make "no headway," (as the man called it) on the Lake, he took the oar, and soon they speeded over the water and were back at the boat house, too soon, the children thought.

They said they had never had such a good time, and they were never tired of telling how they rowed on the Lake, and how they put their heads way down when they came to a bridge, when the boat went under it.

"Oh ! my little ones we must be home half an hour before dinner, I sent word to papa to try and meet us here, but I suppose he was not able to, as he has not come. We shall have dinner at seven to-night, but we must leave the Park at five o'clock. It is now quarter past four, so you see we must hurry a little if you are going to find the 'merry-go-round.' Would you like to try the merry-go-round ?"

"O yes," they all cried.

"Come this way then, come through this little lane, and we will pass by this hedge. How lovely these bunches of primroses are, don't pick even a single leaf, it is not allowed in the Park. See the butterflies flitting about, and hear the birds in all the topmost branches of the trees chattering as they make their nests for their own little homes ; and here is a bee, there must be a hive

near, or perhaps it may be quite a distance away, for they often travel a long way for flowers that suit them to store up, as their instinct teaches them, for winter use.

When honey is made of such beautiful sweet smelling flowers no wonder it is so nice and sweet. I will read you an article some time about the bees. I read yesterday how cunning they are, and they do know a great deal."

"Mamma, mamma, see that little tiny bird on that tree."

"That is a wood-pecker my child, it is pecking at the bark of the tree, it is very beautiful."

"Mamma see the sheep on the hill side," said Ursula.

"It is a perfect picture," said Mrs. Roelof. "They always remind me that we are Christ's sheep, and Christ is our shepherd. You know that verse, Ursula."

"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine," said Ursula.

The pretty wooded pass was fragrant with the sweet clover as they pressed it under their feet walking along, and as they came to the end of the narrow pass, there was the "merry-go-round" in full sight.

"You were right as you always are my darling mamma," said Ursula.

The "merry-go-round" was all they had anticipated. Numberless children were there, and soon they were going round on the iron horses with the others, and were greatly delighted.

It seemed to Elsie and Ursula and John Eliot that their afternoon was an endless delight.

"We will now go to the dairy, and see if the dairy maid is waiting to give us a glass of milk."

At the dairy the little dairy maid came to them looking very neat and pretty in her short ruffled dress, and white handkerchief crossed over her bosom, a tiny muslin cap and dainty white muslin apron. She made a low courtesy to them as she gave each of them a glass of the cool milk, and Elsie was almost awed as she took her glass.

There were many children setting around little tables at the dairy. Some were eating their lunches and some were playing games. She heard one of them say she was tired being out of doors all day, and had come in there to rest a little while.

They all enjoyed their cool drink, and after they were on the walk, outside of the building, Ursula asked her mother if some children remained all day at the Park, that the little girl next to her at the table, at the dairy said something about being there all day.

"Yes, Ursula, and some time we will come and stay all day, all of us, and brother and sister too, if they can. We will bring a nice lunch, and have a nice long day, God willing. We will bring some books with us, and I will read aloud under the trees."

"That would be lovely, mamma, I love to hear you read, I believe better than anything else in the world," said Ursula.

"You must not say that my daughter, for there are

a great many things you are just as fond of as to hear your mamma read. You must always think well, before you speak."

"We must now start for home. It is quite time for us to be on the way home."

"Elsie, have you enjoyed your afternoon with us?"

"Very much I thank you, Mrs. Roelof. I thank you very much for letting me come with you."

"We were very glad to have you with us, Elsie."

"How long shall we be going home, mamma?"

"It is now just five o'clock, we ought to be home by half-past six. We shall be on the steam cars an hour, and it will take half an hour to get down to the depot."

At half-past six the little party reached their country town, and the little friends had to separate, although they all wanted Elsie to go home with them to dinner.

"Elsie," said Mrs. Roelof. "I wish you would ask your mamma if she will allow you to come after school next Friday afternoon and stay with us as you did yesterday."

"I will ask her, thank you, Mrs. Roelof, good bye. I have had such a pleasant time," and her little face was as fresh and pure as the rose she held in her hand, that Ursula had given her a moment before.

Mrs. Roelof and Ursula kissed her, and soon she had danced over the bridge with happy heart and feet, and was in her own home, telling her mamma, and brothers and sisters what a splendid time she had had with Mrs. Roelof, Ursula, John Eliot and Edith at the Park.

ELSIE'S HOME.

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CHAPTER IX.

URSULA'S DINNER PARTY.

The week passed quickly to the older members of the family, but the children thought the days very long, that the days went very slowly before Friday came again.

"This is Friday morning, Elsie is coming home from school with you, Ursula, this afternoon, to stay over night with us. You may invite Ruth Hawes and Kitty Walton home to take dinner with you too, and you can have your dinner at a little side table—you four little girls. You can ask Ruth and Kitty before school commences. You will have time to go to their homes on your way to school, if you get started early. Tell their mammas—never mind, I will write their mammas each a little note, I can explain better perhaps than you can."

"I will read you what I have written them Ursula."

"*My Dear Mrs. Walton :—*

Will you please allow your little daughter Kitty to come this afternoon and take dinner with Ursula. She has a dear little friend, Elsie Oliver, staying with her

over night and I hope Kitty and Ruth can come and spend the afternoon and evening with her. I know the children would all enjoy being together after school, and I have planned a little table 'all to themselves' at dinner in the dining room, and some games for them after dinner. I will not keep her late; my husband or Nora will go home with her at half-past eight. It will give us great pleasure to see Kitty this afternoon.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE ROELOF."

"Mrs. Hawes' note is the same and you can take them as you go to school."

"What a sweet, lovely mamma you are; thank you again and again," and she ran off joyfully with the notes.

Friday afternoon Ursula came home with her little friends. Her mamma met them at the door and kissed them, and asked them what they would like to do. If they would like to go out to play while it was light, and the four little girls said "yes, they would go out on the lawn in front of the house."

The house stood high, overlooking the river, hills and village. The lawn was always kept like velvet, the grass was very short, and their croquet games and other games they enjoyed very much, where it was cool and shady. The shrubs on the lawn were beautiful and little blue violets peeped here and there in the grass. The violets caught Ursula's eye, as they stepped out on the piazza. "Let each of us pick a bunch of violets, and tie them on the front of our hats.

I will go and get some string," said Ursula. When they finished fastening the flowers on their hats, they were very delighted, and their little faces looked very sweet under the great bunches of violets.

"What shall we play ?"

"Did you ever play cat and mice, Kitty ? I was at my aunts, last month, and my cousins and I used to play that there. Here come Marguerite, Edith and John Eliot, they will play too."

"No, Ursula, how do you play it ?"

"There has to be a cat and mouse ; Kitty you be the cat for you are the tallest, then the rest of you take hold of hands, and form a circle into which the mouse creeps, while you all dance around singing—

Pray, Mrs. Mouse are you within ?
Yes, kind sir, I'm sitting to spin.

"Ruth, you be the mouse inside the circle, and Kitty you are the puss and you must be outside of the circle prowling round and saying mew, mew, mew. This is the game. The little girl who plays she is the cat watches her chance to catch the mouse. If she can reach Mrs. Mouse by putting her hand into the circle, she may do so, that is if she does not forget to mew at the same time. The mouse must try and keep in the middle of the circle, so the cat can not catch her, but she must run some times in and out of the circle to give pussy a chance of catching her."

"The dancers must try to help and defend the mouse, opening and raising their arms to admit her, when run-

ning back into their circle—lowering their arms and drawing close together to keep out the cat. If puss succeeds in getting into the circle, the two who allowed her to do so, become in their turn cat and mouse and also pay a forfeit each. If the mouse is caught, and the cat at the moment of catching her has forgotten to mew, it is not a true capture, but pussy is to release her and try again. If the mouse is caught out of the circle she is to pay a forfeit. The cat may try and pull gently the hands of the dancers apart, and break into the circle, but she must be quite gentle, and not rude in such an attempt, for the game, mamma says, to be pleasant, must be played only with nice, gentle children."

They played the game for some time and enjoyed it very much, then Ursula said "mamma played a game with me yesterday; we all played it, sister and all just before supper. Shall we play it now. It is called 'jingler'; it is very much like Blind Man's Buff."

Elsie and all of them wanted to play it and Ursula said—"Elsie, I will blindfold you with a handkerchief; oh! here is the bell, mamma put it under the piazza last night when we finished playing. Kitty, you take this bell, you are called the jingler, because you jingle the bell. Elsie you must go round saying 'Jingler, where are you? Where are you? Where are you, jingler?' In answer to this, Kitty, you must jingle the bell, and Elsie, you follow the sound, and Kitty, you must dodge all over the lawn, and from time to time, shake the bell close behind Elsie, tinkling the bell here and there, and run in different directions."

"Kitty, if Elsie catches you, then you both change places—we must be careful not to hurt Elsie, or any of us."

They played until half-past four, then the half-hour gong rang and Ursula told her little friends it was time for them to get ready for dinner. They went up to Ursula's room and washed their hands and faces, and brushed their hair and looked as nice as they did before their plays.

"Come out here in my little bower," said Ursula. Everything sounded merry from the balcony. The birds were singing, the bees were at work, buzzing and humming everywhere. The cattle were resting by the water under the trees, and the whole animal world seemed happy and joyous.

From the balcony they could see the young and tender plants which had sprouted from the seeds Ursula, Edith and John Eliot had planted. The trees were budded, all the newly springing vegetation said plainly, Spring is here. Not far off was a little grove of locust trees, in the midst of which was a rustic table with a circular seat around it, and rustic chairs.

"What a jolly spot," said Kitty, looking towards the grove. "Do you ever go out there to sit under the trees, Ursula?"

"Yes, Kitty, we often take our lunch there Saturday noons, when there are not many at home, not more than four or five, and mamma reads aloud to us and we sew." The locust trees looked lovely, the young leaves were a light pea green, and as they grew older

they grew darker, showing many different shades of foliage. When these locusts were in full bloom their pea shaped flowers were beautiful and very fragrant.

There was a long row of tall elms outside the hedge, which towered, Ursula said, "almost up to the sky." In one corner of the lawn was a large oak tree with its wide spreading branches. Scattered over the lawn were tulip trees, ash, beech and walnut trees, all beautiful shade trees. Around the grounds was a thick hedge, formed of different shrubs, the privit, the rose acacia, the syringa, the snow-ball, the lilac, the azalea and the japonica. These in blossom as they were from time to time, were a pretty sight from Ursula's bower. Ursula was very fond of the laburnum when it was covered with its pendant yellow flowers, and the lilacs when they were in full blossom. Then there were two smoke trees which at times looked like great puffs of smoke, and the snow berry and wax berry, and the Buffalo berry which came from the Rocky mountains, which has silvery leaves, and a currant-like fruit which one can eat. Now the shrubs were full of birds, nestling closely together for the night.

"It is very sweet out here, Ursula," said Ruth. "The bower is almost entirely covered with this vine, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ruth, I was telling Elsie a week ago, that this vine is almost as old as I am—it was planted when I was three months old. Mamma and papa said they always had four things done by the time their children were three months old—we were all baptised before then and

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THE BALCONY.

vaccinated and our pictures taken, and something planted in the garden or on the lawn for us. Then they said they had done all they could for God, for the world and for themselves and for their children. Mamma says she had this vine planted to give me a little green spot near the sky. Yes, this sweet brier and the honey-suckle vine and my morning glories do twine around on all sides and over the top."

"Every birthday papa and mamma have Japanese lanterns and hanging baskets full of flowers hung out here, and in the evening the lanterns are lighted, and papa and mamma always say a little piece out here in the evening of my birthday. My birthday was two weeks ago, the first day of May—'May day,' and I will ask mamma if she will have the same lanterns put up to-night, for I know they have not been put away in the box; and I will ask them, too, if they won't say the same pieces for us all to-night."

"It is very pretty out here," said Kitty. "I wish we could come out here this evening and hear your birthday pieces."

"These pots of flowers Marguerite, Ernest, Edith and John Eliot gave me. Marguerite always gives me a Marguerite for her name; you know that flower is smaller than our common daisy but it is a daisy, the others always give me a rose bush, and they are afterwards planted out of doors. I have quite a nice little rose garden of my birth-day roses. I do love flowers. When I came out on my balcony my birth-day morning these pots of flowers were in each corner of my "bower," just

as they are now. Mamma and all of us call my balcony the bower too. I hope we can come out here to-night and have it all lighted and have papa and mamma say my verses."

Just then, Edith came to the door. "Didn't you hear the gong, Ursula? Mamma said she did not believe you heard it. Come, children, dinner is ready.

"No, Edith we were so busy talking we did not notice it." "Come then, for they are all waiting for us at the table."

A little square table was spread for them with a pretty white linen cloth, with a centre piece of white linen worked with pink and white apple blossoms, in the centre of which was a large vase full of apple blossoms. On the out-side of the vase was painted bunches of apple blossoms, and around the edge of the table cloth there was a vine of green leaves with little bunches of apple blossoms tied every six inches apart. The effect was very pretty.

After grace, Nora gave each of the little girls a bowl of bouillon. Then the papa told them he was going to let the wings of the chicken fly over to them, to look sharp and see them come, and soon, surely enough, on each of the little girl's plates, the wings arrived. With the chicken was served some bright red jelly, moulded in the shape of a chicken. As it was being passed around, the papa said—"children I want to know if you can tell me why children are like jelly?"

They gave all kinds of answers but could not guess the

right one. "I will have to tell you," said Mr. Roelof, "Because, as they are moulded so they turn out."

"You are put in homes, just as the jelly was put in a china or tin form, or mould, and as the jelly took the impression of the creases around it, so are children impressed with all their surroundings, and their character is influenced by all that is around them. If the impression on the jelly in the form is perfect, it will turn out of its form good, if not, it will be an imperfect shape, and *if the children's hearts* are shaped and moulded rightly, their words and actions will be good, and they will turn out good men and women. 'As we are moulded so we will turn out.' Remember that all through life, that it rests with ourselves if we come out of our homes perfectly moulded, then our lives will be pure and good."

"Papa," said Ursula, "tell me something else to guess, wont you?"

A large piece of honey had just been put on the table.

"Do you know what kind of bees make the honey, Ursula?"

"Yes, papa, honey bees."

"Then perhaps you, or your little mates can tell me why the honey bees are winged merchants? Merchants buy and sell, do they not?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then, why are honey bees called winged merchants? Why are they called merchants with wings?"

"Do you all give it up? Can't you guess? Shall I tell you? Well, I will.

"*Because* they fly around and *cell it.* They put the

912220

honey in cells, and so they cell it. The word sounds the same as the word sell, and so one might think they sell as merchants do when one hears the answer."

"O papa," said Edith, "that is splendid,"

"Listen, children," said the mamma, "While I tell my little mystery."

"Why is the letter 'O' the most charitable letter?"

"All thought it over and gave many answers, but did not guess right.

"I don't believe you will guess it, here is the answer."

"Because it is found oftener than any other in doing good."

"That is just like you, mamma."

"I will give you one, now," said Marguerite.

"Why is mamma's conundrum like her own dear self?"

"Because mamma and the letter 'O' are *both* found in doing good."

"That's right, Ernest." All laughed heartily, and papa told Ernest, Marguerite was just right, mamma was always found in doing good.

"Ernest, can't you tell us a conundrum that none of us have heard."

"I think I can, papa. I heard a very good one I thought, last evening, at our society."

"Why does the letter 'R' take an enviable position?"

"We will try hard to guess that one, my son. Let me see, the letter 'R' is found in 'Virtue,' that is a very enviable position, the same can be said of 'Temperance,' that there it has an enviable position."

Thus far the father guessed, but seemed to get no farther. All other answers were wrong, even with the help of the others, who kept saying from time to time—"O, I know,"—

"Shall I tell, papa? Do you give up?"

"Yes, I give up, my boy."

"This is the answer."

"Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war."

"No, I had never heard that one before, it is a very good one."

"Ursula, give us a wee little one.

"Papa, I think Kitty and Ruth could tell some, they always know a good many."

"Can you tell us one, Ruth?"

"Yes, Mr. Roelof."

"Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same."

Some time they were guessing it, and at last Edith fairly screamed—"The Postman, isn't that right, Ruth?"

"Yes, Edith, that is the answer."

"Kitty, do you know one you can give us?"

"I think I can, Mr. Roelof."

"Why is the letter 'D' the most wonderful letter in the alphabet?"

After they had all wondered over it a long time, and could not tell the answer, Kitty told them.

"Because it is the centre of wonders."

"That is very good too, Kitty."

"Edith, it is your turn now."

"What word is it that if you take away the first letter all will remain?"

"Fall," said the mamma.

"Oh, mamma, you shouldn't have told right away, if you knew it, but waited to see if any one else could guess it."

"That is true, Edith, but I rarely guess one, and I was so glad I knew it, that I spoke before I thought."

"That's all right, dear mamma," said Ernest, affectionately; "We are all very glad to have our dear mamma guess them."

"John Eliot, you know one I know, for you told me one a few days ago."

"Was it this one, mamma?"

"When is a boat like a heap of snow?"

"Yes, that was it. Can any one guess it?"

After awhile the papa said he thought it was when it was a drift."

"Right," said the mamma.

They had a very merry time at the table. They had just finished their little oyster patties and cream soufflee and were now very much interested in all that was said, when they heard coming through the hall a little tinkling, like the tinkling of a small bell. They stopped talking to listen to it, as they could not quite make out what the sound was, or where it came from, for at first it sounded afar off, and then nearer and nearer.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

JANE.

In a few minutes, Jane (the waitress) came in the room with a large steamed suet pudding on a large platter.

Around the platter was a wreath of early spring flowers, and a green vine, and hanging under the platter were twenty-five tiny bells, strung on a narrow ribbon and fastened and hung under the vine, and hidden under it, and every step Jane took the little bells rang.

"Listen," said the papa, "here comes Jane."

Hear the merry little Bells,
How they laugh, and how they sing;
Telling of the ripened spring.

While the vine of delicate green
Around the platter neatly seen
Hides the laughing bells.

Nestled in the vine so green,
Snug and warm some plums are seen,
In a pudding round.

Warm and soft and round its mien,
Sitting quietly serene,
Happy in its spot.

Soon we'll cut that pudding there,
And to each provide a share,
Of the pudding round.

Now we'll eat the pudding good,
And to help digest the food,
A conundrum give.

Before Mamma a pudding stands,
  A pudding round, now mind,
And tell the truth regarding it—
  How many sides you find ?

"Do you mean, papa, how many sides that round pudding has ?"

"Yes, my son, that is the question."

"Why it is as round as it can be," said Edith, "It can't have any sides."

"You are right, and wrong too, Edith, you can not see now how that can be, but you will understand it soon," said the papa. "As you can not tell me, I will tell you—"Look at the pudding."

All eyes were on the pretty platter and pudding.

Look at the pudding round,
  You cannot see it all ;
For the cook does hide
  One part, the inside,
Give your ear, I'll confide,
  That counts for one side.

When you heard the bells ring,
When you heard them sing,
You saw an outside ;
Which the cook did not hide,
Of a darkish hue,
And that counts for two.

The sides were shaped
  In the pudding form,
When the pudding was made
  The sides were born.

Outside and inside,
Inside and out,
Turn it around, turn it about.

You know of the pudding,
  It is very true,
Of the sides of the pudding
  There's an even two.

"O papa, that is splendid, where did you find all those verses, papa."

"I did not find them, Ernest; your good mamma composed them for Ursula's little company."

"Thank you, dear mamma," said Ursula; "you were ever so good to write them for me."

"I believe we have all told a conundrum of some kind except Ursula and Elsie; I will give you one for them, Ursula and Elsie, see if you can guess it."

"A little girl, only four years old, asked her papa for some butter and syrup on her cakes at breakfast.

"No, my child, he said, we are very poor and I cannot give you butter and syrup too, on your cakes."

"Now, how do you think that little girl ate the cakes she had, and had butter and syrup both on them and still did not disobey her father."

None could give the answer.

"Well, I will tell you what the little girl did; she asked her papa if she could have two cakes, the ones she had on her plate. He told her she could. 'Then, papa,' she said, 'I will have butter on one cake, and syrup on the other cake, and I will put one cake on top of the

other cake, and when I eat them I will have butter and syrup on both of them. You don't care do you, papa, if I do this way ?' the little girl said."

"Her papa told her she was quite clever, to eat her cakes and butter and syrup, for she could, and yet not disobey him."

The children laughed heartily.

"That's the best one yet, papa," said Ursula.

"I know another, papa, I heard last night," said Ernest.

"How can you make a penny go a great way."

"Many persons have asked themselves that question and tried to make one penny do the duty of two, Ernest."

"Can no one tell how it is done ?"

"Well, then I will tell you."

"It must be drawn out to the distance of many feet of wire. It was said to have been drawn out into 5,700 feet of wire, some time ago in Scotland."

"That is quite wonderful," said Mr. Roelof, "if it really can be done."

"We have finished our dinner, and you may all go into the parlor," said Mrs. Roelof.

"Can we play something now, mamma."

"Yes, Ursula, play grand mother's needle, you all know that."

The children all took hold of hands in a long line. On the right hand of the line, the two children sang—

"Grand mother's eyes are grown so dim,
Her needle she can't fill."

The two children at the other end of the line answering them, sang—

"Our eyes are very bright and good,
Thread it for her we will."

Then the children who sang first, raise their arms very high; and those who sang last dart under them, so that the entire line twist through, till the first singers are at the bottom of the line. Those now who are at the top of the line raise their arms and commence over again the rhyme, and the ones who are now at the end of the line thread the needle with the song—

"Our eyes are very bright and good,
Thread it for her we will."

And twist through again.

After playing threading the needle awhile, Mr. Roelof was observed coming into the room with a good sized mat on which he placed a large flower pot filled with sand—in the centre of it he placed a flag.

The children interested in this turned to see what it was.

"What is that for, papa," said Ursula.

"This is a little play, children, I saw played when I was in Italy, among the children, there. It was called 'Take Care.' You see this little flag fastened to this long stick, how it is placed in the centre of this sand, and how the sand is heaped up all around it. The one who upsets it, has to pay a forfeit and the object is to try and see how much sand can be removed with this thin long stick, before it is finally upset. The sand is

heaped up as I said, around the flag, and as some one comes very near it, the flag will fall. The first one who causes it to fall must pay a forfeit."

"As each one tries to remove the sand, a little at a time in turn, the others can say 'Take Care.'" This caused a great deal of merriment, and when the flag finally fell, tumbled down, as Elsie said, they all clapped their hands, and fairly shouted, and they all said it was great fun.

"You must pay a forfeit, Kitty, you were the last one who played before the flag fell," said Marguerite.

"Mamma will you keep count of the forfeits. Put Kitty down for a forfeit for 'Take Care.'"

"Yes, my child, I will."

"We might play now—'Here I Bake and Brew,'" said Kitty. "Don't you remember what fun we had playing that, last summer at Cape May, we never were tired of it."

"Yes, Kitty, I remember, we will play it. Come Elsie and Ruth, won't you all play with us. Ernest, you and John Eliot play too."

"Ruth you go in the middle of the circle—oh! you must all take hold of hands. Now Ruth you say 'Here I Bake,' at the same time be sure and touch one pair of the joined hands. Then touch two others, and say, 'Here I Brew.' Now go to the other side of the circle and say, 'Here I Make my Wedding Cake.' Then Ruth you must spring all at once on two of the clasped hands—when they do not expect you to do so, and break through the circle, if you can."

"Oh, Elsie, you should not have let her through so easily—we must try and not let them get through very easy. We'll try it again."

"Kitty, you go in the circle now."

"Oh, no, Ruth has two more times to try to get through," said Kitty, "you have forgotten, Ursula."

"That's true, Kitty."

"Ah, Elsie, your's and Kitty's hands were not strong enough to keep me from breaking them apart this time, and you must both pay a forfeit. If I had tried three times and had not been able to get out of the circle, then, Ursula says, I should have had to pay a forfeit."

"Mamma, write on your paper, a forfeit for Kitty and Elsie, for 'Here I Bake, and Here I Brew,' and 'Here I Make my Wedding Cake.' How many forfeits have you on your paper to have paid, mamma?"

"I have three, two for Kitty, and one for Elsie."

"I will sit in this large chair," said Marguerite, "and you, Kitty, give me something you have got on, a ring or a pin, or a ribbon or anything for a forfeit, and Edith you kneel down here by me, and hide your face in my lap, and I will hold each forfeit over your head, where you cannot see them, and ask you what the owners of those forfeits will have to do to redeem their forfeits; that means, what they will have to do to get back their things. You will be the judge, Edith."

Kitty handed Marguerite a ring.

"Oh, judge," said Marguerite, holding the forfeit above Edith's head. "Here is a thing, and a very pretty

thing, what must be done by the owner of this pretty thing."

"You must answer, is the owner a lady or gentleman."

"A lady, O judge."

"She must courtesy to every one in the room without smiling."

She amused them very much with a low courtesy to each one in the room, and had not smiled once until she came to Edith, whose laughing face, Kitty said, made her smile when she made her courtesy to her.

"You have to pay a forfeit, Kitty," said Marguerite, "that is the rule."

"You kneel down, Ruth—first give me something."

Kitty handed Marguerite a chain. She held the forfeit over Ruth's head, and repeated the same words, and asked what the owner of the forfeit should do.

It was decided she should remain perfectly silent for five minutes by the watch, while her friends talked to her, and asked her questions. This she found very hard to do, she said she could not help but speak.

Again they went through the same form, and this time the Judge said, "put the owner through the key-hole."

It was a mystery to do that, but, dear mamma, after awhile wrote Kitty on a piece of paper and told Kitty to put Kitty through the key-hole, and said afterwards "now Kitty is through the key-hole." This caused a hearty laugh.

"Kitty you have still another, what shall it be, Judge?"

"She may sing a song."

Kitty sang—

THE SONG OF THE FLAG.

I sing of the flag,
Our dear, dear flag.
Of it's colors—
Red, white and blue;
Can anything be dearer,
To our American heart,
Than this flag,
So loyal and true.

"Splendid, bravo!" said Ernest.

"Thank you," said Kitty, "I think I have had a good many forfeits—four—Elsie has to pay one yet."

Elsie handed Marguerite a chain, and again they went through the form.

The Judge said she must kiss Ursula rabbit-wise. This Marguerite showed them how to do. She gave them a piece of string and told them to each take an end of the string in their mouths and to go on nibbling it until their lips meet and then they are to kiss each other.

It was a nice clean string, and it was very funny to see it disappear in their mouths. It was quarter of a yard long when they commenced nibbling it, and it took some time for them to be able to kiss each other. They seemed to enjoy the nibbling and were very merry over it.

"I did not believe you could be still so long, Elsie; I

think it must have been hard for you." It was Mr. Roelof.

"Ursula, we played another game, a new one, after you left Cape May, mamma says it is hardly fair to play it, unless we first tell there is a little joke about it. I liked it ever so much, we had lots of fun playing it. Well, you go out with me in the next room, Ursula? I will tell you how we played it."

"Yes, come in here, Kitty."

"You see, Ursula, one must go out of the room, while we tell the others how to play it. We will tell Edith to go out of the room for a few minutes, and then we can tell the others how it is played. It is ever so nice. Shall we go back to the parlor?"

"Oh, yes, come Ursula. Edith will you go out of the room a little while, we will call you when we want you. We are going to play a new game—oh, I mean a new play."

Edith went out. "Papa and mamma, you will have to play with us—all play—we want a good many for this play."

"Very well, children, but you will have to tell us how it is played, if we play."

"We all stand in a circle. This play is 'Hunt the Key,' and we will have Edith stand in the circle to hunt the key. She does not know the game, but we will fasten the key without her knowing it to her dress behind her, on this long string, and we will blow it sometimes, as if it was a whistle and she will turn, and think the one behind her has it, and we must keep our hands

moving all the time, just as if we were handing the key from one to the other. We will tell Edith there is a joke in it; so, mamma, there is nothing mean in the play, Kitty's mother says, if we say there is a joke in it. The funny part is always hearing it blown behind herself. I know Edith will keep turning around, thinking some one has it, when it is fastened to her own dress on the back. All ready Edith. Come in."

"Edith, you stand in the centre of the circle. We will all stand up too. Key, key, which way is the key. Where is the key? You must say, Edith, 'who has got the key?' And then you must hunt for it."

"I heard a whistle, some one blew it. Have you got it, Elsie, no, you haven't, for I hear the same sound again behind me here. Where is it? I guess you have it, Ruth."

"I will open my hands, Edith, and let you see."

"Then you gave it to John Eliot."

"No, she didn't, for see I haven't got it," said John Eliot.

"I hear the sound over here now; Ernest, have you got it? Oh, I believe now you have it, papa."

"Here are my hands, Edith."

"Oh, dear, dear, I am afraid I shall never find it. I hear it blow again. The sound comes from here now, and I will watch closely your hands so you can not change it into other hands without my seeing it. Oh, Ruth, you have it."

"No, I have not."

"I don't believe I will ever find it."

"Will you give up, Edith?"

"Yes, I will, Ursula," and with great shouts of laughter the key was swung around before the amazed eyes of Edith.

"Oh!" she exclaimed pleasantly, and, "it was on me all the time, that was a good joke."

"Children, I will play a little game with you I used to play when I was a child," said Mrs. Roelof. "It is called 'The Chinese Tea Party,' but when I used to play it in England, when I was a child, we called it then—'The English Tea Party.' We will form a circle."

"Shall we all stand up, or sit down, mamma?"

"You may all sit down, we will each of us take a name of some article on the tea table."

"Ruth, you are 'sugar'; Kitty, you are 'cream'; Edith, you are 'toast'; Ernest, you are 'waffles'; papa, you may be 'hot water'; Marguerite, you are 'muffins'; Elsie, you are 'sweet meats'; John Eliot, you are 'butter'; Ursula, you are 'jam'; I will be 'tea.'"

"Ernest, you will think this is a nice game."

"I know I shall, mamma, if it is one of your plays."

"As I am tea," said Mrs. Roelof, "and as the tea begins, I will jump up quickly and turn around as fast as I can, saying I turn tea, who turns sugar?"

"You are sugar, Ruth, you must turn around and say 'I turn sugar, who turns cream?' Kitty, you are cream, you jump up and say—'I turn cream, who turns butter?"

"I do," said John Eliot.

"A forfeit, a forfeit, you said it wrong, you must not say, I do, write down a forfeit for John Eliot, mamma."

"I turn butter," said John Elliot, "who turns hot water?"

"I turn hot water, who turns toast?"

"Ah, papa, you will have to give a forfeit too, you forgot to turn."

"Here it is."

"Here is my forfeit too," said John Eliot.

"I turn toast," said Edith, jumping up and turning around fast, "who turns waffles?"

"I turn waffles," said Ernest, "who turns sweetmeats?"

"I am sweetmeats."

"You must pay a forfeit, Elsie; you must use the exact words—'I turn sweetmeats, who turns muffins?"

"I turn muffins," said Marguerite, "who turns jam?"

"I turn jam," said Ursula, "who turns tea?"

"I turn tea," said the mamma, and all commenced to turn round and round, until Ursula said.

"When shall we stop, mamma."

"Not until I say, 'take away the tea.'"

The little tea table articles continued turning round and round for several seconds, then, Mrs. Roelof said, "what a charming tea," and soon clapped her hands and cried "take away the tea," when they all sat down in their chairs again.

"I like that, mamma."

"I thought you would all like it, Ursula."

"We must now have the forfeits," said Marguerite.

"Papa, you have given this forfeit, your scarf pin, and John Eliot you gave this belt, but Elsie you have not given anything for your forfeit."

"Here is a ring, Marguerite."

"Kitty, you call the forfeits, and Ruth, you kneel down here at Kitty's feet, and hide your face in her lap."

"Kitty you hold the forfeits, one at a time over Ruth's head, and say the same words the others have said, and the judge must say what the owner must do."

"Mr. Roelof must imitate a donkey to the best of his powers."

"John Eliot must march three times around the room with a book on his head without dropping it."

"Elsie, you must dance the cushion dance, I will show you how to do it. You take this cushion and dance around the room once with it, and then kneel before one of the party on it, she is to kiss you and she takes the cushion from you."

"Very nicely done, Elsie; and papa, you imitated the donkey splendidly," said Mrs. Roelof, "and John Eliot walked very well. We will go up to Ursula's room now."

"This is Ursula's room; you see it is just over her papa and mamma's room. We had this spiral circular stairway made from this corner of her room to go directly down into our room, so she could pass from her room to her papa's and mamma's room without going into the hall, or into another room.

Ursula's room was simple, pretty and neat. Her fur-

niture was light blue. The curtains at the windows and around the bed, the canopy over the bed, the mantel drapery and the bureau cover, were all the same lovely shade of blue, and over all this blue, was thin white muslin, with little tied bows over it every two inches apart. The paper and paint was blue and white, and it was truly a bright cheery little girl's room, and Ursula said she loved it almost as much as her bower.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOWER.

The window which opened from Ursula's room on the balcony was arched on the top, and opened like a sash door. This balcony the family were in the habit of calling "The Bower."

Over the door which opened on it, hung a very large bag which looked as if it was made of very thin paper. It seemed full of something, but nothing was said about it as they stepped out through the window in the bower.

It seemed like Fairy Land out there. It had been one of those warm days we sometimes have in the spring, and make us almost think that summer has really come. As they stepped out on the balcony, it was a lovely sight, brilliant with its many lighted Japanese lanterns; large hanging baskets filled with bright flowers could be seen among the green vines, which almost entirely covered the balcony on all sides. There was the honeysuckle, the clematis, the morning glory, and the delicious sweet brier bush which climbed up to the very top of the balcony. These morning glory vines were a great pride to Ursula; her papa had had large boxes fastened

outside the railing, around the edge of the balcony, and in these Ursula planted many morning glory seeds and it gave her and John Eliot much pleasure seeing them grow every day, after they came up, and they were now large, healthy vines. Then too, all around the bower, three feet from the floor there was a shelf put up a foot and a half wide on which were green painted boxes ; these were filled with scarlet, white, and pink geraniums, roses, and cape jasmines, and the spring and summer flowers Ursula had herself planted. In each corner were the birthday palms and roses, and Marguerite's daisy,

It was lovely out there ; it fully and clearly acknowledged the existence of One who loves the beautiful ; for since God has given us so many beautiful flowers of every kind, hue and color, He, too, must love them.

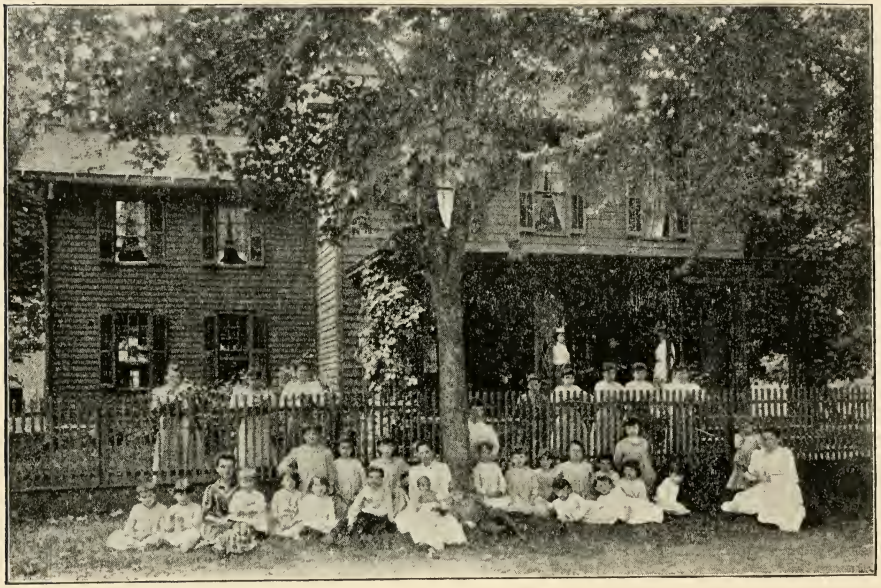
"This is Ursula's bower, we all enjoy it. She calls it her bower, her birthday bower, for we always spend a part of her birthday every year out here, if we are all well, and the weather is suitable, or if nothing happens to prevent. Yes, every birthday that we can, when it is warm and pleasant, we come out here in the morning, and Ursula brings out all her toys and pictures, books and games, she has had since her last birthday, and after she has chosen some of them that she thinks the most of and wants to keep ; all the others she sends either to the Summer Shelter Home, or to the Hospital for little children. These little children are lovingly taken care of during the summer in the Shelter Homes by kind ladies, and they are so glad to have different

things given them, play things, books and games for their little charges, that other children can spare just as well as not."

"If every little girl or boy could realize how much these cast aside toys and picture books and games mean to the poor little children, sick and miserable in Hospitals, and to the Shelter Home children: how much brightness they bring into the little one's lives; and how much, as I said before, they mean to those who have charge of these little creatures, whose brains often fairly grow weary trying from time to time to amuse and instruct them; no little girl or boy would hoard up all the playthings, games and picture books year after year, doing no good to any one, oftentimes not even to the owner of them; for new ones in many cases, quite cast the old treasures in the shade. Not always though, for oftentimes old books and toys are dearer to the child than any new ones could possibly be, then I think the little child ought to be allowed to keep the playthings and books that are loved so much.

This custom of giving the old, cast aside, uncared for toys, picture books and games away every birthday to other little children who are less favored, is an old custom, and has been in our family for years.

In the evening of Ursula's birthday (God willing) all the family and some of her little friends come out here in the "bower," and her papa and I read, or repeat something which we hope she may remember all through the coming year, and perhaps throughout her life, and which will do her good. Each of the children have a



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special birthday spot of their very own, where we celebrate each of their birthdays in the same way."

"Ursula's birthday was May day. The first of May, just two weeks ago to-night, and she discovered that the colored lights, or rather lanterns had not yet been put away and she wanted them hung up, and wanted me to repeat to you, to-night, her birthday verses I said to her on her birthday, the first of May—evening; her last birthday, and to have it lighted up the same as then."

"Papa, you take the hammock down. Prince forgot to do it to-night."

"This is the piece I composed for Ursula's birthday."

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

Live for others;
Holy thought,
Pure and holy,
By Christ wrought.
All the angels smiled and wept,
When the thought from heaven was sent.

Truly it was a lovely sight,
All the angels clothed in white,
Watching the kind word descend,
This dark world to amend.

A little child passing by,
Picked it up, with a cry—
Look! oh! see, what I have found,
Lying here upon the ground.

Listen, harken
To the crowd,
As they gather
From around.
See from heaven what is sent
Through and through the firmament.

Live for others ;
For God and man.
Noble work,
God's own plan,
God's own plan, from our Saviour meek,
Mirrowed here, for Christ's dear sake.

Live for others ;
Mindful be—
Kind and thoughtful,
Pure and free.
Free to say, and do what's right,
Use thy strength, and use thy might.

The sweet words
From heaven above,
Full of meaning,
Full of love,
Were echoed then, should be echoed now,
In our hearts, and on our brow.
Listen, while they tell the whole,
Penetrating the very soul.

Live for others ;
Never die,
Reaching heaven,
Without a sigh.
Ever praying, always dare,
In your life to live this prayer.

Toss the thought,
High, oh ! high.
Let it quickly,
Quickly fly,
Let your human nature take
Christ's own form, for Christ's own sake.

Then the angels,
Undefiled,
Looked below,
And wept and smiled,
Knowing very soon above,
They would welcome love with love.

"Mamma, please tell Kitty and Ruth and Elsie what that means where you said 'a child passing by, picked it up with a cry.' You know, mamma, I did not quite understand it until you told me how it was—tell them just as you told me, my birthday night."

"Yes, Ursula, I will." "This thought, children, of living for others comes from Christ. It is Christ-like. Christ lived on earth as he wants us to live. To care more for other people's comfort than some are naturally inclined to do. The little child really picked up the thought in the street, but *not* in the street of the world

but in the street of her little heart; and the thought comes there from heaven, when she is prompted by the Holy spirit within her to do good for the comfort and happiness of others."

"Mamma, how did you say she came to have the Holy spirit in her heart."

"You know when Christ left his loved ones here on earth, to go up to heaven, he promised them that he would send to them one who would comfort them, and guide them aright and would be with them always. This was the Holy spirit which he sent them; and He not only sent this Holy spirit to them then, but he has sent this blessed Holy spirit freely to all, ever since then, who wish to receive Him and be guided by Him, and we should pray God, with fervor, that He may abide constantly within us to teach us always the right from the wrong.

It is the Holy spirit plants this thought to do good in the little child's heart, in good soil; and when the thought goes on doing good, it is like a plant that grows and thrives and blossoms more beautiful than ever in the warm sunshine. This means that as the Holy spirit speaks in her heart more and more clearly and distinctly to her, and when under its influence she grows better, her heart grows more tender and warm-hearted to others, and she becomes more kind and thoughtful to every one, and her life becomes perfumed with these flowers of goodness, and those near her can perceive their sweet fragrance."

"Where it says, 'Look, oh, see what I have found lying here upon the ground.'"

"That means a little child coming near the good little girl who was trying to live for others, felt her influence for good. She saw there was goodness in the little girl, and she was better for finding the goodness. She did not find the seed of goodness on the ground or soil of the earth, but in the soil of the little girl's heart, and she picked up the good seed of goodness from the child's heart and planted it in her own little heart, and this made her good and kind and then she called all her little mates to come and see what she had found around her —unselfishness, kindness, and thoughtfulness for every one."

"Then where it says,

'Listen, harken to the crowd,
As they gather from around;
See, from heaven, what is sent,
Through and through the firmament.'"

"This does not mean that a great number of people gathered around the child in the street; but it means that many persons who watched this little child's life, and saw how she tried to live for others, and forgot herself, by being kind to all she came in contact with, cried to others to come too, and see what the little girl had found in her heart, and hear what God had sent from heaven to earth, by His Holy Spirit—

'A pure and holy thought,
By Christ wrought.'

And we should always use our strength and use our might. Free to say, and do what's right, and by our own acts try to follow her example."

"And, mamma, when it says 'Never die.' What did you say about that," said Marguerite.

"'Never die, reaching heaven without a sigh,' I meant that those who live for God, and others, can only do so through His Holy Spirit teaching them to do so, and that when God takes them to himself, it is no death to them, but a new life, and there would be no sighing, for their hope in their dear Lord Jesus Christ would take away from them all necessity for sighing. Perhaps you are not quite old enough to understand this now, but if you live you will be able to see it all clearly before many years have passed, I hope, which was what I told Ursula when I told her the verses her mamma composed for her seventh birthday ; and I hope that she and all you dear little children, will remember that in your path a beautiful light shines, and this light is a lantern in an angel's hand, your guardian angel's hand, and she wants always to show you the right way, and quickly, our conscience tells us whether we are taking the way God would like us to take or not ; for when we do wrong we are unhappy, and all seems dark, for we have put out the beautiful bright light with sin, and the right path is hard to find in the dark—and sometimes it is never found again ; but if we try to keep the light bright before us, by being good and having a clear conscience, we shall always be able to see the bright light

shining on the path, and will know the right path and be happy."

"Thank you, dear mamma, it is all so lovely, the way you tell it," said Marguerite. "Will you give us your poem too, papa?"

"If you wish me to I will, but you know mamma composed mine too."

"Oh yes, do say it to us to-night, dear papa."

JOYOUS MAY.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of blossom and bloom;
  Heigh-ho! rose the sun
  On a lullaby sung,
To a sweet little baby girl.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of sunshine and love;
  Heigh-ho! the sun shone,
  And well was it known,
That the baby a year had grown.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of flowers and joy,
  Heigh-ho! the sun's ray,
  In the room found way,
And espied the two year girl.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of frolic and fun;
  Heigh-ho! sun—shine bright!
  Full of warmth and light,
On the curls of our three year girl.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of pleasure and mirth ;
  Heigh-ho ! the sun's spring,
  To Ursula will bring
A calendar—four years old.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of garlands sweet ;
  Heigh-ho ! the sun fair,
  Shines jubilant there
  On the five year little girl.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of spirits and life ;
  Heigh-ho ! the sun's worth,
  Told the day of the birth
Of our six year old this morn.

Joyous May, happy day,
Full of nature and hope ;
  Heigh-ho ! the sun's hour
  Shines through vines in her bower,
Says, " Ursula—seven to-day."

" O how pretty," said Kitty ; but before she had time to say more, Mrs. Roelof said " that is all, I am glad if you all enjoyed the birthday verses."

" Papa, will you please blind-fold one of the little girls —Ruth, will you be blind-folded ? Here is a handkerchief. I will tell you ' there is a good time and you are all in it, ' as the little girl said. I do not think you can see anything, can you, Ruth ? Take this long stick in your hand, it is very light, I will lead you within reach

of the bag which you have seen during the evening in the archway, hanging from Ursula's lattice window, which opens on her bower. You can try and strike it gently and break it."

"Will you try again, Ruth, you can have three trials —Kitty you try it, it was not so easy to do as it seemed, was it, Ruth."

"No, Mr. Roelof, but I thought I could do it."

"And you failed too, Kitty."

"Mamma, did you write the forfeits down. When any one fails to strike the bag the third time, they have to pay a forfeit. Write one down for Ruth, and one for Kitty."

"Elsie, you may try, see if you can hit it."

"Bravo, splendid, fine," said Ernest; "you did finely Elsie."

"See the sugar plums on the floor, scramble for them," and with eager eyes and hands they soon had them all either in their laps, pockets or hands, or mouths, and delight was in their faces, and voices, which were brimming over with glee and laughter.

"Here comes Nora with a pitcher of lemonade—we will all have a glass."

After they had drank it, Mr. Roelof looked at his watch. "Oh, we promised that these young ladies should be home at half-past eight o'clock; as it is almost that time, after the forfeits have been redeemed you may all put on your things, and I will go home with you."

"Now we will have the forfeits, I will be the forfeit

crier—I believe that is what you call it, isn't it, Ursula?"

"Yes, papa, you sit in this chair and I will be the judge," said Edith.

"Kitty, what will you give papa for a forfeit?"

"I will give this little heart."

Mr. Roelof took the little heart between his two fingers and held it over Edith's head saying the forfeit words, "Here is a thing, a very pretty thing, what shall be done by the owner of this pretty thing?"

The judge answered, "Is the owner a lady or a gentleman?"

"A lady," was the reply.

Then she may walk around the room with a piece of paper between her lips, standing before each person while she counts two."

It was very funny to see her try and count with the paper in her mouth, and her playmates could not repress their laughter.

"Ruth, give a gift for your forfeit."

"This necklace I will give."

"Judge, what shall the owner of this pretty thing do."

"Is the owner a lady or a gentleman?"

"A lady."

"She must be blind-folded and sit in a chair and then every one in the room may give her a teaspoonful of water out of a tumbler and she may guess each time who gives it to her, and she can not get up until she has guessed the right person who has given it to her."

"That will be very hard," said Ruth.

"Oh! I have guessed right at last, I thought I never should."

"You succeeded very nicely. I am sorry, as we all are, that it is nearly half-past eight o'clock and time to put your things on to go home."

Each little girl when she came to say good night, said she had had a lovely time, that they had all enjoyed their little visit very much. Then Mr. Roelof went home with each of them, and gave each of them a little package of goodies when he parted from them for the little ones at home.

"I thank you so much dear papa and mamma," said Ursula, before she went to her own room; "You and mamma have done so much to give my friends and me a good time to-day. Ruth and Kitty and Elsie said everything was just lovely, and so it was; I never had such a nice time."

"God bless our darling little girl," said her papa. "It was a great pleasure to us to see you, and your little friends enjoy themselves, and have a good time, as you call it. But thank God for all his goodness to you, for you are indeed a favored little girl. There are many papas and mammas who love their children as well as your papa and mamma love you, and would love to give them as happy and pleasant a time as you have all had, but they can not because they cannot afford to, perhaps, or because there always seems to be sickness in the house and there can be no noise, or for some other reason which they can not explain to others, and the little ones miss the companionship of little friends in their own homes."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DRIVE.

Saturday afternoon, Ursula and Elsie had been down to the river bank with their paints and books for a couple of hours when they heard Mrs. Roelof calling them. Ursula ran up to the house to see what her mamma wanted.

"Your papa and I are going to ride, and we want you and Elsie to go with us. Tell Elsie to ask her mamma if she may go with us, and if she can stay over night with us and spend Sunday, and then, Ursula, she can go to Sunday School with you."

"How nice, mamma; I do hope her mamma will let her come."

"Do not be long, Ursula, for papa will soon be here."

As the carriage came in sight, the little ones bounded in the room.

"Oh, mamma," said Ursula, "Elsie can stay until Monday with us, and her mamma says she will send over the things she will need for Sunday, to-night."

Their faces were bright with the anticipation of the visit and the ride.

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RAVENSPORT CHURCH.

"Before we get in the carriage, I will put this basket of flowers under the back seat. I am going to take them to our church for to-morrow."

"Can we go into the church to-day, papa?"

"We will all go in, Ursula, for mamma is going to arrange these flowers in the vases there. Then Elsie you will see our church. We often go to the one nearer home, but we are members of this church. It is too far away from home for the children always to attend Sunday School, so they attended Sunday School generally in the little church by the bridge, and I go there oftentimes, for I have become quite fond of the minister and the people in it; but this church is really our church, for we were all baptized in it when we were babies, even Mrs. Roelof and myself. It is a beautiful church, Elsie."

After a long and pleasant ride they came in sight of the tall spire. "There it is mamma—there is the spire of the church."

"That reminds me, Ursula, of a dear little girl named Edwina, we used to call her Ned. (It is a true story). She was out riding one day, she was sitting on her mamma's lap, when she commenced to cry violently and they could not understand through her sobs why she cried, but all at once her sweet little face brightened, and she ceased crying and said, 'Oh, mamma, there is the hill-top steeple, I can see it now, I thought we were lost, for I could not see it before.' That was the cause of her crying, for she thought if she could not see the steeple, they could never find their way home again.

This Hill-Top Church stands high, as the children express it, 'Near the sky,' and certainly it seems so on the bright clear days. It overlooks all the surrounding country, and it's tall white steeple can be seen a great distance away, and the little girl's world centered around this high steeple, when she was riding out, and it was a landmark to her. She had probably never noticed she was out of sight of it before, when she was riding, and was frightened when she could not see it. The Hill-Top Church is in Mendham, New Jersey, a few miles from Morristown. It is a delightful place for children, I went there several summers with my children. The last time I went up there was when you were four years old, Ursula. The Hill-Top Church steps was the place we used to spend a part of each pleasant day, either in the morning or afternoon. There was a breeze there, if one could be found anywhere, the hottest day in summer, and many little children ought to feel very grateful for the delicious air they breathed on the Hill-Top Church steps or near them, which truly filled their lungs with health and strength and made them as nimble as the little squirrels they often saw hopping along the fences, and up the trees."

"Your mamma is right, Ursula, I do not believe any of you children would be the healthy, robust children you all are, if you could not have enjoyed that lovely fresh air, and the Morristown pure air and delicious water, summers, but instead have had to remain in the city all summer, as many little children are obliged to."

"By the way, papa, our church is going to have a

little children's society ; it is a branch of the society the ladies have here. It is to be called the Children's Fresh Air Society. What do you think of Edith and Ursula belonging to it, Richard? It is a society that does a great deal of good. It is to help little girls and boys to go to the country for a few weeks in the summer. I will tell you all about it when we get home."

"I think very highly of it already, my dear; I think highly of anything that enables good to be done to others. Your little poem, 'Live for others,' has not been lost upon me I assure you, Alice. I quite approve of Edith and Ursula belonging to the society, I will try all I can to help on the good work, and Elsie can join it too, if her parents will allow her to do so."

"When can we join it, mamma?"

"As soon as it can be arranged, Ursula. We are now at the church, John Eliot you may get down first. Look, Elsie, don't you think it is a pretty church. It is very pretty inside, there are so many pretty windows in it. We will go in this door, children."

"I am glad we are going in this way," said John Eliot, "I just love the windows here."

"These windows have been placed here by different persons, some of them are very beautiful. I will show you a few of them, but I have only time to tell you the subjects—but have not time to explain them to-day."

"Mamma explained some of them to you, Ursula, and John Eliot, last week, I heard her say."

"Yes, papa, and I told Elsie afterwards all I could remember about them."

"I will show you a few to-day, as I said before, and I want you to try and remember the persons I tell you about which are painted on the windows, and when I have time at home, I will explain all about them."

"It has been said, and truly, I believe, that children cannot be brought up among beautiful pictures, I believe even among any beautiful sights and sounds, without the very expressions of their faces becoming more beautiful, purer, gentler, nobler, so that in them are fulfilled the words of the great and holy poet concerning the maiden brought up according to God and the laws of God."

"These are His words—"

"The stars of midnight shall be clear
To her! and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE CHURCH WINDOWS.

"Elsie, this is the 'Ruth and Naomi'; I remember mamma told me so."

"Yes, Ursula, your papa will tell you all their story some time."

"See this one of Jesus, and his mother Mary, how lovely the coloring is, how soft and subdued the light. How lovingly the son is looking up at his mother, and how affectionately the mother glances down on her dear son."

"Here," said the papa, "is a large window divided in four sections; Under it, you can read, 'Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.' In this parable the Bible tells us there was to be a wedding. In this section, on this side, you see five maidens with lamps burning in their hands. On the other side of the section you see a section where there are five maidens, who have lamps in their hands, but they are not burning. This window is called 'the Parable of the Ten Virgins,' and it expresses a

great deal. These ten virgins are said to be like the kingdom of heaven. The Jews used to celebrate their marriages in this way. In the evening the bridegroom, who was the newly married man, used to go and fetch home his bride by the light of lamps; these lamps maidens carried, they were said never to be fewer than ten. At the bridegroom's house there was always a feast prepared for them all when they arrived there. In the section where we see the five maidens who have lamps in their hands burning, they are called the wise virgins, because they provided oil for their lamps before they left home, and were able when the cry came—'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,' to trim their lamps and be ready to meet him; but on the other side these five virgins you see here were very foolish; they took lamps with them, but they took no oil in their vessels with their lamps, and when they found their lamps were going out, they said to the wise maidens, 'give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.' But the wise maidens said no, they might not have enough for themselves, but they better go where it was sold, and buy some for themselves. The five foolish maidens went. In this corner you see them going—and here, you see them trying to buy the oil. While they are gone for the oil, what do you think happened? Why, the Bridegroom came. They had waited a long time for him, but the wise maidens were ready for him with their lamps burning, and arose and went with him to the marriage feast, and the door was shut."

"Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying 'Lord, Lord open to us,' but he would not open the door; in this corner you see them knocking at the Bridegroom's door asking him to open it for them; he told them he did not know them—that was, he would have nothing more to do with them for they had treated him so badly not to be ready when he came to his marriage feast. The reason this parable is likened to the kingdom of God is, because Christ is the Bridegroom of the church, the church is his Bride; and those who love him are as the companions of his Bride and are waiting for his coming and are like the five wise maidens, because their wish and desire has been to please God and to follow him, and to be found with the oil of goodness in them, ready for his royal feast—just as the oil was found in the wise virgin's lamps ready to start with the Bridegroom. Those foolish maidens who had no oil for their lamps, are just like the people in this world who know there is a dear Christ, but they do not love him well enough to think it worth while to get ready to meet him, and they do not keep their hearts clean and pure from all wickedness for his sake—and when he comes there will be no bright light of goodness in their hearts to light their way, when Christ says to them, 'Go ye out to meet Him,' the Bridegroom, which will be Christ."

"True Christians are ready for any and all events, but those who have no true religion in their hearts, but try to make believe they are good when they are really not good, are like the foolish maidens who had no oil to

trim their lamps to be ready to meet the Bridegroom; these poor, foolish, worldly people, have just goodness enough to make a good appearance before the world during their lives, but their hearts are not in harmony with Christ, and are not full of holy affection for him put there by the Holy Spirit; and when they come to die, and most want the support and benefit of a true faith in the dear Saviour, and hope in him, the lamp of hope goes out in them and with pain they realize they have not enough oil of hope and faith to fill their hearts to go to meet the dear Lord and they are left in darkness, as the foolish maidens were who had no oil to burn in their lamps; and they try to look around for some one who will give them this oil, but this oil of hope, faith and grace they must get direct from God. If they humbly pray to him, sincerely, he will give it to them, but *no one* can get it from other people any more than the foolish maidens could get the oil from the wise maidens, when they found they had none to burn in their lamps to go and meet the Bridegroom. This is such a beautiful window. I could not resist telling you about it now, and I hope I have explained it clearly and plainly to you so you have been able to understand it, but I can not explain any of the other windows to-day."

"These two are 'David and Jonathan,' and 'David and Goliath,' and this lovely one here is 'The Shepherds watching their sheep.' This is 'Rebekah at the well.' This window this way, is 'Abraham and Isaac ascending Mount Moriah,' and Abraham is offering up Isaac; it is in these two sections. This is 'Daniel in the Lion's

Den,' as you know. I will try and tell you all about these soon. Oh, see this one of Queen Esther—this is a very interesting window. Oh, here we have Moses in the bull rushes, you know this story."

"Elsie doesn't, papa, she told me so the other day."

"Well, I will write this one down then, on my list to explain another time. This window is 'Naaman and Elisha.' Elisha cured Naaman, the Syrian Captain, of that terrible disease, leprosy. These three windows on the right examine closely. This one is 'The Worship of the Golden Calf.' These two are 'The Destruction of Pharaoh,' and where the children of Israel are walking through the Red Sea on dry land."

"Elsie, papa will tell us all about them when we get home—he is only calling them by name now as he writes them down."

"Ursula, dear, it would be impossible to tell you about all these lovely pictures in two or three hours, but I will ask mamma if I may intrude upon your Twilight Hour, Sunday evenings, and perhaps some week day Twilight Hours, and have Elsie with us, and I will describe them from time to time then."

"Do ask your mamma to let you come over every Sunday evening, wont you, Elsie?"

"I would like to, Ursula, I hope I can come."

"After I have explained them at home, we will try and come in the church again and we will be able to see them plainer and understand them better than we do now, for we will know about them then. See this lovely picture, 'A little Child Shall Lead Them,' and this

window shows 'Moses bringing Water from the Rock.' On this side is Elijah, when he was translated, and over here are the 'Fiery Furnaces.' "Oh! look at this one —it is 'Jonah Cast Forth from the Vessel.' And here is a beautiful window—it is the 'Angel appearing to the Shepherds'—how lovely the angel looks, we can only take a bird's eye view now of any of the windows, which means children, we can only look at them a moment or so to-day, but when we come again we will. This one is 'Christ Baptized by John the Baptist.' Oh! here is Lot's Wife,' how I wish I had time to say a few words about every one of these interesting windows, but I have only time to write the subjects down and take a slight look at them to-day, as I said just now. This one is 'The Good Shepherd,' and this one the 'Man Born Blind,' and this one 'Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate.' On this window it says 'Feed My Sheep,' how beautiful and green this sloping hill-side is, how loving the little lambs gather around their affectionate Shepherd to be fed. Little children are His lambs, He tells His strong Shepherds (those who love Him most) to feed the weak children that belong to him with hope and love and faith in Him, so they will be kept safe for His Sheepfold, which is our Heavenly Home. In this window you see 'Jesus Washing Peter's Feet,' and here is 'The Widow's Mite.' This is a lovely window, 'Timothy Reading the Scriptures,' and here is the wonderful 'Ascension of Christ,' and 'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.' This window is called 'The Children's Window,' This is the Sunday School

room. See Christ, with the little ones all around him in this picture."

"Elsie, see the organ, see all those great figures cut in the wood. I just wish you could hear it play, I could sit all day long and listen to it," said Ursula.

"Ursula, I want you and Elsie to notice this window particularly. In this corner you see the wise men on their way to Bethlehem, and on that other side the wise men are offering their gifts to Mary."

"Mamma, will you come here a moment, I think it would be a good plan when we can come here Sundays to church, and Sunday School, to stay a while after Sunday School with the children here in the church, and explain some of those windows to them here—shall we come to-morrow ?"

"I think so, dear, and then the children can understand them better—we will come to-morrow, God willing."

"This is our seat, Elsie, here is where we will sit to-morrow in Sunday School, for I know we shall come here if it is pleasant."

"Ursula, why do you not say, 'God willing, you will come here,' it is not right to be too sure and confident of being able to do a thing when you do not know you will live to do it."

"I know it, mamma."

"As we go through the church I want to show you children the windows your grandfather had put in the church. They are very beautiful and interesting, 'Joseph and his Brethren.' Your mamma and I have told you

all this story many times ; look at the coloring, it is very soft, and yet so brilliant."

The children found it hard to leave the windows, there was so much to interest them ; but their papa said the time had come when they would have to go, but "we will first look at the flowers mamma has arranged in the vases, and see how they look."

"They look very pretty, mamma, no one else could have made them look so nice."

"I tried to arrange them pretty, Ursula."

It was a little cloudy as they entered the church, but they were quite surprised when they came out to find it was raining hard.

"What shall we do, mamma ? we shall all get wet ?"

"No, Ursula, papa said before we left home that possibly it might rain before we reached home, and he put four water proofs under the seat so we will all be protected, for papa has his under the front seat. Edith's is for Elsie. You see what a little fore-thought will do, my daughter. One can not learn too young to be thoughtful in little things, but this might not have proved a little thing, for if we had gotten wet, one, or the other of us might have taken cold, and proved a serious thing."

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PHEBE SCOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRIVE HOME.

After they had gone a little way they passed a little girl on the street walking, about ten years old.

"Mamma, did you see that little girl?"

"Yes, Ursula, I am very much afraid she will be quite wet, if she has far to go."

"I will take her in, if she will come with us," said the papa.

The carriage stopped, and presently the little girl came along with a little basket in her hand. "Where are you going, little girl, to the village?"

"Near there, sir."

"Then jump in here by me. This is a wide seat, and I can protect you from the rain with my water proof and rubber blanket."

"I am afraid you will get wet yourself."

"No, I wont, little one. Do you live in the village?"

"No, but I was visiting an aunt there, and she let me go out to pick some wild flowers, and I was in the woods and did not know how far I had gone, until it commenced to rain, and I thought I better get out of the

woods, on the road. It was so dark under the trees, and I was afraid of the lightning, for it lightened and thundered once and I thought I might get struck, near the trees."

"That was right, but who told you not to stand near the trees when it was lightening?"

"Why, I will tell you, our coachman's little boy was standing under a tree in the woods last summer, and there came some hard thunder and lightning, and he was struck. It did not kill him, but he was blind after it, and could not see, and can not now."

"Do you think it was the thunder or the lightning that struck him?"

"Papa says it was the lightning, and I know it was, but I do not mind the lightning as I do the thunder."

"How old was the little boy?"

"He was nine years old."

"Is he happy since he has been blind, or does he fret and complain because he cannot see?"

"Why, he is just as happy as he can be. Mamma often tells us children when we worry about anything, she wishes we could be as happy as Jackie, for he sings and laughs the whole day long. Papa, when he went to England brought him home a large book with raised letters on it, and papa has had a gentleman from the city come three times a week to our house to teach him to read, and papa says he commences to know a good deal, he can read quite well and if Florence and I don't hurry with our lessons, Jackie will know more than we do, if he is blind."

"How old are you, and who is Florence?"

"I am twelve years old, and Florence, my sister, is eleven."

"Where is your home? and we would like to know your name."

"My name is Phebe Scott and my papa lives in Burlington, Vermont. I was twelve years old in February. Mamma calls me her valentine girl, for mamma says I was a valentine sent to her, and I know auntie always sends me a pretty valentine Valentine's Day for my valentine."

"You are not much larger than my little daughter, she is just seven years old."

"Mamma says I am small for my age."

"And you live in Burlington, Vermont, that is a long distance away, but I know something of the place, for an aunt of my wife's used to live there, and we have been there, and we think it is a very charming place."

"Is'nt it a pretty place. I just love it, the beautiful lake and all, and I have so many friends there."

"Did you say you were staying at an aunt's house near the village?"

"Yes, it is a little way from the village."

"Is Judge Haswell an uncle of yours?"

"Yes, he is."

"He is a friend of mine, and I am glad we have his little girl so nicely tucked away, and protected from the rain. This is a bad storm, the rain comes down very fast. Why here comes your uncle now in his buggy. He is very likely in search for you."

"Good afternoon, Judge, are you looking for a little runaway? She is safe at my side. We were coming home from the church, and we passed a little stranger on the road, and as it was raining, I stopped and took her in, for I saw she was getting wet. I am pleased to know she is a niece of yours, Judge, as she told me she was. She is sitting so snug and warm now, I would like, with your permission, to keep her with us in the carriage, and take her home with us; and after dinner, I am obliged to go out again in my buggy, and I will take her home, as I am going past your home."

"Very well, Mr. Roelof, but don't keep her over night, we can't spare her. I thank you very much for your kindness to her and your kind care of her. Good night."

"Mamma, Elsie, John Eliot and Ursula, I will introduce you to Phebe Scott. No one asked you, Phebe, if you would like to come home with us, and take dinner, would you like to do so?"

"Very much, Mr. Roelof, thank you."

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HOME PETS.

CHAPTER XIV.

INTELLIGENCE OF CATS.

Oh, how good, cheery and warm the library seemed when they entered it, with the large wood fire blazing brightly on the hearth and pussy lying on the rugs before it. The children gathered around the fire, and were soon well acquainted.

After they were all thoroughly warm, Ursula took them up to her room to get ready for dinner. After they were all ready, the Bower, with all it's beauty invited them out for a few minutes. The storm was over, the clouds were breaking, and that beautiful promise in the sky was there—God's rain-bow. It was a perfect picture, it's beautiful colors stretching across the entire sky.

"What a sweet place; oh, how pretty," exclaimed Phebe. "It is like Fairy Land, I never saw anything like this before."

"Do you think it is pretty, Phebe? I am glad if you do, for I love it dearly. When I am at home, and the sun does not shine too hot through the vines I just love it out here. I had Elsie Ames and Kitty Walton and

Ruth Harris here last evening, and papa put up my birthday lanterns, and they are up yet. I do not have them up all the time, only on my birthdays or so, but they had not been put away in the box, so papa put them up again yesterday, and papa and mamma told Elsie, Kitty and Ruth, the birthday verses they told me my birthday. I wish I had known you then and invited you then too."

"I would have liked to have come, you must have had a nice time."

"We did, they all said so. How long have you been at your aunts?"

"Only four days, mamma came with me, but she had to go home, and uncle wanted me to stay with them so much, that mamma left me, and I wanted to stay too, but I was dreadfully homesick after I knew mamma was gone, but auntie found some pretty books and she had some nice games, and she played them with me, and she went out in the woods two days herself with me to get wild flowers, but to-day I told her I knew the way and I could go alone for them, for there was a poor woman I heard auntie say she wanted to go and see."

"Did your aunt say who it was," said Mrs. Roelof, who had just come out in the bower.

"I believe she said her name was Fanny Blake."

"Oh! Fanny Blake, I know her. Did you get over being homesick, Phebe?"

"I suppose I did, Mrs. Roelof, for I am very happy now, with my auntie and uncle, but at home I have so many little girls and boys to play with. I have two

little brothers and two sisters and I do miss them very much."

"You must come often and see Edith and Ursula while you are at you aunts. Tell your aunt we want you to come."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to come, Mrs. Roelof, for I have not had a child to play with since I have been away from home."

"I hear the summons for dinner, we will go down now," said Mrs. Roelof.

After grace, Mrs. Roelof turned to her husband and said, "Phebe has been telling me that Mrs. Haskell has been to see Fanny Blake. I am so glad, for she enjoys seeing people, she does not go out of the house any more; she is very sick, and can not live very long, the doctor says. I have been, you know, to see her all the past winter from time to time, and this spring. It does one good to see her, she is so cheerful and bright. When she thanks me for coming to see her, I really feel I ought to thank her for letting me visit her, she seems to be in the haven of rest. Nothing troubles her, she is simply 'clinging to the Father' she says, and I feel when I leave her, that I have been more benefitted by her sweet patience, thoughts and words, than I have been able to benefit her. She told me yesterday that her blessed Jesus is all she wants, that her only prayer is 'Oh, God, what would'st thou have me do?' I could see she is living more in the other world than in this one, for all the unseen things seem so real to her. It is

worth having lived to die such a beautiful death as her's will be."

"Her contented life, dear, reminds me of a receipt for contentment which was published in 1825. This secret of contentment lies in making always a right use of our eyes. First, no matter how we are placed in life, or where we are, we should look up to Heaven, and remember our principle business is to get there, to Heaven. Secondly, we should look down upon the earth and think how small a space we can occupy here on earth after death. Thirdly, we should *look around* in the world, and see how many people are worse off than we are, more miserable, more unhappy than we are, even when we think we have some great sorrow and grief. In this we learn how very little reason we have for complaining, or repining, and we learn where true happiness is placed—in Heaven. We learn where all earthly cares must end—at our death. Yes, we must use our eyes to look up to Heaven. *To look* down upon the earth and to look all around us, and we shall be contented with all we see above us, and upon the earth, and around us."

"Perhaps the children can hardly understand this, Richard."

"Certainly they can, my dear, they are not too young to see, any of them, and they have to use their eyes looking at *something* and will have to, if they continue to have their sight all through life, and I thought they could not learn the right use of them too early. It will

hurt no one, young or old, to impress these truths upon their hearts."

"Edith, can you tell papa what he has been saying about contentment, there were three things."

"I think so, papa. You said when we looked up to Heaven, we must always think that Heaven was where we wanted to go, and that we must try and get there; and when we looked down on the earth we must remember that we shall have only a little place in it when we die; and when we look around us, and think how many there are who are more unhappy than we are, we ought not to be unhappy, that we ought to be contented with what God has given us."

"I am sure, Edith, you understand it perfectly, and if you have, I am sure the others have, too."

"Are you nine years old, Ursula?"

"No, Phebe, I was only seven, the first day of May."

"I am twelve years old, but I am not larger than you are."

"Mamma says, I am tall for my age. Elsie is ten and is not as tall as I am. Edith is eleven years old and John Eliot is ten years old."

"Mamma, here is pussy in the dining room," said Edith.

"Pussy, you must go out," said Mrs. Roelof.

"Oh, do let her stay, mamma."

"I would, Ursula, but you children will be tempted, I am afraid, to feed her, and Nora says she wishes I would not let you, for the milk and small pieces of meat and bread get on the rug."

"We will promise not to feed her, mamma, she is so cunning, do let her stay."

"Very well, Ursula, puss is cunning, but does not know quite as much as a cat a lady told me about to-day, and it belonged to her, and is a true story."

"My friend said they had a cat for a long time, and were very much attached to it. It seemed to know almost everything, it almost spoke. It understood perfectly every thing that was said to it. At family prayers they had taught it to come in the room with the family; and when they knelt down at prayers, it would go up to a chair, and put its front paws on the seat of the chair, standing on the floor on it's little back paws and stay this way quietly until prayers were over, then she would jump down and go around, and be as lively as ever. This cat belonged to the Rev. Ray Palmer. One day they had a new cook, and pussy went into the kitchen. The new cook was a cross woman and when she saw puss, she told her to go out, at the same time taking something in her hand to throw it at her, saying—'if you come in here again, I will kill you.' And poor little pussy went out, and was never seen again by any of the family. They all felt very badly, but they could never find her. This is a true story, as I told before. It shows how much some cats understand."

"Mrs. Roelof, my mamma says, when my little brother Israel was very small, he had a pussy he dearly loved, and it used to be with him all the time when he was in the house. When he was taken sick his pussy

would not leave his crib, hardly even to eat. In the room where brother Israel was, when he was sick, there was a large Franklyn stove. Mamma says it was an open stove like a fire place, with a large bright fire always in it. After brother Israel died, the cat came in the room, and not finding him in his crib, or any where, he seemed to think something was wrong, and went all around the house ; then after awhile came in Israel's room and went up the Franklyn stove through the fire, up the chimney, and out on the roof, and was afterwards seen perfectly wild in the woods, a wild cat, but never came home again. Mamma says this was just as true as it can be, for it was my brother's pussy and they all knew how pussy grieved after him, and became wild."

"That is certainly very singular, Phebe, but it is impossible for any one to tell just how much animals know, some do seem to know a great deal."

When they had finished their dinner, Mary, the cook, and Mary the nurse, and Jane the waitress, and Nora the maid, were all called in the library, and they had family prayers. They sang that lovely hymn.

"When Jesus left his heavenly throne
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonor'd and unknown
He came to dwell on earth.

Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
  When mothers around him press'd ;
Their infants in his arms he took,
  And on his bosom blessed.

Safe from the world's alluring harms
  Beneath his watchful eye,
Oh, thus encircled in his arms,
  May we forever lie."

"We will go in the parlor now, and I will read you an article that I saw in the church paper a few days ago," said Mrs. Roelof, "it is called, 'a true story of a cat,' I will read it as the writer has written it."

"'Children were very different when I was a child,' we hear the grown people say now-a-days—well may-be-so, but I know, in a great many ways, they are just the same as they were when I was a little girl. I am quite sure, for one thing, they are just as fond of true stories as I used to be ; and for another thing, I know they are just as fond of cats ; so you see I just know, without your telling me, that you will like to hear a very short, true story about a cat. Miss L., the lady from whom I heard it, has a very intelligent cat for a pet.

Some people, you know, say cats haven't any intelligence, or any affection ; that all they know or care for is to keep warm and comfortable, and get plenty to eat. But these people you see have never had pet cats, so they don't know, do they ?'"

Well Miss L., has also a pet canary, and puss has al-

"Sweet were His words, and kind His look."

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ways taken a great interest in watching her feed the bird, give him his bath, and finally hang the cage on the hook by the window. Aha, I hear some of these people say, 'watching for a chance to catch and eat the bird,' just wait and see. One day, puss came trotting up to his mistress, in another part of the house, with something in its mouth. She supposed it was a mouse, but what was her surprise to find it was her dear little birdie. Oh! you naughty puss, she began, but as she took it from him, expecting to find it dead, or at least torn, and bleeding, to her great surprise she found the bird so carefully and tenderly cared for, that there wasn't even a feather turned. It seems the bottom of the cage not being properly fastened had fallen out, bringing birdie down with it, and puss seeing something was wrong, and that the floor was not the place for the bird, had promptly settled the matter, by taking birdie to his mistress to dispose of, as she thought best. Wasn't that wonderful for a cat? If it had been a dog no one would have thought so much of it of course. Now when you hear any one running down poor puss, and saying she has no intelligence, just tell them this little true story, will you?"

"I am glad you read that to us, mamma, Cecil Wood says she don't like cats, and she don't see why any one else does."

"If Cecil doubts the affection of cats, or their intelligence, Edith, I wish you would tell her this story I will read you about a cat Dickens owned and petted, for he was very fond of her."

"Charles Dickens was an author, he lived in England, and wrote a great many interesting books. When you are older, you little ones, you will enjoy, I know, reading some of them as much as Ernest and Marguerite do. His Christmas tales are very pretty. Christmas week, it has been my custom to read some of these Christmas stories here at home, so you are familiar with some of them. I tell you all this, so you will understand who the owner of the pussy was, I am going to tell you about."

"As I said before, Dickens had a pet cat. He gave it the name of Wilhelmina. Dickens was not the only one in the house who made a pet of pussy, but with all in the house it was a pet. The name of Dickens' home was Gad's Hill. Soon after pussy came to live with him there, she was the mother of six little baby kittens, and what do you think Wilhelmina thought she would do? Why I suppose she said to herself, the nicest, best and softest place for my babies is Dickens' library, for he will be good to them, he has always been good to me, and it is so warm there. So in the library walked Miss puss with her six little children. She did not bring them all at once, but one at a time."

"Mr. Dickens did not think he could have them there, and sent for his man and told him to take out the little family. But little mother thought differently. She brought them one by one back, then they were ordered out of the room again—but still again she came through the open window with one of the kittens in her mouth, and came and laid it at Dickens' feet, then went and got

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MOTHER AND KITTENS.

another of her pussies, then another and so on, until she had brought all the six little creatures to the same spot, and she then came herself, and sat down by her family, and at the same time looking up at Mr. Dickens with a knowing look, seemed to plead for her offspring. Dickens could not withstand pussy's mute request, and he let them all stay and they grew up to be large kittens in his library, and amused themselves there running over his books and papers, and playing with each other. One of them was stone deaf, and this one became a special favorite of Dickens; and as time passed by, Dickens gave them all away except the mother and the deaf pussy. This Pussy used to be on his table when he wrote or read, purring to him, telling him by her purrs how she enjoyed her pretty quarters, and using the only means she had to convey to him how happy she was with him. One evening he was all alone in the house with pussy, all his family had gone out, and he was alone in the library with kitty, the little deaf kitty. He was reading, with a lighted candle near him to throw the light better on his book. All at once the candle went out. The only reason he could give for its going out was that pussy must have been moving, and whisked her tail in the light, and he gave her a gentle little pat affectionately—there was no wind to put it out. He lighted it again, again the light became dim, and he had just time to look out of the corner of his eye and see pussy take her little soft paw and put it on the wick of the candle, and the candle again went out. Dickens did not light it after that, but took kitty in his

lap and petted her, and stroked her as she wanted him to do. She was lonesome and wanted his attention, and she knew if the light was out he would take her and sit by the bright open fire and play with her, as he often did in the evening." "This is said to be true, Edith, about Dickens, and his cat Wilhelmina and her children."

"After hearing this story I do not think Cecil Wood will question a cat's affection or intelligence. I will try and remember it, and tell it to her, papa."

"Now, said Mr. Roelof, I shall have to go. Get Phebe's hat and wraps, Ursula, I will take her home on my way to Mr. Bradley's."

"Thank you, Mr. Roelof, I have had a very nice time."

"We shall be glad to see you often," said Mrs. Roelof, "good-bye."

"Good-bye, I shall love to come whenever auntie will let me."

The children parted with many promises of seeing each other soon, and Phebe and Mr. Roelof rode off.

"Was'nt that funny, mamma, picking up Phebe on the street, and bringing her home when we never saw her before. I like her ever so much. I am glad we know her."

"Yes, Ursula, next week we will ride over to Judge Haswell's, her uncle's, and see her, she is a sweet little child. Edith must go too, for she is nearer Edith's age. It is time for you and Elsie to go to bed now. I will come in and you may say your texts over you are going

to say to-morrow morning, and then I will kiss you both good night. Elsie, I will teach you this text—'Trust in the Lord at all times.' This may be yours, Ursula, 'While I live, will I praise the Lord.' Where is John Eliot, to learn his text? It is, 'My mouth shall show forth thy praise.'"

The children soon knew their texts quite well and their mamma kissed them all good night.

Before getting into bed the little girls knelt down and said their prayers together. "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Ursula said aloud the prayers Elsie did not know, "Our Father who art in Heaven, and Jesus tender Shepherd hear me, and O Lord for as much as without Thee, we are not able to please Thee, Mercifully grant that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct, and rule our hearts through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. God bless papa, mamma, my brothers and sisters, and my friends and relatives, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The next morning when they opened their eyes, they hardly knew they had closed them, they slept so soundly.

CHAPTER XV.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"Elsie, it is morning." Elsie, awaking from her sleep suddenly, at first, could not think where she was.

"Oh! Ursula, I am with you, I could not think for a moment."

"Yes, Elsie, it is Sunday morning, we must get dressed quickly for I always learn two verses every Sunday morning in the Bible to say to papa at nine o'clock. Mamma says in this way we shall always learn about one hundred verses a year in the Bible, and every last Sunday in the month we all say the verses we have learned that month, and mamma told me yesterday that there are five Sundays instead of four in this month, so the last Sunday this month I have to say ten. Then at the end of every three months, papa wants us to say all the verses we have learned the past three months, and if we can, all the verses we have learned since the first day of January. The first of June I am going to try and say all I have learned since January, for papa and mamma are so glad when we

Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased.

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do ; and Elsie, when the last day of the year comes when we can say all the one hundred and four verses all right, papa and mamma give us a lovely book. Sister and brother have a good many beautiful books in each of their libraries, they have had here at home for saying all their year's verses well. Will you learn any, Elsie ?"

"Yes, I will, Ursula."

"We shan't have breakfast this morning until eight o'clock. It is now only six o'clock. Did you hear the clock strike, Elsie ? That is my clock. It is a cuckoo clock. Aunt Emily sent it to me. It is going to strike in a minute, listen when the cuckoo crows, you will see him come out in a minute."

While they were talking, sure enough, a little door opened, and the little bird came out on a little platform and crowed six times, and then went inside again, and the door was tightly shut.

"I never saw a clock like that before, Ursula ; how queer it is. It is the funniest thing I ever saw to see that little bird come out and go in all itself. You would think it was alive almost, Ursula, opening its mouth and making a sound. I think it is beautiful."

After they had knelt down and said their morning prayers, or rather Ursula, for Elsie only knew "Now I lay me down to sleep," Ursula said they would go out on the veranda in the bower and learn their verses.

"This is a sweet text, Elsie, I learned it once—'Thou art my beloved son ; in thee I am well pleased,' and this is another I have learned—'Suffer little children to

come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"They are sweet, Ursula, and I will try to learn them; anyway, one of them for this morning."

"I will learn, Elsie, these two—'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin'; and, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'"

Before eight o'clock came, the children had said their verses over to each other several times, and knew them pretty well. Then they went down stairs in the library where they had family prayers. Each one was given a Bible and each read aloud a verse in turn. Elsie felt all the time how orderly and quietly everything went on; they then went into breakfast. As usual, each of the family said their morning verse before grace. The papa asked Edith to say grace, one of the children always said grace at the table Sunday mornings. All the children were dressed neatly and nicely for church, and were all ready to go.

"What do you think, dear, of going over to Ravensport to our own church this morning with some of the family. Marguerite and Ernest cannot go, for they have their Bible class here this afternoon, but Edith, Elsie, John Eliot and Ursula can go with us, if you think it is best for us to go; shall we go?"

"Say yes, mamma," said Ursula, quickly.

"I think we better dear, we all like our own church best."

"We had better start early then, Alice; soon after breakfast, after I have heard the children say their Sunday verses."

At nine o'clock, the children's hour Sunday, they all went out on the piazza back of the dining room and recited their verses to their papa. Marguerite, Ernest and all the family, even the mamma and papa recited some texts. The children said all theirs very nicely.

"Elsie, the text you learned, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' is a very beautiful one; and so is the text you said, 'Thou art my beloved son, in Thee I am well pleased.' That was God's voice that said that. And at the same time the heavens opened, and the Spirit of God came down from heaven and rested upon Jesus. Jesus had gone down to the river with John the Baptist to be baptized and it was then the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, came down from heaven in the form of a dove and rested upon Jesus.

"And God said these words, 'Thou art my beloved son, in Thee I am well pleased.' John the Baptist baptized those people who confessed their sins, and were sorry for them, and wished to live a better life through Jesus Christ, believing Christ came to save them from their sins, and that He is able to save them, and that he will, if we believe he will, if we wish Him to, and ask him to do so. And he baptized them to show they were willing to give up their sins and that God was willing to forgive them; and that those who believed in their Lord Jesus Christ with true faith and love, their sins would be washed away by their being baptized. John the Baptist talked a great deal about Jesus to those he baptized, and to those whom he did not baptize, for he dearly loved Him, and wanted every one else to love

him too. He told them how great and mighty this Lord was. So much more so than he was, that he did not consider that he, himself, was worthy to stoop down and untie His shoe; and that when He came, He would baptize people with the Holy Spirit; that just the same as water makes the body clean, this Holy Spirit would make the heart clean.

"Now, remember, children, all this time that John the Baptist was talking to the people and telling them about Christ, the Dear Lord was not far away, though John the Baptist did not himself know then that Jesus was the Saviour.

"One day God said to John the Baptist, 'When you see the Holy Spirit coming down from heaven and resting upon any one, you will know that one is the Son of God.' After this one day, John the Baptist was down at the River Jordan, as I said before, and Jesus came to be baptized. He was pure and holy, there was no reason why he should have come to confess sins, for he had no sins to confess. He wanted to be baptized for an example for us, because we ought to be baptized, because it is right we should be baptized. When Jesus came to John the Baptist to be baptized, John the Baptist felt in his heart how much more pure, holy and good Jesus was than he was, and he told him so, and that it was more needful for him to be baptized by Jesus, than for him to baptize Jesus, for he felt Jesus was no sinner. But Jesus insisted upon being baptized by him, as he said it was his Father's will he should do so.

"What does this obedience on Christ's part show us? That it is our duty to do everything that our Heavenly Father wishes us to do, if we know what that duty is. Then John the Baptist baptized Him, after he had gone down into the water. When Jesus came up out of the water, he was praying, and now as I have told you before, the heavens opened, and the Spirit of God came down like a dove from heaven, and rested upon Jesus, and a voice, it was God's voice now that was heard, which said, 'Thou art my Beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased.' When John the Baptist heard the voice, and saw the Holy Spirit rest upon Jesus like a dove from heaven, he was well aware that Jesus was the true Son of God, and he worshiped him as such.

"And the text, Elsie, 'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me and Forbid them Not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Christ said this to his disciples, for when parents brought children to Him, or friends brought them to Him to bless, the disciples thought they were troublesome; but Jesus did not like it, that his disciples thought the people troubled him, bringing their children to him, and he told them so, and he took them up in His arms, and put His hands on their heads, and blessed them, and said the text you have learned today, Elsie, about the little children. And Christ also at the same time told all those who were around Him, and he says the same to us now, that 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter therein.' We must be simple, pure and innocent as very little children. All our lives Christ tells us to

serve Him aright. Every child ought to feel very happy who has been taken to Christ by their parents or friends, to be baptized, and have His blessing. You will be able Elsie, now to understand fully these lovely texts you learned so well, and soon you will see the windows in our church with these subjects painted on them. I have explained them several times to my children and I wanted you too, to understand them, how Jesus took the children in His arms and blessed them, and how Jesus was declared by God to be His blessed son."

"Thank you Mr. Roelof, I think I do understand them, now."

"Shall we stay at Uncle Cole's at lunch to-day? If we do, you could show the children that lovely new window that is in the Sunday School room. It is called, you know, the children's window, 'Christ blessing little children,' and see too, the window of John the Baptist baptizing our blessed Lord."

"I think we better, dear, for Edith and Ursula's teacher is so interested in them, and they learn so much in her class, and the children too asked me if they could go to their own Sunday School to-day."

"We will stay then, Richard, until this afternoon, and then we will have time enough to look at some of the windows, before it is time to come home."

"It is almost ten o'clock now, children; we better be off, we have no time to lose."

"We are now at the church. It took us just half an hour to come, the people are just going in."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHURCH.

Quietly they took their seats in the church and knelt down and said their prayers. Then the music commenced. The great organ sounded heavenly to Elsie, who had only heard the little parlor organ in the little church by the Bridge. She had never heard such music before, and the words of the hymns seemed very sweet to her.

"O Jesus thou art standing
  Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting,
  To pass the threshold o'er :
Shame on us Christian brothers,
  His name and sign we bear :
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
  To keep him standing there.

O Jesus, thou art knocking :
  And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
  And tears thy face has marred :
O love that passeth knowledge,
  So patiently to wait !

O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

O Jesus, thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
I died for you my children,
And will ye treat me so?
O Lord with shame, and sorrow,
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more."

After the church service, they sang the hymn—

"New every morning is the love,
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

* * * *

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven on earth we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we need to ask:
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

The services were over, and the little family went directly to their aunt's home.

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COUSIN ELIZABETH.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUNT EMILY'S.

"Cousin Edith, I did not see you in church to-day ?"

"I was there if you did not see me ; Elizabeth and I sat by the organ."

"I did not see Bessette at church either ; prove it to me, cousin Edith, what did the minister preach about ? What was the text ?

"I can't tell you where the text was, cousin Fred, but I know what it was about—pleasing God."

"Can you tell the text, Fred ?"

"I don't believe I can, uncle."

"Well I will tell you, my boy. It was 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.' It was a good sermon, and I hope we will all be made better, for having heard it."

"Oh, Ursula," said Elsie, when they were alone a few moments out of doors before dinner, "I believe I never felt happier in my life than I did to-day sitting in your church ; how beautiful everything seemed—the service, the music and the sermon. I just love to hear

that organ, and the hymns were so pretty, and I could understand what the minister said, he spoke so plain, it seemed as if he was talking just to me, for he kept looking at me."

"Do you believe it, Ursula, I have often been to the church near us, and I never could tell a word the minister had said, when I got home. I thought ministers only preached for big people like papa, or mamma. I would have liked to have told mamma something I had heard at church, for mamma never goes to church, but I could not tell her anything."

"Don't your mamma ever go to church, Elsie?"

"No, she can't she says, Ursula, but I wish she could go, I think if mamma could once hear music like I heard this morning, she would always want to go to church, for aunt Cora says mamma loves music, that she loved it dearly before she was married. I know when she sings to the baby, her voice sounds very sweet."

"I will ask mamma sometime to ask your mamma to go to church with us."

"Thank you, Ursula, how good you are."

"No, Elsie, you are the good one. Mamma says I have a great many faults. I know that was just as mean as mean could be that I wouldn't let you say my verses with me the last day of school. Will you kiss me and forgive me, for mamma says no matter how sorry we are, if we have hurt any one's feelings it will do no good to feel sorry if we are not willing to ask their forgiveness."

"Of course I forgive you, you dear darling, Ursula, I love you better than any one in the world almost."

"And I love, you, Elsie;" and the little friends felt they were dearer and nearer than ever to each other.

The children were called in to lunch, and Elsie was introduced to Ursula's aunt Emily and cousin Bessette, (her brother's pet name for her sister) and Fred and another cousin, Mabel Lee.

"How good everything tastes, aunt Emily, but it always does here."

"That's because you are hungry after your ride and church, John Eliot."

"I know it is because everything is so nice, aunt Emily."

"Aunt Emily's home was on a lovely avenue, with beautiful grounds around it. 'Dear auntie,' as the children called aunt Emily, was a character of true beauty. In her sweet disposition she was very much like her sister, Mrs. Roelof. She always seemed to have an angel touch about her which made those with her better and happier. Knowing in a moment the very thing that would please, and doing it at the moment, with the easiest grace and graciousness. No better description can I give of her, for she is grace itself and loveliness—her nature is a genuine true one, brightening every other nature she comes in contact with. All her family see this—her husband and children love her dearly, and her nieces and nephews think no other auntie is quite as loveable as "dear aunt Emily."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday School bell reminded the children of their Sunday School, and they all went over to the church.

Miss Carlton, the teacher, had a pleasant face, and greeted each child as she came in her class with a pleasant smile and warm welcome.

"How do you do, Ursula, I am glad to see you here this afternoon; and who have you with you, a little friend?"

"Yes, Miss Carlton, it is Elsie, she lives across the river from us, and she came to church with us this morning."

"Then you both heard the sermon our young minister gave us this morning? I am glad you did, for I intend to take that subject for my lesson this afternoon."

Five minutes elapsed, and the ten little girls were all in their places. The Superintendent opened the Sunday School. Then Miss Carlton said to her little girls—"I noticed some of my little scholars came into Sunday School, and took their places, sitting upright without bending their knees or bowing their heads. Most of

you know, if not all, that this is not right. God's house is a holy place, and you should always bow your head and kneel down and say a prayer when you enter it, to show your respect to our Dear Lord. Yes, always say some little prayer to God, in Jesus' name, whenever you come into God's house."

"We have now with us four scholars who do not know the little prayer I have taught the rest of you little girls to say when you come into church or Sunday School. What shall we do about these little girls? Shall we try to teach them the prayer or not?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Carlton, we want them to know it too," they all exclaimed together.

"Very well, you have done right, for it would be too bad for any of you not to know a little prayer to say when you come to church or Sunday School, and a good place to learn one is here all together. We will now repeat it over several times. It is this prayer—'O God, forasmuch as without Thee, we are not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.' You that know it may repeat it over ten times. Now the others may try and join in, and say it twenty times. That will do for to-day, next Sunday we will say it over again, and in this way we will soon learn it, and before another Sunday I will write it out for you, and the four scholars who do not know it can study it some at home. We will now all sing the hymn—'There is a green hill, far away'—all stand up."

"There is a green hill, far away
  Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
  Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
  What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
  He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
  He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
  Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
  To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
  Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
  And we must love him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
  And try his works to do."

"This hymn, children, was written by Mrs. C. F. Alexander, and to me, is as beautiful a hymn as there is, if not the most beautiful. I want all of my scholars to know it perfectly. Most of you know it. Those who know it, I would like to have say it once every day, and be sure you say the little prayer—'O God, forasmuch as,' every morning when you get up, and every night when you go to bed, and always when you go into a

church or chapel. And when you go to bed say the little hymn I taught you all some time ago, except these little strangers here, 'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.' This hymn we must teach them too. I will write this one down for next Sunday for those who do not know it. I hope, without doubt, you can all say Our Lord's Prayer, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Here is a little morning hymn I want you all to learn, after the others have learned 'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!' I will say it over to you now, and I will also give you a copy of it next Sunday, and you can learn what you can of it at home."

Now I wake
  And see the light,
'Tis God has kept me
  Through the night.
To Him I lift
  My voice and pray;
That he will keep me
  Through the day.

"Children we talk a great deal about Jesus and read about Jesus; can any of you tell me what the word Jesus means? No! well I will tell you. It means saviour. The reason is because he has it in his power to save his people from their sins. We say sometimes, Jesus Christ, don't we?"

"Yes, Miss Carlton."

"Do you know what Christ means? It means the Messiah, or the Anointed One. When anyone in Bible

times was anointed, they had oil poured on them. Now Christ did not have oil poured on Him, but he had the grace of the Holy Spirit. He was anointed with the Holy Spirit instead of being anointed with oil, as the prophets, priests and kings used to be; they used to have oil poured on them."

"Whose son is Christ? God's only son."

"What other name is given to Christ?"

"He is our Lord."

"What does the word Lord, mean? Do you know what the word Lord means? It is the same meaning as Jehovah."

"Who is Jehovah? Jehovah is God."

"When we call Jesus Christ, our Lord, what do we mean? We mean he is our God."

"Fearing you will not be able to remember all this, I have written it all out on little papers for each of you, and I think your mammas will help you learn the answers to the questions before another Sunday."

"First. Remember, Jesus means Saviour, *because* he saves us from our sins."

Second. Christ means the Messiah, or the Anointed One, *because* the Holy Spirit rested upon Him. He was anointed with the Holy Spirit instead of oil, remember this."

"Third. Whose son is Christ! God's only son."

"Fourth. What other name is given to Christ? Our Lord."

"Fifth. What does the word Lord, mean? It has the same meaning as Jehovah."

"Sixth. Who is Jehovah? God."

"Seventh. When we call Jesus Christ, our Lord, what do we mean? *That he is our God.*"

"This is just as I have written your lesson out for you to-day, and I do hope you will all be able to learn it well for next Sunday."

"How many of my little girls were at Church this morning?"

Six little hands were raised.

"I wish you could all have been there. It was a sermon you could all have understood, it was so simple and clear. The text was 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.' This should be our constant wish and prayer, the minister, (Dr. Spencer) said; but we are more apt to think what pleases ourselves than what pleases God. That if we truly wished to please God, all our words and actions should be truthful, that we should always remember that God made this world, that we ought not to be ill-humored about the weather, or anything in it—that we ought not, at any time, to get angry with any one, and that even little children's time was not all their own, that some of it belongs to God to serve Him with, that all little children should be taught that it is always better to please God, than themselves, that there was not a child in the church that could not take in his or her little mind the meaning of the words 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.' Praying this prayer, and meaning the words when we say them, and believing God will hear them and answer the prayer, God will teach us how to do just

the thing which will best please Him. He said if we made an enemy through our own actions, when we could as well have secured a friend, if we had treated the person right, or if we have a friend and lose that friend by our own fault, by something we have done or said, we have not done the thing which pleaseth God ; and if we think we have pleased ourselves, we are mistaken, for our conscience will all the time trouble us, and tell us all the time we are wrong. Then he said we should always be cheerful if we wished to do good. 'How many,' Dr. Spencer said, 'one sees, who are perfect sunbeams wherever they are, can you tell why this is,' he said—'their faces perhaps are not handsome, there is nothing about their outward appearance remarkable that would attract any one to them, and yet every one says she is very nice, she is a ray of sunshine wherever she goes. I like her so much, or he has one of the loveliest characters, he is always pleasant, genial and upright.' Why is this I ask you ?

"There is only one reason. It is because they have the Spirit of God in their hearts, and are cheerful and good tempered and do not allow little things to ruffle them, or worry them. That is pleasing God, he said, not to be irritable or disagreeable about anything, but to try and cultivate a cheerful, happy disposition. Then, he said, everyone can do a great deal to straighten out other people's troubles, not by meddling, I do not mean, he said, but many friendships have been broken forever, for the want of some kind-hearted person who would repair the friendship, and make it as strong as

ever, by acting as a go-between, to the parties who feel they have a grievance towards each other,—say to the one or the other, 'this is not right,' or 'that is not so,'—if you can say it truthfully; and say that was not true you heard, if you truthfully say so; or if you, who were at fault, would only say you did not mean to say it, or do it, when you know you did not, and am sorry for what has happened, a valuable friendship would be secured for life, oftentimes."

"I will turn to the children," he said. "Children, you can be very much happier all your childhood, if you always speak when you feel you ought to. When some little girl or boy is being blamed for something that you know they do not deserve to be blamed for, you must right the wrong if you can, you must speak, even if it brings in yourself to blame. It does not please God to see one child step out of a disgrace for which he or she is to blame and let others be blamed, and punished for it. Many times little children can rebuild a friendship among some of their little playmates, when they see some of their little friends do not seem to care as much for each other as they used to, and they sometimes seem angry at each other; you can go to the little girl or boy and say, 'do not mind it,' 'it is not worth while to do so,' 'I would not, I don't believe they meant any harm saying or doing what they did, perhaps they did not know how it all was.' Then, children, you will be Christ's little peace-makers on earth and you know Christ said, 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' and in this

way you can be doing Christ's work here on earth, and pleasing God."

"Emma, you may take up the money, and Fanny, you may give out the papers, cards and books, you know you learn the little texts on the small cards, each couple may say their texts to me as they march out, passing me."

"Miss Carlton, I have five little cards."

"Very well, Amy, I will mark them on the wrong side, so you will make no mistake and hand them in again, and then I will give you the next size larger card and when you have five of these larger size cards, I will give you quite a large one, and when you have five of these very large ones, I will give you a nice book, and if you get five books, I will give you a very nice prize. I am very glad to see you, Ursula, and your little friend; I hope you can both come soon again to our Sunday School."

"I wish we could, Miss Carlton, your Sunday School is so different from the one in Mr. Stewart's church, near us; the teacher there can't tell things as you can, and she never tells us anything about the sermon."

"You must try and learn all you can from Miss Redmond's teaching when you are in her class, for I know she does her best to teach her little scholars well. It is not as easy for some to teach as others. We will now have our closing hymn and prayer, and then Sunday School will be over. As you march out 'two by two,' and pass me, I will give you your little cards."

The entire Sunday School sang the beautiful hymn—

"Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go :
  Thy word into our minds instill ;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
  With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
  And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
  The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
  True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
  With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for thou hast toil'd,
  And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
Ah, never let our works be soil'd
  With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
  The sinful, unto thee we call,
O let thy mercy make us glad ;
  Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour bless us ; night is come ;
  Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home,
  And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus be our light."

Then all the children of the Sunday School knelt down and said the closing prayer together.

"O thou meek and lowly Saviour.
Though hast seen us through and through ;
  Pardon all our bad behaviour,
Make us good and holy too,
  While on earth, O walk beside us,
Keep us safe 'till death shall come,
  In thy loving arms then hide us,
Take us to thy heavenly home."

"Good-bye little ones, good-bye, don't forget to learn the texts on your little cards for next Sunday, and your other lessons," said Miss Carlton, and the children were gone.

On their way to their aunt Emily's, Ursula and Elsie met their papa and mamma on their way to the church, and they returned with them. Their cousins Fred and Mabel, joined them, and Bessie, John Eliot and Edith. We will go first to the Sunday School room and see those two lovely windows where Christ is saying, "Suffer little children, to come unto me, and forbid them not."

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"His name shall be called JESUS."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHURCH WINDOWS.—"GOD IS LOVE."

"These windows are called 'The Children's Windows,' because they were given to the children of the church by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer. They gave them in memory of two little children who their Heavenly Father transplanted to his own fairer clime and lovelier home where they are lovingly waiting for their papa and mamma. I want you to notice what a sweet face Christ has in this picture. He has his hand on that little child a mother is holding up in her arms; He is blessing the child, see the eager faces of all the others who have brought their children to Him to bless. Some of them you see are holding little babies and some have their little ones by the hand. Jesus made very happy the mothers who brought their little ones to him, taking them in his arms and blessing them. It certainly was enough to make them happy, to know their children had been blessed by Christ. You can see how happy they look. Christ's face is more thoughtful in this window; perhaps when he blesses these little ones, and takes them in his arms, and puts his loving hand on

their heads, that he wished they could always be as safe, as they are there in his arms, and as innocent. All good mothers wish this too, and why could they not be, my children? Because, as they grow older, they may forget they owe their breath and lives to the dear Christ for coming into the world for them, for dying for them, and for blessing them, and in this way some break God's commandments, and this is sin. And no one who has sin in his heart, and does not care to get rid of it, and makes no effort to be free from it, can love Jesus; for Jesus says—'If you love me, keep my Commandments'; and perhaps Christ is praying that these dear sweet children who have been brought to Him to be blessed, shall see and know Him in his heavenly home above, if they die young or grow to be men and women; but he knows as time goes on, how many temptations they will have to be wicked, and that is why, perhaps, He looks earnest and thoughtful, for He loves them, and wants them to grow up pure and good."

"These two little ones here, see how they have their little arms raised up to Him. In the same way we ought to raise our arms up to Him, now, and our hearts, and ask Him to put his hand on our heads and keep us safe in his loving arms through time and eternity, for Christ is just as much alive now as he was when he was a man or a boy here on earth. He is sitting now at the right hand of God, knowing all that is going on here on earth, and he intercedes for us, when we pray to God, if we pray a right prayer; and when we are baptized He puts His hand on our head lovingly and takes us in

His arms and just as much blesses us, and loves us as when He was on earth and blessed little children.

On this section of the window you see the disciples trying to push the mothers and children away from Christ, they did not want the children brought to Him for fear they would trouble Him, but He said unto them—'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom.'"

"Oh, papa, they are beautiful. You know this was one of the verses papa explained to you this morning, Elsie, one that you learned. These are my favorite windows of all that are in the church."

"I think they are my favorite windows, too, Ursula," said the mamma, after seeing this window, I always carry Christ's face away with me in my heart, and it does me good. It is so heavenly, the eyes are so kind and tender, and such a winning look about his mouth, yes, it always does me good to see this window."

"Elsie, here is the window we were speaking of at home—John the Baptist is baptizing Christ. It is called 'Christ baptized by John the Baptist at the River Jordan.' You know, don't you, Edith, what happened when Jesus was baptized?"

"Yes, papa, the Holy Spirit came down from heaven upon Him."

"How did the Holy Spirit come, Mabel?"

"It came in the form of a dove."

"That is right, Mabel. This is a lovely window. Christ seems to say in it—'I am humble and meek, I am willing to be baptized by a man; I will not put

myself here on earth above others, but, I will do what others ought to do, and he was baptized. Every one ought to be baptized, for it was Christ's desire we should be. John the Baptist's mother and Jesus' mother were cousins, and John the Baptist had known Jesus, and had known how perfect he was; and he said to him there was more reason and need of his being baptized by Jesus, and 'comest thou to me'; but Christ wished him to baptize him and he did. As they come out of the water, as I told you this morning, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, rested upon the head of Jesus, and there was a voice heard, saying, 'This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' As I said, this was God, the Father's voice, and John the Baptist then well knew that this was Jesus, the Son of God. The Holy Spirit which rested on Jesus was in the shape of a bird with wings, but it was not a bird, though it was in the form of a dove, but was the true Holy Spirit which we all pray for and need every moment we live. I have told you all this before, but as it is one of the most important truths in the Bible, you cannot hear it too often, and with the picture now before you it will, I feel sure, be impressed deeply on your minds. We have, I am afraid, only time to see one or two windows before we go home. What shall it be, mamma? Your flowers have kept very fresh, and look very pretty?"

"They have kept fresh because they were cut fresh before we left the house; last week when they faded I had had them in the room sometime before we started for the church."

"What window shall we look at now? You did not tell me. Shall we study this one? 'Naaman and the Maid.' I think the children would be interested in this story. It is very pretty and the windows are pretty. At this end of the window you see the little maid who was taken from her home. It was a happy home she had in Samaria, of the Land of Israel, and she was made prisoner in the city of Damascus. This man you see at this side was a captain in the Syrian Army. The King was very fond of him, his name was Naaman, and he was thought to be a great officer, on account of his many victories. Once when his companions were in Israel, they brought home with them this little slave girl from there, and Naaman gave her to his wife to wait on her, and to be what we would call a lady's maid. Now, although Naaman was such a favorite with his King, and all his people, his glory was painful to him, for he had that terrible disease, the leprosy, and it is altogether likely no one wanted to touch him, or could hardly come near him, as an old gentleman once said, 'the basest slave in Syria would not change skins with him' notwithstanding he was very rich and greatly honored. Probably a great deal of money had been spent upon trying to cure him, but nothing had done him any good. The little damsel was bright and happy, she did not resent being a slave and loved her mistress and master. Yes, she was very much happier than her master was, whose body was as white as snow with leprosy. She had a very kind heart, and she was very sorry for him,

for she could see how he was suffering all the time, and he could get no relief from his sufferings day or night.

"One day she said to herself, O, if I could only make my mistress understand that in Samaria there is a man who is a true prophet of God, and his name is Elisha, and that he has power from God even to raise the dead, and that this prophet lives in my own loved land, and does all kinds of wonderful things, and that there many people believed in him, and that she knew, if God wished him to, this Prophet Elisha, could and would heal his master. These thoughts were constantly in her mind, and she wished her master could know this Prophet of the true God, and this God of Israel. One day this little girl, you see here in this picture, took courage and told her mistress about the prophet, how wonderful they considered him in her own land, her home, and what wonderful things he had done there, and ended by saying, 'Would God, my master was with the Prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy.' No doubt Naaman's wife talked this all over with Naaman, and soon one, and another could be heard in Damascus, saying—'There is a possibility of Naaman being cured if he would, or could go to the prophet Elisha, who is in Samaria.' At last his King and friend heard of this little maiden's saying and he very likely sent for her and questioned her. And he sent for Naaman and told him he had well thought over the matter, and he thought it would be best for him to go to Samaria, and try and see if it would do him any good going to the Land of Israel and

seeing Elisha. Naaman left home to go to Samaria, and took with him presents of gold and silver, said at least to be worth two thousand four hundred dollars, of our money, some think there was about seventy thousand dollars, and also ten changes of raiment. When the King of Syria told him to go, he told him he would send a letter to the King of Israel. He wrote a letter to the King of Israel, taking it for granted that if Elisha could cure him, the King could just as well. Naaman arrived at the Israelitish Court, and his letter was handed in to the King, and the King read it. When he read it he showed great emotion, and was very angry. He thought the letter must have been sent to him as an insult, 'for surely,' he said, 'I am no God to kill, or make alive.' And he thought too the letter was sent him to make a quarrel. Now, when Elisha heard how the King felt, he sent word to the King to let Naaman come to him, and he should know that there was a prophet in Israel. Then Naaman went with his horses and his chariots, and waited outside of the door of Elisha's house. Elisha sent out to him a messenger, saying—'Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.' At first Naaman refused proudly to do it. It seemed silly for him to do this silly thing. If Elisha had only told him some great thing to do, but merely to go to the River Jordan and dip himself in it seven times, he could not see how that could help him. But his servants begged him to go, and at last he humbled himself and went, and then his flesh, which had been

white and clammy, came again fresh and ruddy like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean, and he confessed that 'there is no other God in all the earth, but in Israel.'

"Just think how much good the poor little slave girl did. By her means the great Syrian Captain was cured of the leprosy. When he left home he was as miserable as a man could be—a terrible leper—when he returned home, he was well and strong. The outward leprosy Naaman had, was not his worst disease, though, for when he left Damascus he had inward leprosy, for he was an idolator. When he returned to his wife again he was a worshipper of the only, true, living God. This inward leprosy of the soul was washed with the blood of Christ and was cured. The soul's leprosy was sin, and Christ's blood washes away sin. Christ gave us his blood, when he died on the cross to wash away our sins, if we love him and believe in him. This God that Naaman is praying to, you can see Naaman here on his knees, is the same God the little maid prayed to constantly and fervently. This little slave story should teach us always to be kind and thoughtful of others, and to do and say what is right at all times, and obey God's voice when He speaks to our conscience and tells us to do what seems to our weak judgment a very simple thing."

"We have a little more time than I thought we should have, time for one more window."

"Here are the windows of the wise men seeing the star—and the window where the Shepherds are keeping

watch over their flocks at night. Oh, here is the little baby, Jesus in the manger, what a sweet picture, we will see this first. This dear baby has no pretty bed to lie in, but only a place in a stable where food for cattle is usually put. It would seem strange to us that a baby should have to lie in such a humble spot if we did not know Jesus's beautiful story."

"Many, many years before Christ was born, a long, long time ago, the Prophets wrote this—'And thou Bethlehem, in the Land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of Thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.' This prophecy is, I remember, in the fifth Chapter of Micah, in the Old Testament. A prophecy is something that is foretold before it comes to pass. This governor which was to come was the Lord Jesus Christ. This governor is this baby we see now in the manger. That is His mother just bending over Him—her face is beaming with love for him, and the man at the right is Joseph, Mary's husband. They are the only ones who know that a great King, Priest and Prophet lies humbly in this little manger, and in the stable."

"How does His papa and mamma know, and no one else."

"I will tell you, John Eliot; there was a small town where a poor woman lived, the name of the town was Nazareth. In every way this poor woman tried to please God, and to live a holy life.

"Do you not think she was surprised one day to see a bright angel before her? If you look at this section

of the window, you will see Mary with the angel before her. What do you think the angel had come for? She did not know any more than you know why it came, and she was very much frightened, would you not have been? The angel spoke kindly to her, and said 'Do not be afraid, Mary, for God is pleased with you, and has sent me to tell you a wonderful thing. He will give you a little baby, and you must call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. Mary then wanted to know how this could be, and asked the angel, and the angel told her God can do anything. He will send His Holy Spirit upon you, and so the Holy babe that He will send you 'shall be called the Son of God.' Do you suppose she believed the angel's words? She did believe the angel and answered, 'I am God's servant, let it be to me as you have said.'

"After the angel had left her, she praised God for his great goodness to her in letting her be the mother of Jesus, and here where she is looking so sweetly into heaven, she is saying in praise to God those beautiful words that you see written here, 'My spirit rejoices in God, my Saviour.' The reason she called her baby her saviour, was because the angel had told her that Jesus would save His people from their sins, and she, and all who trusted in Him, would be saved. Now, this was the way Mary knew He was the Saviour, and the other section of the window will tell you how Joseph knew it."

"You see here a man who is fast asleep on his bed, by him stands an angel. That man is Joseph, Mary's husband, and the angel has come to him in his sleep, and told him in a dream all about the baby Jesus, how he would come soon upon earth, and that Mary, his

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wife, would be His mother, and this was the way Joseph knew.

"A great many miles from Mary's and Joseph's home was the city of Bethlehem where Jesus was born. The great Emperor of Rome gave a command that every one throughout his large empire should go to the city from which he or his father came, and have his name written down in a book, so that he might know just how many people there were in his own country. Joseph and Mary had to go to Bethlehem, because Joseph belonged to the race of David, and Bethlehem was David's city. They did not probably expect to stay in Bethlehem but a short time, just long enough to have their names written down, and then return home; but it was in winter, the weather was cold and the journey was long; and they were a long time getting to Bethlehem. How they must have felt, tired with their journey, and cold and wanting a comfortable place to rest, to find there was not a place to be had at the inn, no room, or even a bed. They must go somewhere, and near by them was a stable—camels, cows and asses were kept in it—and Joseph and Mary went there to rest and to sleep. In that humble spot the Holy Spirit came to Mary that God had promised.

"Seven hundred years before it had been said by Micah, in the Old Testament, that this governor would be born in Bethlehem, and now this saying had come to pass. O how precious the young babe was to Mary; with tenderness she wrapped Him up in long swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger. His happy mother

laid Him on the soft hay. You all know what a manger is; it is a place where food is put for the cattle to eat. That was a strange place, you think, for the Son of God to lie, on hay, instead of having a pretty cradle to lie in; and born in a stable instead of in a beautiful home.

"Do you know why Christ was willing to be born in such humble quarters. The reason was because He loved us, that He came as a weak, helpless baby. God was sorry for the world with so much sin in it, and it was only through Christ it could be saved from sin, and if Christ had not come to earth, and lived His holy life here for us, we should all have been punished for our wrong doing.

"But now, if we believe in Christ Jesus and trust Him, He can pardon our sins and take us at last to live with Him in heaven. We ought to love Him dearly, when we know it is true that He came down from heaven, that He is God's only Son, and that he wanted to leave his glorious home above, to do us good, by being made like us, born a little baby, and suffered and died on the cross for us.

"Yes, He was like us on earth, only He was without sin. He was the only perfect man that ever lived. It is hard to realize this baby you see here in the picture is our dear Lord upon whom depends all our happiness now, and forever. How sweet He looks with His mother and Joseph at His side."

"You have all been breathless, children, while I have been explaining the picture."

"We could not say anything, uncle," replied Mabel,

"any of us I guess, for we were so interested in the pictures."

"We shall have to go now."

"O papa, don't go now, you said you would tell us about the wise men and the Shepherds," said Ursula. "I want Elsie to hear you tell about them."

"It is too late to-day, my daughter, to look at any more pictures and explain them. These windows are certainly very interesting, but we must go home before dark."

"I do not think we should stay any longer," said Mrs. Roelof.

"I will tell you what I will do though, children; when we are well, and the Sundays are pleasant, we will come over here to church in the morning if possible and take dinner with Aunt Emily; and you can go to Sunday School, and in the latter part of the afternoon we will come in the church, as we have to-day."

Ursula stepped around where her papa was, and whispered to him to ask him if Elsie could come with her another Sunday.

"Elsie," said Mr. Roelof, "we expect to spend every Sunday, for some weeks here in Ravensport, and spend the Sunday as we have to-day, God willing; would you like to come with us when we come?"

"Oh, I should, very much, Mr. Roelof."

"I hope this day will prove a profitable one to us all. To see these beautiful windows makes heavenly things seem nearer to us, does it not, Alice?"

"Yes it does, dear, it makes one realize more than ever that 'God is love.'"

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETURN HOME.

"Papa, this is a very different night from last night to go home. How it did rain then."

"The sunset is very beautiful, Edith. See the golden shades and that gorgeous red. Children, I will tell you how I feel when I see such beautiful sunsets, the brilliant light so far away from us. It makes me feel that that is the entrance to heaven; just a glimpse of its great beauty! Just as you would look from a dark street into a brightly lighted house, through an open door, that lets out a little of it's brightness. That heaven is as much more beautiful and lovely than earth, as that sunset is more bright and dazzling in beauty than where we are."

"That is a sweet thought, mamma, but just like mamma," said papa, looking up pleasantly at her.

"Home, here we are at our own door again."

"We will have supper as soon as possible and get to bed early," said Mrs. Roelof.

At supper Marguerite and Ernest were regretting they could not have been at the church.

"You said last week, Ernest, that your Bible teacher was going to be away for two months, and Marguerite's, too. If he is, and you and Marguerite would like to go with us Sundays, when we can go, we can have the three-seated carriage and we can all go, I hope, now for a number of Sundays, to explain our church windows to Elsie, Edith, and John Eliot and the cousins; and as they are all Bible subjects, and very interesting ones, and instructive ones too, I should like you and Marguerite to be there, if possible."

"You forgot there was a mamma in the case, didn't you? I felt as much a child as either of the children, and enjoyed listening to you as much as they did, I am sure, Richard."

"Thank you, dear, I can say one thing myself, I hated to come away from those windows when I did. I think if rich people only knew what a sermon a window, finely painted, in a church, is to most people, and how many people are lifted out of themselves, and made to feel their own insignificance, and a sincere wish to live near to God, by the sight of a holy Bible scene painted well on a window, there would be more windows in all our churches painted with lovely Bible pictures on them."

To feel insignificant is to feel we are of little value compared to others.

At the twilight hour, after supper, the children talked over all they had seen and heard through the day, and they tried to tell their mamma all they could remember of the sermon, and the Sunday School lesson which Miss

Carlton had taught them. And their mamma told them some things they had forgotten.

"Your little heads must be tired, thinking so much," said Mrs. Roelof, "I will kiss you good night, God take care of you. Sleep well, birdies."

The children were indeed tired enough to sleep well, and not many minutes after their prayers were said, they were sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INVITATION.

Monday morning the little girls rose rested and happy, with fresh anticipations of another school day, and at half-past eight the children were ready to start for school.

"Ursula," said Mrs. Roelof, "I will not put up a lunch for Elsie, she can lunch with you at Mrs. Frost's."

"Thank you, mamma, thank you, Mrs. Roelof," and the children were off with a skip and a jump, their happy little lives so full of the pleasure of life—Sundays, Mondays, all days, were all alike delightful to them.

As they came near the school room they saw a number of children clustered together. "I wonder what they are talking about," said Elsie.

"Oh, Ursula," said one of the girls as they came up to the children, "we were just talking about you and Elsie. Miss Gertrude has invited us, if our mammas will let us, to go with her to the woods Thursday, and she will give us a holiday that day, and a picnic, too. Can you and Elsie go, do you think?"

"I think we can, Florence, where are they going?"

"Up to Wyman's woods, I believe Miss Gertrude said, she is going to tell us all about it when school is out to-day. Here comes cousin Bess and cousin Mabel; will aunt Emily let you go to the picnic cousin Elizabeth, and do you think aunt Cornelia will let you go, cousin Mabel?"

"I hope we can all go," said cousin Mabel.

"And I hope so too," said cousin Bess.

It was a bright sunny room, and the teacher, Miss Gertrude Frost, was loved by all her scholars. It was her desire to study each character and temperament, and understand each of her scholar's little ideas; it was her earnest wish to read them well, and guide them aright. The children seemed to realize this, for in return for her sweet thought and love for them, they gave her their sincere, true childish affection and love. After school was over, Miss Gertrude told them to listen to her a few minutes; "I want you," she said, "to tell your mammas that your teacher has invited you all to go into the woods with her on Thursday next, to Wyman's Woods. The weather is quite warm now, as warm as it is sometimes in mid-summer, and it will do you all good to have a day out of doors. We can take the bridle path through the woods for half a mile, and there is a lovely spot on the bank of the river which is shady and cool, where we can all enjoy the day very much, if it is a pleasant day Thursday; and if it is not, God willing, we will go another day. We will not be idle all the day, for I will take up some of my dumb animal papers and give you a little talk on your society, and read you

some of the pieces from the papers. By the way, children, I wish every one of my little girls and boys here had the Dumb Animal paper in their family every year. I will tell you all about it Thursday. Ask your mammas to please give you a little basket or box with some luncheon in it, and I will have some ice cream for you, and we will go among the trees, and birds, and wild flowers, and enjoy ourselves, Providence permitting."

When Ursula was alone with her mamma, her "twilight hours," Wednesday evening, she told her mamma that she hoped they could all go to the picnic Thursday, that Miss Gertrude had invited them to. "Can I go, mamma," she said.

"I think Miss Gertrude is very nice to invite her scholars to go to the woods with her, and give them a holiday. The weather has been unusually warm the past week, and it will do you all good, I feel sure, and I should like to have you all go. It is a good deal for Miss Gertrude to do, and I trust none of her scholars will give her any trouble or anxiety."

CHAPTER XXII.

WYMAN'S WOODS.

Thursday morning, the school children owned to themselves, and to their mammas, that they felt they had "hardly slept a wink all night," thinking of the lovely time they were going to have if it was pleasant in the morning, and hoping it would be.

Thursday morning was a lovely one, fair and beautiful.

"Ursula," said Mrs. Roelof, after breakfast, "papa is going to take you up to Phebe Scott's aunt, and you may ask Phebe's aunt if Phebe may go with you to the picnic. I know her aunt would like to have her go with you, for she told me she was afraid Phebe would get homesick again. You can both ride down in the buggy together, and your papa can leave you both at Miss Gertrude's."

The children were all at the school at quarter of nine, when Ursula and Phebe drove up. Ursula soon made her little friend acquainted with Miss Gertrude, and her little school-mates. The clock struck nine, and they all formed a line and marched towards the woods. When they reached the woods, Miss Gertrude told them they

need not try and keep in line, it would be impossible to do so, and they walked along singing ; now and again stopping to pick up a wild flower when they wished to.

"It is a great deal cooler here in the woods, Miss Gertrude."

"It certainly does seem so, Madeline, there is a little breeze over the water and we feel the freshness even here under the trees. Here is this spot I told you of, isn't it charming. It seems delicious to me, the fragrant smell of the woods, these wide branching shade trees, the high hills you see in the distance and the valleys beneath, and our beautiful winding river ; could a sweeter place be found than just here, if we went far and near to search for it. I am glad it is near enough to our school to enable us to come here from time to time. Perhaps we can come once a week during the summer vacation, some of us who are home, and bring our books with us and spend the day in these beautiful woods. I for one would be very glad to come."

"That would be splendid, Miss Gertrude," they all cried, and clapped their hands with joy at the thought."

"Oh, children, come here, see this little ant hill, see what hundreds of tiny creatures are hurrying in all directions ; just see, the ground seems fairly alive with them. If you notice these little insects you will see that each one of them has it's own work to do, and with all it's might is doing it. See all the energy and perseverance they put in their toil. It is a lesson to us all seeing these ants working, they'll let nothing overcome their perseverance. I have a little piece I cut

from a paper about these curious little ants, come and sit down here, close to me in the shade, by the river bank, and I will read it to you."

"An old writer tells us he once watched an ant trying to carry a very large grain of wheat. Before it could reach the ant-hill, it had to cross the trunk of a fallen tree, which, of course was quite a mountain to an ant; with great pains and trouble it succeeded in getting to the top, but to no purpose, for it lost its hold, and fell down again. This occurred three times over until the poor little insect appeared to lose heart, and to be completely tired out. After a little rest, however, it seemed determined to persevere, and a companion coming along by some means it managed to make it's troubles known. We do not know what language they used, but the two started together, and by their united efforts they succeeded in getting the precious grain safely to the other side of the tree," and he adds, "it is to be hoped none of our little friends will consent to be out done by these diligent little creatures, nor be above taking a lesson on perseverance and energy from them."

"I had no idea an ant knew any thing," said Kitty.

"I am sure you will all look at the little creatures with very different thoughts than you did before, for you have learned a lesson worth learning from them. Insects and animals both know much more than many of us can imagine. You know of the little society some of you have joined, I wish you could all belong to it. The Dumb Animal Society, and the Bands of Mercy which

was first started by Miss Georgiana Kendall with two or three other ladies. Miss G. Kendall is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dumb Animal Society. This Society was started in Boston for the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' a few years ago, and Mr. Angell, the President of it, has worked hard to make people realize they ought to be kind to our poor dumb animals, who cannot speak for themselves."

"There are now about thirty thousand Bands of Mercy: these are East and West, and South and North. You know in our school, now, we have what is called 'Kindness to Animals Day.' This we have once in every month. The first one we have really had was last week. Before deciding to have this day for our dear dumb creatures, I consulted all the parents of my scholars, and I am happy to tell you children that all, with no exception, told me, by all means to teach their children all the kindness I could to dumb creatures, and they would do all they could to help me, and I am proud and happy that I have such lovely people to be among. All the different families in my school said I might have mailed to them the dumb animal paper at their expense. I will give each of you though, the address of the paper, and then your parents can send for it themselves. I have written the address down for each of you where to send for it: To Mr. George T. Angell, No. 19 Milk street, Boston, Mass. The price of the paper is 50 cents a year, but teachers get it for 25 cents a year the first year, and every one who forms what is called a Band of Mercy, that is, whoever succeeds in getting thirty persons,

either children or adults, to sign a paper, promising that they will be kind to dumb animals, influence others to be and will send this Band of Mercy signed by the thirty persons to Mr. Angell, at the same address as the dumb animal paper, will have the paper sent to him or her free of any expense. This society does this to try and make every one kind. Be sure and write your own address plain, so it can be sent without any mistake. When I say, if you send this Band of Mercy, I mean the list of names you have induced people to sign. Any of you can do this and have a little paper which will not only instruct you very much, but which will interest and benefit you. This paper will come to you, with your own name on the outside, and after you have read it, or had it read to you, you can send it to some little cousin or friend who would never see it, if it was not for your thoughtfulness in sending it. There is another society I want to tell you about some other time. The Christ's Hand Society. Some call it the Pass Along Society. It is when some one has something that will do some one else more good than it can do the one who owns it, to be Christ-like about it, to put out your hand, as Christ would do if he was in your place, and hand it to that person who wants it or needs it, or see it reaches the person if he or she are not near you. In this way "pass along" your magazines, papers and books, which you do not care for after you have read them."

"But I must go back to our animals. In all our day schools, we, who are sorry for the way many animals are treated, are going to try to have, as I said before, a

day called 'Kindness to Animals Day', and in the Sunday Schools a 'Mercy Day' once a month. In some of the public schools they have also a day called 'Bird Day'. You would be interested too, I am sure, in these bird day talks. If we can arrange it so we can come here in the woods once a week during vacation, we will have many a nice talk about our lovely birds and animals. These beautiful birds you see up in the trees, would you think any one could take their lives, kill them for no other reason only to wear on ladie's bonnets or hats, or their children's hats, or kill them only for sport. I think I hear you say, 'Why, my papa, or my brothers, don't kill the birds.' No, I do not say they kill them, but those who wear them induce others to kill them, for if ladies or children would never wear birds on their hats or bonnets no one would kill them for that purpose—the dear little birds. I will tell you about a very sweet little girl whose mamma had some birds on her hat. While her mamma would be getting ready to go out this little girl would lovingly caress them and say, 'Oh, mamma, how could you kill such pretty birds, such sweet birds; how I do wish they could open their pretty eyes and sing to us.' And the poor, sorrowing little girl almost broke her mamma's heart with her deep sympathy, as she pleaded for the lives of the birds. The mother said she could not stand it any longer and took them from her hat; and no money, or anything she says would induce her ever again to wear them, for her little daughter taught her it was a sin to have bird's lives sacrificed to dress us up."

Many of the children's eyes filled with tears hearing the story of the little girl and her mamma's hat, and some of them exclaimed—"I never will; no, I never will wear a bird or wings of birds on a hat as long as I live. I love the birds, I don't want them killed. I never will kill them."

"No," said Miss Gertrude, "it is really a sin to kill them for ornaments, and for sinful reasons, and our forest birds do not like to be in cages either."

"This is a true story I am going to tell you now, and the one I just read to you was said to be true too."

"Once when I was in New York State, near Geneva, I was waiting with some cousins on a wharf for a boat to take us to Watkin's Glen. As we stood there watching the water, we were surprised by a gentleman coming up to us and speaking to me. I was struck by his appearance, as he had a very large bunch of very beautiful flowers firmly fastened on the lapel of his coat. When he looked at me full in the eye, I saw there was lacking in him what we ought to be so thankful we have, our reason—I told you the other day, what reason is—not to have one's reason, is not to know what we are doing, what we are saying and not to be able to think as you little girls and boys all can think and remember. Oh! how much we ought to praise God, and thank Him for giving us our reason so we can know what we are saying and doing, and can think and remember. It is a great blessing. There is nothing we ought not to be willing to do for our dear Lord for this great kindness to us, giving us our reason, and allowing us to keep it."

"As I was telling you, this stranger spoke to me, and what do you think he said? 'Do you see,' he said, 'that big house up there?' I told him I did, for as I looked I saw the house he spoke of. It was an immense house, quite a distance from the road, with beautiful grounds all around it, and I said, 'it is a handsome place.' 'It is,' he said, 'it is a golden cage, but one does'nt like to be locked up in a golden cage.' Now, listen and I will tell you of a little bird that had a golden cage. There was a very sweet, beautiful bird that had always lived in a great forest, and it loved its freedom, and sang from morning to night a lovely song, for it was happy. The queen saw this bird and she wanted it, and gave an order that it should be caught for her. The queen said I will put it in a gold cage, and give it plenty of seed and food to eat, and plenty of water to drink, and it will be very happy; but the queen did not know what she was saying, when she said the songster would be happy in the gold cage all locked up. It drooped and was very miserable, and would neither eat or sleep. Then her maids in waiting, said they thought her lovely bird was going to die; so she ordered men to go and cut down large forest trees and plant them in very large boxes in a large room and had the four sides of this room all glass, and had a dirt floor, and had some crumbs and pebbles put on it, and had a fountain of water in the room, and a stream of water running through the room all the time. Then she ordered the bird let out in her forest saying—'the bird will be happy now, it wont know the difference from the forest out-

side.' 'Do you think Birdie thought he was home in his own woods?' the gentleman said. No, he was just as unhappy as he was in the gold cage, he wanted his own loved home, and he well knew this fixed up place was not it. He missed his family, he missed his mates. Then thinking perhaps this was the matter with the bird, that it was lonesome, the queen said, 'we will put some more birds in my forest, too.' So she had other birds caught and put in the gold house, but they all commenced to droop and get sick, and some of them died. At last one of the attendants to the king, more kind hearted than the others, went to the queen and said, 'O queen, if your beautiful, sweet songster is kept much longer in your glass house, or forest, as you are pleased to call it, I am afraid it will die, as many of the other birds we have had in your forest have; and it has never sung a note in its beautiful gold cage, and eats nothing.' 'I cannot see why,' said the queen, 'that the bird would not be happy with such beautiful surroundings. Well, let him out then, if so it must be, I don't want it to die. Let all the others out too.' '*Ah!*' said the gentleman, looking at me closely, 'they knew they were locked in, confined, and even birds are unhappy if they are kept any where against their will under lock and key—and so it is with me, and with all those people in that beautiful house up there. Every thing in many of the rooms are as pretty as they can be, and every thing is done there to make us happy, our friends have spared no pains, or expense for us; but we are like the bird, we want to take flight, we beat ourselves against

the wires of our cage trying to get out, we do not want to be shut up, locked up, to know oftentimes we cannot get out, no matter how much we may want to. We want our own friends ; like the bird, our own mates, not strangers, to be with us ; and a golden cage is nothing to us, if we lose our freedom living in it. It is beautiful, it is heaven itself, but one don't want to be locked in heaven. I could not help but think my dear children how much truth there was in this man's wanderings. Of course there was no truth in what he said about the birds, and gold cage, or forest, or glass house ; he imagined all this, but he spoke beautifully. Poor man, he could not live at home all the time, for at times he had not his reason, and had to be confined in the handsome house, part of his life, and this probably at times he realized."

"And now about the little birdies ; even this man without reason proved that birds from the forest could not be encaged and be happy. It is not their real nature, they pine for the out of doors they are used to, and their mates, and it is wrong to catch large birds and put them in cages and try and keep them in the house, for they cannot live encaged, and will certainly die."

"I think we shall have to call this 'Bird Day,' for I know so many little stories about birds, I would like to tell you, and if we decide to have a bird day or animal day every week, we will spend it here in this very spot."

"Oh, I wish we could," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, do, Miss Gertrude," they all cried.

"If you will all keep still now I will tell you another

true story. My brother Fred found a little Baltimore Oriole in our yard, a tiny little bird, a baby bird, it could not open it's mouth to eat. My brother cooked some bread and milk together, and fed it constantly, some times giving it a little hard boiled egg, mashed very fine, with the bread and milk. As I said it could not open it's little mouth, but I held it open while my brother put the food in it's mouth. This was in the Spring ; it thrived on it's food and was happy. Remember this was a baby bird. We had a cage for it, but it was not confined in the cage, some of the time it was in the cage and some times around the rooms of our house, for we used to leave its cage door open and it never seemed to want to fly away, though the windows were open in Summer. It used to go constantly on our maid's shoulder to our next door neighbor's, Mrs. Houghton's, (it was at Mr. Houghton's, of Houghton & Mifflin, Cambridge, Mass.,) and never offered to fly away, and we always expected it would stay with us as long as it lived, and that we should keep it safely until it died, for we were very fond of it."

"You can not guess what happened one day, so I will tell you. It was just as much a surprise to us then as it will be to you now, what I am going to tell you, but it is perfectly true, for it happened in my own house, in our yard and under our own roof. In the fall when the birds were going south, before the father and mother of our little birdie went back to their southern home, they came to the window, where the dear birdie which really belonged to them, was in his cage, and pecked on the

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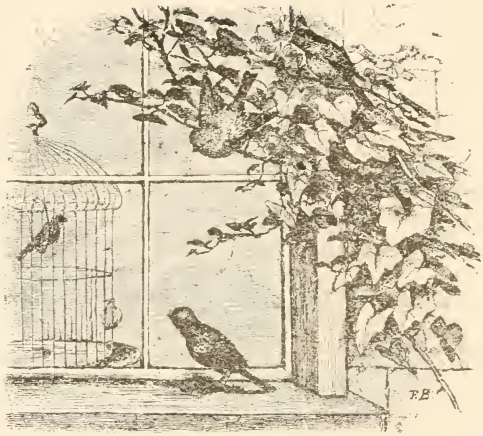

We are going away now,
We want you to come with us.

outside of the window, as much as to say, we are going away now, we want you to come with us, we do not want to leave you. It is going to be cold weather, we are going where it is warm. The window was open, and so was the cage door, and little birdie did the natural thing, she flew away with her papa and mamma; we suppose, to the south with them, and we never saw her after that. Our lovely little Madge, as we called her."

"Wasn't that a lovely story, and a true one, and a very wonderful one too? It shows us that these tiny little creatures know much more than we give them credit for. It does almost seem they do all but speak; to think of these tender parents coming for their baby and the baby bird knowing them, and being glad to go with them, when it had been so satisfied all summer with us. It was so tame it would sit on our fingers and shoulders, and though the doors and windows were open, it never seemed to care to go out, until this time it went with its papa and mamma. We missed the sweet bird very much, after it left us, but we could not but feel glad it was with its own family, who showed it so much tenderness and affection."

"Is that all?" Miss Gertrude.

"Is not that enough, Jessie?"

"No, Miss Gertrude, I would like to know where they went and all about the dear little things."

"That is just how we felt but we could never know anything more about them for they never came back to tell us, and we really felt we had lost a friend when

we parted from our birdie, little Madge. At the same time we had several birds in cages, not any of them forest birds, but birds that had never known any other life, but cage life. I will tell you about some of these some other time. I loved every one of them, dearly, and I think, in fact I know, that the saddest moments I ever spent when I was quite young, up to fifteen years old, was over my birds' death, for poor little things, with all our care, we could not cause them to live always."

"What do we see in the distance?" "I can tell you, it is our ice cream. John is bringing it up in a wagon. I think we shall all be glad now of our lunch. I brought this table cloth and some paper plates, and we will spread all our lunch on the table cloth under the trees, here on the ground. How inviting; we will draw lots for four of you young ladies to serve the others, to hand around the cake, sandwiches, and ice cream. I will take these pieces of grass, how many of us are there? Twenty-seven, count again to be sure. Yes, twenty-eight, with me. Well, here are twenty-seven pieces of grass in my hand, twenty-three of them are long grasses and four of them are short ones. The ones who draw the four short ones will please hand around the cake and the other things. I will only show you a little piece of the grass to choose from. Now you have all drawn, hold up your grass in your hand, and we can soon tell who has the honor of waiting on her school friends. Let me see, Jessie, Alice, Ruth, and Myrtle, you are the favored ones; commence this side, please."

Everything was handed in due form, and the repast

was very much enjoyed, for as Miss Gertrude said, they all had good, healthy appetites. After they had finished their lunch Miss Gertrude told them they could have some games if they wanted to before they went home, but "first we must put away all our lunch things nicely in the basket. John can take all the baskets down to the school room, when he goes down with the freezer. We must learn to do everything orderly and neatly."

"What a nice time we are having, Miss Gertrude."

"Do you think so, Kitty ?"

"Oh, yes ; I do, Miss Gertrude."

"I just loved that last bird story, you told us," said Florence Kelsey.

"It is a nice story, and the charm consists in its being perfectly true. We all like true stories."

"Miss Gertrude, you said we could play some games."

"I said so, Ursula, what would you all like to play. Boys, if you do not care to play the girl's games, there are back-gammon boards and other games in the wagon, and you can play back gammon or checkers or marbles."

"The boys ran and got the boards and were soon seated playing their games."

"While I was in England, children, I was quite young, and I went to a private school there, just as you come to me, and I remember a number of the games and plays we used to have in our school, we could play some of them now."

"Oh, do, Miss Gertrude, wont you tell us some of them, said Felicia Redmond, my mamma was born in England, papa says."

"Yes, Felicia, I will. Your grand mamma lived in the same place I attended school, and your aunts and I were little playmates, and used to play these same games and plays that we can play together now."

"How funny, said Felicia. I was named after Aunt Felicia."

"This is quite a pretty play, I always thought, little girls. You must separate in two parties. There are fifteen of you. Eight go on one side, and on this side I will stand with you, so we will have eight on each side. Now you must hold your dress up like this to make a lap, into which you must put your hands. Come up close together, don't stand so far apart. Myrtle Cass, you hold this ball in your lap, you must hide it as much as possible, while you, whose laps are empty must make believe as well as you can, that you are holding the ball in your raised dresses. You can do this by pushing your dresses out with the hand. When you have hidden the ball, you who are the maids of honor and have the ball hidden, walk slowly forward to those who are waiting to hunt the ball, on the other side of the room and sing,—

"Queen Annie, Queen Annie, she sat in the sun
As white as a lily, as grave as a nun,
She sends you these letters, and begs you'll read one,
If you guess our secret it will be great fun."

"The players who seek the ball answer,—

"Good fortune the gracious queen befall,
I ask Elizabeth (or whatever name you choose),
To give me the ball."

"If the guess is not right, the maids of honor sing,—

"The ball is ours, you guess not well,
Nor can our lady's secret tell ;
So sit like gypsies in the sun,
While we fair ladies go and come."

"Then the one who has the ball throws it to another of her playmates and the opposite side try to guess again. I forgot to tell you, the one who holds the ball is the queen. When the guessers on the other side guess the right one, they have the ball tossed to one of their party and the one who catches it becomes queen, and they her maids of honor—and they commence the game over again. The one who has the ball when the guesser guess rightly has to pay a forfeit. Now we will play it, you all understand it. You have not guessed the right one Constance ; return to your places, and toss the ball to another maid of honor, who will become queen on the same side. Now you have guessed right this time, Alice has it, one forfeit for Alice. I always forget who has forfeits, if I do not write them down. A forfeit for Florence. You must remember whichever side guesses rightly has the ball to hide. Now we have the ball on this side, toss it over, and the one who catches it or gets it first will hold it and be queen. Ah ! Gladys has guessed the first time. Now we have to give it to you on your side again. Phebe a forfeit for you and now one for you, Mabel. We will have our forfeits and then we will play something else."

"I don't believe there is anything we could like any better than this, Miss Gertrude, it is just splendid."

"Well, we will see, Elizabeth. Frieda you may cry the forfeits, and Kitty Walton you may be the judge. You better sit on the old tree which has fallen down there Frieda, and Kitty you kneel here, and put your head on Frieda's lap. There are four forfeits to be paid, one for Alice, Flossie, Mabel and Phebe. Alice you give Frieda something, you have on a ribbon, or anything. Yes, this finger ring will do nicely, and Flossie, you and Mabel and Phebe do the same, give Frieda something for a forfeit, and then you will all have to do whatever the judge decides to have you do. You must redeem your things, that is get them back."

Flossie gave a flower and Phebe gave a hair ribbon, and Mabel a sash.

Frieda holding Alice's ring over Kitty's head said, "Here is a thing, a very pretty thing, what must be done by the owner of this pretty thing."

The judge, who is Kitty, answers—"Is the owner a lady or a gentleman."

"A lady," says Frieda.

"She must answer four questions without smiling. Flossie, give your flower to Frieda."

"What must be done by the owner of this pretty thing, Oh judge?"

"She must walk around all her companions three times."

"Phebe, give your hair ribbon and Mabel your sash."

"What must the owners of these pretty things do?" said the judge.

"Are the owners ladies or gentlemen?"

"Ladies, good judge."

"They must shake hands with every one on the grounds without laughing."

"Oh, Mabel, I thought you were going to laugh, but you didn't even smile."

"Keep still, Myrtle, you must not talk now. I am delighted they shook hands so gracefully, and were so much at ease, they seemed quite at home with them all."

Then Flossie walked around her companions three times in a circle, while Mabel played a march for her on the violin which she had brought with her; and the children clapped their hands and fairly shouted.

"Alice has not paid her forfeit yet, she has four questions to answer. Any little girl may give her a question until she answers four."

Emma Vogt asked her if she knew or could tell where the moon stays in the day time.

"No, I cannot," she said.

"Neither can I," said Emma.

"Then Lois Durant asked her if she could tell what little house there is up on the hill in the Summer, painted all green on the outside—painted all white up stairs, painted all red down stairs, and very full of little black gentlemen."

At last Alice guessed the right answer, "It is a water-melon, Lois," she said, laughing.

Then Pauline said, "I know a good one Alice. If I were in the sun, and you out of it, what would the sun become?"

"I know that one, Pauline, sin."

"Alice said Cecil Martin, which is the oldest of all the trees?"

"I cannot answer that question, Cecil."

"It is a very easy one, Alice, the elder-tree."

"That's quite good," said Carl.

"All the boys are coming this way," said Miss Gertrude, "they have put up their games. We will play some game or play we can all play together." Flagg was the first one to speak, "you seem to be having a good time over here, we thought we would come and see if we couldn't play with you."

"We shall be glad, Flagg, to play something we can all join in, shall we play 'Chasing the Deer?' a Scotch game."

"Oh, yes, Miss Gertrude."

"Take hold of hands, excepting one, and form a circle. Philip, you may be the deer; take this handkerchief in your hand, and go outside of the ring and we will sing this little verse; I will sing it with you until you all know it."

"My heart's in the Highlands
My heart is'nt here;
My heart's in the Highlands,
Chasing the Deer."

"Then suddenly throw the handkerchief at one of the circle and dart away. May, you have the handkerchief thrown at you, pick it up quick and run as fast as you can and see if you can catch Philip. Ah! you have caught the deer, May. Now, May, you must be the

" My heart's in the Highlands,
Chasing the Deer."

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deer, to be hunted, as the pursuer becomes in her turn the deer. May, you go around the outside of the circle the same as Philip did, and the one you throw the handkerchief at, must run after you ; and try to throw the handkerchief at some one who does not seem to expect it, who is not on the watch for it, as it will give you a good chance to run if a person is taken by surprise."

Half an hour or more passed playing this game ; they were in high glee, the boys and girls catching each other, when Miss Gertrude came up to them and said to them, "Let us have the Silly Shepherd now, and the Silly Shepherdess. That is such a funny game. This game is a Scottish game."

"Can boys play it ?"

"Oh, yes, Jack ; it was a famous game in Edinburgh one year my aunties and I spent there."

"Tell us how to play it then, please."

"Paul, you shall be the wolf ; Felicia Redmond, you will be the shepherdess, and all you little lambs belong to the shepherdess, Felicia ; you must all take hold of hands, except you, Paul, and Felicia. Paul, you hide behind the tree, and you Felicia take a stick—but wait a minute. You must all stand close together, side-by-side, and shoulder to shoulder, with your arms close down by your side. The stick which you will use, Felicia, you must call a crook. One of the boys will find a long stick soon for you."

"I have found one, Miss Gertrude."

"Yes, that will do nicely, Herbert, not too short or

too long, about three feet long—just the thing. Now you take your stick, Felicia, which I said you must call a crook, and you must measure how long a string your lambs make instead of counting them ; that is why you are called a silly shepherdess—you must see how many crooks or sticks they are long—now count them, Felicia —one, two, three, four, five, six, seven sticks, they are across the chest measure with this stick—yes seven sticks long. Felicia, you know you are the shepherdess and you must run away, and pretend to go to sleep and close your eyes. 'Sister Lambs,' you must say, Jessie, (you know you are one of the lambs who have been measured) and whisper it very low, 'Sister Lambs I want to take a little run outside the fold, will you try and prevent the shepherdess from finding out I am not here if she comes back while I am gone ?' All the lambs promise they will try to. Then Jessie skipped off and felt as free as a little frolicking lamb, jumping and dancing about. You must now pretend to wake up. As the lambs see the shepherdess coming (Felicia, you are the shepherdess), the two ends stretch out their hands as far as they can, for they say to each other, 'two arms length will be wider than our Sister Lamb was and the shepherdess wont miss our Sister Lamb ; (Jessie) silly shepherdess, you must measure your lambs again.' "

"Oh ! how strange," she said, "my lambs have grown in the night, I mean during the twilight, while I have been asleep."

You must go away again, Felicia. Now Ruth Morri-

"THE SHEPHERDESS FAST ASLEEP."

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son, you are one of the little lambs and you must say aloud, 'I think I should like to have a nice time running too, outside the fold; while I am gone won't you try Sister Lambs to prevent the shepherdess from knowing I am gone, if she comes back before I do.' You little lambs must all answer—' yes, we will.' Felicia, wake up again and measure your lambs again. The little lambs must stand apart a little from each other, and stretch out their arms to make the same length the seven sticks would make, so that your Sister Lamb won't be missed by the shepherdess, when she returns and measures you again with her crook."

"Now you can all go out of the fold, one after the other in the same way, the shepherdess measuring each time, when she returns, until only two are left—now reach your arms out, only touching the tips of your fingers together little lambs. 'Ah! here comes the shepherdess.' 'O dear,' said the shepherdess, 'what is the matter here? I cannot make my lambs measure my crooks.' Then the shepherdess guesses what has happened and says, 'my poor little foolish lambs were not satisfied to stay in this safe fold, and must have strayed outside the fold, and perhaps some dreadful wolf has caught my darlings, and perhaps eaten them up."

"Just then Philip, you must make a loud noise like a wild animal (you know you are the wolf, Philip)."

"'Oh, wolf, wolf, give me my dear lambs back to my tender care,' you must say, Felicia. And you, Philip, the wolf, must say, 'O shepherdess, you shall have

them when you *can* catch them,' and all the lambs you must let out of your den, Philip; and Felicia, you, the shepherdess, must run after them; and while Felicia is running after the lambs and trying to catch her children, you, Philip, must be a very cunning wolf and steal the other two lambs, that are left. Then, Felicia, you must discover the wolf running off with your last two lambs, and you must say, 'Oh, what shall I do, this terrible wolf will have all my lambs, if I do not hasten and catch them.' Felicia, when you catch a lamb, the lamb you catch becomes shepherdess instead of you, and you, Felicia, because you were shepherdess, become the wolf, and Philip, the wolf, will be a lamb."

"I can't howl as loud as you did, Philip."

"I think you can run faster, I could hardly catch you, Maud, you are the shepherdess and Felicia is the wolf."

"You can commence and play it over again if you like. Be careful when very little ones play this game with you not to frighten them by howling too fierce and not to hurt them, but be gentle and kind to the little ones, and to each other," said Miss Gertrude.

It seemed as if they would never tire of this play, and did not want to stop playing it, even when Miss Gertrude assured them that she knew another play which would, she was sure, amuse them very much.

"I don't believe it is as nice as this," said little May. "I like to be a little lamb and have the great big wolf catch me."

"You wouldn't like that if you were a real lamb and

"PERHAPS SOME DREADFUL WOLF HAS CAUGHT MY DARLINGS."

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there was a real wolf after you, Miss May, I guess," said Claude.

"No, I did not say that, Claude, I was only playing."

"There is time for a little music, and one more game. Mabel, you brought your violin, will you play and sing for us?"

"If you would like to have me, Miss Gertrude. Mamma wanted me to bring it, and sing for you, if you wished me to. She said it would not hurt it, if I was careful of it, and put it back in the case when I finished playing."

"How kind your mamma was, Mabel, she is always so thoughtful of other's pleasures, always doing some good to others, following the golden rule, being kind to every one. Mabel, I am glad you brought it. What will you sing."

"I will sing a little piece auntie, composed for me, called 'Sweetness.'"

SWEETNESS.

Sweet woods, I love thee;
  Thy affectionate face,
Showing me always,
  Some more charming place.

Sweet river, I love thee;
  Thou hast rocked me to sleep
On thy bosom so blue,
  Murmuring words low and deep.

Sweet flowers, I love thee;
  So fragrant and pure,

Glory and sweetness
  Will always allure.

Sweet sky, I love thee ;
  As upward I look,
I read thy glad mercy
  In the clouds, as a book.

Sweet birds, I love thee ;
  Praises now and again,
Choosing the forests
  For thy happy domain.

Sweet stars, I love thee ;
  With thy silvery gleam,
Shining down gloriously,
  O'er our woods and stream.

I love thee, I love thee ;
  All, all of these things.
My wish is forever,
  They would never take wings.

"Bravo, Mabel," said Paul, "I didn't know you could sing as nice as that—give us another song, can't you? The violin music sounds sweet out here in the woods, and that was just the piece to sing out here."

"That was what mamma said, Paul."

"I am afraid if we are going to have another game or play before we go home, we must have it now, perhaps Mabel can play on her violin as we march slowly home. I think we better have a game of Pointer's Buff. Phebe, I will blind fold you, and you can take this stick in your hand, the rest can take hold of hands and dance around

you. When you wave your hand, the others must stop, and you can touch the one nearest to you with it, and say, 'who is this?' Now Elsie, Phebe has touched you, and you must answer in a voice as unlike yours as possible, and say, 'it is I.' You did not guess right, Phebe, you must try it over. Jessie, you are touched, and Phebe says, 'who is this?' and you, Jessie, must say, not in your own voice, 'it is I.' Yes, you have guessed right this time, Phebe. Now change places with Jessie and play it in this way. You, Jessie, must be blindfolded and take the wand (which is really the stick), and try and tell in the same way the right one, who it is, as soon as you touch one of your mates."

"An hour has gone, can you hardly believe it, since we commenced to play Pointer's Buff. We will have to start now for home. The wagon has already gone with all our baskets, we will pick a few wild flowers first to take home with us, but we can not be long for it is getting late. How lovely these flowers are, I wish truly we had more time to gather them, but we must hasten away this minute. There boys, give three hurrahs to the dear old woods;" and loud and strong went up the voices of triumph, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. After leaving the woods the children formed in line "two by two."

"Mabel, said Miss Gertrude, "if you think you can play on your violin, while you all walk very slowly, you may do so. If you can sing too, you may."

"I know another piece auntie taught me last summer, when we were in the mountains."

"You may sing it, if you would like to, Mabel."

"Auntie composed it, Miss Gertrude, when we were in the woods one day; there were a good many little girls with us there; to-day reminds me of that day."

"Your aunt's piece we would be very glad to hear; sing it, please, Mabel."

"It is called Christ's Love."

CHRIST'S LOVE.

Truly grand has been the day
With our games and with our play.

There is one whose name is Love.
He has watched us from above.

We must not this forget,
As we stand, or lie, or sit.

Ah, these sunshine spots are fair
For we find our Saviour there.

In innocent games and plays
Shine his beauteous, lovely rays.

This running brook prattling by,
Tells us of His loving eye.

Its deep music is His breath,
Love thy God it answereth.

Let it be our throb and beat,
In our hearts to try and keep

This brook's music with its tale,
Love thy God, thou need'st not fail.

I love thee, Christ saith so plain,
For thee, I have suffered pain.

Thou, my precious jewels may be
Set in a crown, made by me.

My children, keep pure and good,
And I'll shield thee with my love.

Yes, I'll shield thee, never fear,
Confide in me, children dear.

Thou hast seen my strength and power,
In the storms, and in flower.

Through the sunshine, through the shower,
I will love thee every hour.

"That is very sweet, Mabel, thank you ever so much for singing it to us."

"We have had such a nice day, Miss Gertrude," said Mabel.

"Indeed we have, thanks to our good teacher," said Myrtle; and they all said the same as they bade her good bye.

"If that is so," said Miss Gertrude, "we shall have to try it again soon, I think. Ask your mammas what they think of taking a day once a week to come into the woods during vacation. I would gladly come with you, we will call it 'kindness to animals day.' We can bring our books and read, and perhaps the boys will recite something they have learned, and the little girls too."

"We will all ask our mammas to-night, Miss Gertrude," said Cecil. "Won't we girls and boys ?"

They all assented and then separated.

When the twilight hour came, Ursula went up to her mamma's room and waited for her mamma until she came to her room.

"My little girl looks tired to-night, I think she better get to bed early. What is she thinking of ?"

"Oh, mamma, we have had such a nice day. Miss Gertrude is just splendid, she took us to the woods, you know, and we played games and she read to us stories, and told us stories, about some dear little birds, how much they knew ; oh, such nice stories they were, I wish she could tell them to you, I am afraid I can't remember them. One was about a little bird that was kept all summer in the house, and the next fall, when the papa and mamma birds went away, they came and pecked on the window, and wanted their little baby bird to go with them and she went. Oh, mamma I can't tell you all Miss Gertrude told us. And mamma, cousin Mabel had her violin and she played on it, and sang some beautiful pieces her auntie wrote for her, and we had all the cake and ice cream we wanted. Wasn't Miss Gertrude good ? and she says, mamma, if our mamma's will let us, she will take us all out in the woods once a week, and read to us and teach us how to be kind to animals and to birds."

"I should be delighted to have you have the day in the woods, and I am sure it would be time well spent learning kindness to our dumb animals, and you can

tell Miss Gertrude so. The little birds wanting to take their baby bird away with them, and the baby bird wanting to go with the parent birds, shows how much filial love they had for each other even though they had been separated some time. God loves all the creatures he has made, Ursula ; you know the Bible says a sparrow does not fall to the ground without its Father's knowledge. How wicked some boys are to birds, shooting them for pleasure and stealing them out of nests. I am glad my little John Eliot is always kind to birds ; Ernest says he never stole or hurt little birds."

"And I never will either," said John Eliot, who had entered the room, unnoticed."

"That is right, my son, and when you get older, I hope you will never shoot them for pleasure."

"I won't, I know I won't," said John Eliot earnestly, "I love them too well. Ursula, wasn't that pretty that Miss Gertrude told us about the bird and the gold cage."

"Yes, John Eliot, I wonder if I could tell mamma the story, it was true too, mamma."

"Not to-night, Ursula, I want you all to go to bed right away—some other time you may tell me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TUTU.

Friday morning before Ursula went to school her mamma called her to her, and said, "Ursula, after school you can go home with Elsie and ask her mamma, if Elsie can come to-night and stay with us until Monday, as she did last week, and see Mrs. Ames and try and have her consent to Elsie's coming every Friday afternoon, and staying with us until the following Monday. I feel it would do her so much good. Ernest wished me to have her come. She could go home for a few hours Saturday morning if her mamma needed her then, and perhaps her mamma will let Paul come too some time, and be your guest John Eliot.

"Oh, I wish you would, mamma, can't you ask him this week."

"Yes, John Eliot; Ursula, you may tell Elsie's mamma that John Eliot wishes Paul could come and stay over Sunday with us, and that I said I would very much like to have him come with Elsie."

"I will mamma, I hope they can both come."

"Be sure and say, Ursula, that Paul *must* come."

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TUTU.

"That wouldn't do any good, John Eliot if his mamma did not want him to come."

An hour passed and the children were seen coming towards the house.

"Marguerite, come here and see the children, the four, Elsie, Ursula, John Eliot and Paul are coming down the street 'arm in arm.' I am glad Paul could come. What shall we do for the children after dinner? Couldn't you and Ernest have a tableau or two to amuse them in the house, it looks as if it was going to rain again."

"Just the thing, mamma, we won't let them know anything about it."

"There is a pair of steps outside, and I will bring them in," said Ernest, 'and also two large boxes that the new carpets came in. I will put the boxes down sideways, and put that old green carpet over the whole and I will cut some branches of trees in the woods, back of the house, and make an avenue up to the steps, and across the boxes, then Edith can be dressed up in her red dress, with her red cloak and hood like Red Riding Hood, with a little basket on her arm, and we will open the folding doors, and show our tableau, 'Little Red Riding Hood.'"

"John Eliot and Paul have come, mamma, and Elsie too. They can both stay, we will go down to the river bank; John Eliot and I are going to take our paint boxes with us and some pictures and paint."

"Take my box too, Ursula," said Edith, "perhaps I will go down after awhile."

"Come as soon as you are called," said the mamma.

"I hope you will be happy with us over Sunday," said Mrs. Roelof as she kissed the children.

"We will come mamma, when we hear Mary calling us."

"Ursula, tell Nora to get you some of those little frosted cakes that are in the tin box, and wait, Ursula, and I will give you some pretty little pictures of fish I have to paint."

"How good your mamma is, Ursula."

"Mamma is good, Elsie, she always wants us to have a good time. We'll look at these pictures as we walk along. Which one do you want to paint, Elsie, we'll sit down, all of us on the bank, here. How clear the water looks, we can see way to the bottom of the river; see the little pebbles in the water and see the little fish. I wish I could catch some of them, but mamma says they are a great deal happier in the water than if we had them out here; they would certainly die out of the water. Here are the pictures of fish mamma just gave us, and we can paint them, what fun to paint them just like those in the water; sister Marguerite when she paints flowers, always has flowers before her, and now we have the fish in the water."

"We can't see them very plain, Ursula."

"Never mind, John Eliot, paint them with stripes, striped and I guess they will look like fish. Where the stripes are black in the picture we will paint brown, and where the stripes on the fish are white, we will paint them light. Here are the paints."

The children sat very still painting, when they were startled by a little noise among the leaves and in a moment more a little dog came up to Ursula. It was a tiny, Scotch dog, light yellow, with long hair, and long ears, its hair was parted down its back, and tied with light blue ribbons, tied in bows every two inches apart, down the back from the head to the tail. A little silver collar was around its neck marked 'Tutu.' On one side of the collar was a soft wide light blue ribbon tied in a large bow. The ribbons were fresh, showing that only a short time had elapsed since a kind friend had caressed it, and cared for it.

"Doggie, where did you come from, why isn't it a beauty, I wonder whom it belongs to."

They waited some time, expecting some one would come up the road, and claim the dog, while they were talking to it. The little dog seemed pleased with its quarters—smelt of each of the children, and wagged its tail, as a sign of pleasure and at last laid itself down at Ursula's feet.

"I wish it was ours, Ursula; if no one comes for it, why we can have it."

"Yes, we can, John Eliot, perhaps it was on the steamer when it was going to start, and it got off, and lost its way. If it did it must have come almost a mile, for mamma said yesterday, the wharf was almost a mile from here, and all the steamers start from there."

"I hope no one else will ever find it, and we can have it always."

"So do I, isn't it pretty. Lets go home, and show it to mamma and all the others at home."

"Oh, yes, we will."

The children hurried up to the house and of course their mamma when she saw them all coming home so soon was greatly surprised for she knew they were so fond of the river bank—she wondered why they had left it until they were obliged to.

"They have a little dog with them," said Marguerite, "see it is a little dog. Why mamma it is a choice dog, it does not belong around here;" and as they came up on the piazza, their mamma and Marguerite went out to meet them.

"Where did you get the dog, children?"

"It came to us, mamma, as we were sitting on the river bank."

Marguerite stooped down and picked the little dog up. At first it seemed a little afraid, but she got some bread and milk for it, with a very little meat cut up fine in it, and after eating it, it seemed perfectly at home with the family.

"Oh! I do hope we can keep it."

"Don't say that, John Eliot, this little dog is some one's pet, and while you are delighted to have the pretty cunning dog, the one who has lost her without doubt feels very badly over the loss."

"I hope the one who owns her will find her," said his mamma. I think it must have come from the steamer before it sailed to-day. It probably followed some of the people who were on the boat when they

came ashore, and could not get back again on the steamer. I feel very sorry for the owner who had to go without this dear little creature. Papa and Ernest are coming up the walk, we will ask Papa what he thinks."

"Undoubtedly, dear, it has been on the boat, and perhaps followed some one who has come ashore, without being noticed, and has lost her way and wandered down here. It is a lovely little dog, we will keep it until some one claims it, but I do not believe there is any one to claim it here. It is a very intelligent kind of dog. A cosset terrier, a Scotch dog. It is the kind of dog that learns very easily, and the kind of dog that men take around the country to show off their tricks. After dinner I will see if she knows any tricks, for often their owners teach them tricks."

"Have you seen her name engraved here on the collar, it is a pretty name, 'Tutu'."

"We will call her by the same name."

After dinner the children were delighted to find their little pet could stand on its hind legs, and make its little front paws go up and down begging for a small piece of cake Mrs. Roelof held up before her.

"I can't help it, mamma, if the lady does love her dog, I love it too," said Ursula.

"Tutu" can come up in your room with you, Ursula, at your Twilight Hour."

"May I hold it in my lap, mamma."

"You may, Ursula, it has been accustomed to being petted."

Ursula took it up and it nestled down in her lap, quite contented and happy.

Just then the folding doors opened, and there was the pretty tableau "Little Red Riding Hood."

The children were very much surprised and delighted, "oh ! how pretty," they constantly repeated.

"It is time now, children, for the 'Twilight Hour,' come, Tutu."

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"WHO DID THIS?"

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"TWILIGHT HOUR."

THE GYPSIES.

"I want to teach you some of your school pieces to-night, we will go up to your room, Ursula. You already know some of yours, Elsie, all but the last two verses, I believe."

It was not long before Elsie knew it all by heart.

"To-morrow is the last day of school; I hope all the scholars will be able to say their pieces well. You may say yours, Ursula; and John Eliot and Paul, you may both speak your little pieces."

"Your piece is about the gypsies, John Eliot," said Paul, "isn't it?"

"Yes, it is about a child that the gypsies tried to steal, and he had a dog with him and the dog barked, and a man in the woods heard him bark, and he came and got the boy away from the gypsies."

"Did Miss Gertrude teach it to you?"

"No, mamma did; and Marguerite says the man was

sorry the gypsies were so wicked to try and steal a child, and he said all he could to them, to make them know their wickedness and to make them better men. A person who loves God should always try to make others love Him, mamma says."

"You may say it, John Eliot, if you can."

THE GYPSY STORY.

Mamma, 'tis time, I will away,
In the gay woods I long to play,
At four I'll come, I will not stay,
  Tell papa this.
And give him too, my love you may,
  And give this kiss.

My child, I fear to have you ride
Alone by woods, without a guide.
Take the large dog at your right side.
  If comes an ill
To thee, my child, the dog will chide,
  And good fulfill.

The child rode off in merry glee,
His spirit's light as light could be,
His fair young locks to the winds free,
  A picture bright.
    Ah ! Rover dear
I'm glad you're here, that you're with me.
Oh ! Donald's child ! what do I see ?
  Another sight.

A wagon full of gypsies wild,
They try to steal dear Donald's child,

But Rover barks, both loud and mild ;
  "What's this ?" said one,
For out the woods, a man allied
  To God, has run.

Give up the child, no words from you,
If you resist, you'll have your due ;
The child I'll have, and that is true.
  I'll have him sure.
So mind this truth, or you will rue
  What you'll endure.

The gypsies then with anxious look,
From their buggy little Alfred took.
While they did this, he in a book
  Their faces drew.
I draw you now, his finger shook
  To know anew.

Do you not know the Lord above,
The Lord of truth, the Lord of love ?
Holy spirit, come as a dove,
  Rest on them here.
Give them the light. Let them Thee love,
  Be Thou their cheer.

Teach them to know thy way aright,
Teach them to know thou art in sight
That when they thought of this sad flight
  It was a sin.
Oh, now repent, this very night
  Have Christ within.

"You spoke your piece very nicely, John Eliot. It is a nice piece to speak. He was truly a Christian man who spoke to those gypsies; sincerely and earnestly he spoke to them, and this story teaches us we should always try to make others better, if we can, when we know they are doing wrong; by telling them how wicked it is to do wrong and telling them of our loving Father who loves them and wants their love. Now, Paul, you may say your piece."

"Miss Gertrude taught me mine, Mrs. Roelof."

GOOD DEEDS, LITTLE AND GREAT.

"A little spring had lost it's way,
  Around the grass and fern
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did
  But judged that toil might drink.

He paused again—and lo—the well
  By summer's never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside."

"How beautiful. Your piece shows us how much good a little deed of kindness can do. Where did Miss Gertrude say she found your piece?"

"She said she was reading a book, and saw it, and she wrote it off for me to learn."

"I am glad she did, it is a lovely piece to know, and

to always remember. Edith and Marguerite come in; and Ernest, I would like to have you all say your pieces, before you say them at the school. What is yours, Edith?"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"There is silence in the Northland, for one hath passed away,
Honored of all, a veteran, weary for many a day.
Weary of earth, of suffering, of toil, and cumbering care
Eager to lay the burden down, but willing still to bear.
A silence in the Northland. Yet Denmark's soul is glad,
Glad for the honored veteran, the truest man she had;
Glad for the countless little ones, who crowd around his bier,
Glad for the voice that evermore the listening world shall hear.
There is joy among the angels, to that bright company
One cometh as a little child, all gladly cometh he.
Our Lord hath lifted off his load, hath led him to the light,
And happy spirits welcoming, lead up the pathway bright.
Now shall the ransomed poet hear the holy, glorious song,
The grand eternal story he hath waited for so long.
O children! ye who love his name, wait on, and watch and pray
In reverent thought, still honor him, the Lord hath called this day."

"That piece is very touching, Edith. It was written on Hans Christian Andersen's death, which took place in Copenhagen, August fourth, 1875. Did you ask Miss Gertrude if she knew who wrote it?"

"No, she said she did not know who wrote this or the one Ernest is going to speak, but she said they were both well worth learning and beautiful."

"You may say yours now, Ernest."

CARVING A NAME.

"I wrote my name upon the sand,
And trusted it would stand for aye;
But soon alas, the refluent sea
Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood,
And after years returned again;
I missed the shadow of the tree,
That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name
I gave, as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base,
And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed; in wiser mood,
I turn and ask myself, "what then?"
If I would have my name endure,
I'll write it on the hearts of men,

In characters of living light
From kindly words and actions wrought,
And these beyond the reach of time,
Shall live immortal as my thought."

"That is excellent, Ernest, I don't know who wrote that either, but it is as good as it can be. It is true our names must be 'written on the hearts of men,' if they are to live forever. Written there by kindly words and actions."

"Marguerite you may say yours now, I have found who wrote your piece, it was written by R. C. French."

"I want all my children to learn, before long, this one Marguerite is going to say, it expresses so much in so few words."

"This is it, mamma."

"If God has so arrayed
A fading world that quickly passes by,
Such rich provisions of delight has made
For every human eye.

What shall the eyes that wait for him survey,
Where His own presence gloriously appears,
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years."

"I think it is lovely, mamma, it says just what I would like to have said in this same beautiful language, but I never could have expressed myself so lovely as R. C. French has in these few lines."

"Yes, dear Marguerite, if God could make this world so perfect, how much more beautiful will be the home above. He tells us that no eye has ever here seen such beauty as will be revealed there."

"Now, Elsie, you and Ursula may say your pieces. Yours, Elsie, is 'where did you come from, baby dear';

and yours, Ursula, is 'Seven times one are seven.' If you say them as well at school as you have to me you will do very well, children."

"John Eliot, I have chosen these texts for you and Paul to say to-morrow at the breakfast table. 'Thou God seest me.' That means that where ever you live God is looking at you, that no one can place themselves anywhere that God does not see them. If we cannot see God he can see us. How careful we ought to be always to do what we know he would like to see us doing, for if he sees us do things that are wicked to do, that he has forbidden us to do, we pain and grieve Him, just as it pains and grieves your papa and mamma, John Eliot, when you disobey them, for He loves us, and desires us to love Him, as I told you a little while ago."

"Ursula, you and Elsie may learn this one, 'We loved Him because He first loved us.'"

The mamma took pains to teach the children these texts, and before long they could all say them.

"Here comes Nora, perhaps she has something to tell us."

"I have, Mrs. Roelof, if you would allow me to. I heard you teaching Mr. John Eliot his text, and I thought I would like to tell the children what happened when I went to the store this morning. I had the little boy who lives next door with me, Bertie Wolcott. Just as we went in the grocery, another little boy with his nurse entered too—a little neighbor of Bertie's, and a little playmate of his. As this little boy, Oliver Curtis,

stood by the counter, a basket of nuts was turned over and the nuts soon were rolling all over the floor. The man who owns the store is a stern man, and he turned quickly, when he saw the nuts scattered on the floor, and said sharply, 'Who did this.' What do you think the little boy Oliver said? 'The pussy did it,' he replied. Poor little, weak, innocent, pussy, was not moving, but sitting near the stove, quiet as possible. I saw Oliver put his arm up on the counter, and in some way, not meaning to, he overthrew the basket of nuts, and Bertie saw him too, do it. He was frightened when he saw what he had done, and told a lie when the man spoke to him. The man knew also who did it, and he said crossly, 'A two legged cat, I guess.' After we came out of the store, Bertie asked me why Oliver said Pussy did it, when he saw Oliver throw over the nuts. I told him because he did not realize how wicked it was to tell a lie, and he was afraid he would be whipped if he told the truth and said he did it himself. Was I right, Mrs. Roelof?"

"You were, Nora, if dear little Oliver had remembered that, 'Thou God seest me,' and had known it was even better to be punished than to tell a lie, for a lie is a great sin, he would not have told what he did. When the man questioned him, as young as he was, he was made unhappy by telling an untruth. It makes every one unhappy not to speak the truth, and all children should be taught very young to be frank and open and truthful in all things. You will always remember this about Oliver and the nuts all your life, I am sure,

children, although some of you are quite young now. It is a terrible mistake to be frightened into telling a lie when one has committed a fault, but we must cherish in our hearts the love of God, and tell the truth without fear and 'love Him because He first loved us,' which is your text, Elsie, and Ursula, for to-morrow morning. For God's sake, and your own, keep alive in you always the sense of what is, and you know to be good, noble, pure, high minded and honest, and always keep in your heart this life-giving thought: 'Thou God seeest me,' and you will grow up good men and women."

"Remember what mamma has told you to-night. We will now go down to prayers."

At half-past eight the children were all ready to go to their rooms.

"Kiss us all good night, children," said the mamma. "John Eliot take good care of Paul, for he will be with you to-night. Say your prayers and get to bed as quickly as possible, for it is a little later than I intended it should be. You want to feel bright to-morrow for the last day of school; and then what?"

"Vacation, mamma, what are we going to do this vacation, mamma?"

"Never mind to-night, Ursula. There will be time enough to think about that. Go to sleep, now, papa and I will take care of Tutu."

"Dear little doggie. I wish I could have you with me all the time."

"That will hardly do, Ursula, just now."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

"Mamma," said Ursula, as they were starting for school in the morning, "will you come this afternoon to the school entertainment? Do come, mamma."

"I shall try and go, Ursula, I want to see all I can of your school, and what you are all doing there."

"Come at three, then, mamma."

It was quite an exciting day at Ursula's school. All were ready at three o'clock for the opening exercises. Four young girls spoke before Ursula's name was called. She looked very pretty in her simple white dress, and blue sash, with a little bunch of Marguerites fastened in the band of blue ribbon across her hair, and another at her waist fastened on her sash.

She spoke her "Seven times one are seven," sweetly, and her little school mates and friends clapped her heartily. Then two or three others spoke, and it was Elsie's turn. Elsie was dressed in blue, and looked lovely. All liked her cunning piece, "Where did you come from baby dear?" for many had baby brothers

and sisters. Elsie thanked Mrs. Roelof, afterwards, for teaching it to her, and said, "I could not have known it, if you had not taught it to me." Then John Eliot was called. They were quite interested in his piece, and when he finished they all said it was splendid. Ernest's, Edith's and Marguerite's names were called, and they all spoke their pieces, and they seemed to make quite an impression upon all the school. After all the poems and pieces were spoken, chocolate and sandwiches and ice cream and cake were handed around, and they all enjoyed the entertainment very much, and it was then time to go home. Elsie and Paul went home with them as they were going to stay over Sunday with their little friends.

"Well, Elsie, I hear you and Ursula recited finely your little poems to-day, I feel quite proud of my little family. I perhaps ought not to say proud, but I certainly feel gratified that you could all do so well."

"I only wish, Richard, that you could have been at the school with me."

"I should certainly have been there, Alice, if it had been possible."

"We could not have done nearly as well, but mamma has taken so much pains with us the past two weeks."

"Yes, I know children, it is to that blessed mother's care and thoughtfulness we owe our thanks, Elsie, we call you and Paul our little children."

The little ones looked very happy as they said their thanks to Mr. Roelof.

"How about the boys, mamma? John Eliot and Paul, did they speak well?"

"Very well, Richard, I heard several of the boys say John Eliot's piece was 'just fine,' they were quite excited over it, and Paul's was excellent, I wish you could have heard it."

"He must say it to you, papa, and Edith must say her's to you, too. It is about the dear friend of all children, Hans Christian Andersen. Your grandfather's name was Christian. You know, children, I remember well when I was quite a little girl, going for a pair of shoes, and the man in the store asking me whose child I was, and my replying Christian Nansen's and his saying 'Christian by name, and Christian by nature.' This was true, it was many years ago, but I never forgot it. This can be said of our dear Hans Christian Andersen, too, (for we all claim him, he has been so interwoven in our American hearts) that he was Christian by name, and Christian by nature. All children have cause to love him and his memory. I am glad Edith learned these beautiful verses. Happy must have been the one who paid him so beautiful a tribute as these lovely lines."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TABLEAUX.

"Marguerite will you please ask Ernest if he is ready for Edith."

"Yes, he is, mamma, he told me a few moments ago, when papa finished talking to us, to tell Edith to go in the library."

In a few minutes the folding doors opened, and there stood a little quakeress. It was a very pretty picture, as Ernest had taken an old frame of a large picture, and she stood back of it so the frame entirely encircled her with the drapery. Such astonished children, they could hardly believe their eyes.

"Why, mamma, it is Edith."

"Yes, Edith makes a dear little quakeress," said Marguerite.

Then the doors were closed and when opened again, Ernest said, "You see here a sleeping beauty." At the same moment the children saw lying among the branches, as if she had gone asleep in the woods, a young girl with closed eyes, dressed in a thin white dress, the skirt and waist trimmed with branches of

natural bright flowers and some twined through her hair. A large hat lay by her side with a great bunch of the same flowers on it and close to the hat by her side lay Tutu.

"It has commenced to rain, I must not let her stay here," said Ernest, and presently the sound of rain was heard, and some drops of water were seen falling in the room. "Wake up, sleeping beauty, do you not hear the rain? get up or you will be wet." The young girl arose, rubbed her eyes, and said in a musical voice, "where am I."

"Ah, you have forgotten, Madge, you must look at your flowers on your dress and hat, if you wish to remember."

"I have been almost asleep, I remember now, we were out picking wild flowers, and you trimmed my dress with them, and my hat and put some of them in my hair, brother, and then I remember you said I was quite a little beauty, and afterwards you said you would go and hunt for some flowers where I could not go, that mamma wanted you to get, and I threw myself down here, and was almost asleep when you came back."

"Yes, that is the truth, Madge, do you hear the rain now, you must not stay here, you will be quite wet," and Madge ran away, and the folding doors closed.

"Mamma, that was Marguerite, wasn't it," said Ursula, "she has a dress something like that, only not all that trimming on it and lace. I could hardly see her face, her hair fell so over it, and it was so buried in the branches," and "mamma," said John Eliot, "what made

the rain?" "You will have to ask Ernest all these questions, my children, he can tell you."

"Ernest," said John Eliot, as Ernest came into the room, "Ursula and I want to know if that was Marguerite, and Paul and I want to know how it rained, we don't see any rain from the windows."

"That was Marguerite, Ursula, and come here boys and I will tell the little secret of the rain. Do you want to know how the sound of the rain was made. I had a box six foot long, and one foot wide, I had the bottom of the box nearly covered with small pegs of wood, one inch high, and these I had put in every two inches apart. Then boys I put in the box at one end of it a quart of dried peas, then I would raise that end very slowly, and let the peas roll down to the other end of the box, not too fast. The sound of the rain is made by the peas striking against the pegs, from one side of the box to the other side and the rain will last as long as you raise the box from one end to the other. I will go and get the box and show you how it is."

"That's funny," said John Eliot, when Ernest had shown it to them, "I thought it was rain." Ernest, you say that was Marguerite, why she said she had been gathering the flowers she had on, why Ernest, she was with us in here, only a little while ago."

"I know she was, dear little Ursula, but this afternoon we were out in the woods, and gathered flowers, and I fastened them on her dress and hat, and put them in her hair, just as you saw them to-night, but I took them off before you came from school, from her dress and hat

and hair. While in the woods, she was resting against some trees, and almost fell asleep, indeed at one time, she was quite asleep, and it commenced to rain a little, and when I spoke to her and told her she must not sleep, it was raining, we must hurry home, she was quite startled, and did not for a moment know where she was, and said, 'where am I,' and I said, sister, you are quite a tableau. "Coming home the sun came out again lovely, and the sky was a beautiful blue before we reached home. After we came home, I told Marguerite she would make a nice tableau for you all this evening and we would call her 'the sleeping beauty,' and she could be arranged among the branches, as if she was asleep. She put her flowers in water to keep fresh, and to-night had them all put on just as she had worn them this afternoon. We had to make the rain now but out of doors it really rained in the woods, and we hurried home."

"It seemed just like rain, brother, we thought at first it was."

"Didn't Marguerite look pretty, Ursula?"

"I thought she did, Elsie."

"Yes, children, Marguerite is pretty," said Mrs. Roelof, "but if she was only pretty, her beauty would not be worth much, for the old saying will always remain true, 'pretty is that pretty does'; Marguerite is never happier than when she is making some one else happy. You can see for yourselves how much trouble and pains she has taken for you all to-night."

"Marguerite is sweet, mamma, she is just as good as she can be, and so is brother."

"They want to be, Edith, and I know they try to do right. They are both very painstaking in making others more comfortable and happy, which is the way we all ought to live."

"Marguerite often says to me, her greatest wish is to live the life that will be a good and noble example for her brothers and sisters. If we all try to do right, we shall be like the sleigh which goes for the first time over the snow, and leaves it's deep mark in the snow, thus should we leave our mark on the lives of others by influencing them to be good, by our good example. Kind and generous persons always leave a trail of light wherever they go, and this bright, cheery lamp of goodness throws it's brilliant rays of light on all those who come near them, and it is in this way I want my children, all of them, to grow up. It is your papa and mamma's prayer, that you may all truly live for God and others."

"We will have prayers now, and then we must say good night. Ursula, I have had a little house made for Tutu. She will sleep now nights in your 'bower.' It will be cool there for her, you can take her up now with you."

"Do you think, papa, any one will claim her now?"

"I do not think so, Ursula, the family to whom she belonged were probably on their way to England and do not know where she wandered, in fact they had no

chance to find her, for without doubt the steamer had started when they missed her."

"I am so fond of Tutu, now, I don't believe I could let her go if they did find her, mamma."

"You would have to, Ursula, then, but I think we shall always have the little affectionate creature, and I will own, myself, I should miss her very much and feel very badly, if we had to part from her now, for I have grown very fond of Tutu. It will be very cool, as papa says, on the balcony for her, and in her little house she will be very happy, nights."

"Oh! how good papa was to have such a nice house made for Tutu."

"It is 'just fine,'" said John Eliot, who, too, had come to see Tutu in her new quarters.

"Good night, children, we shall have to get up a little earlier to-morrow morning. It will be Sunday, you know, and we are going to Ravensport to church."

"I am glad of that, mamma, we will be up early."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUNDAY.

At half-past seven the children had had their breakfast, and were seated on the piazza saying their Sunday's texts.

John Eliot's and Paul's was—"Thou God seest me."

Elsie's and Ursula's—"We love Him because he first loved us."

Marguerite's—"Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee."

Edith's—"Thou art about my path, and about my bed; and spiest out all my ways."

The Mother's—"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise thy name forever and ever."

The Father's—"The law of Thy mouth is dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver."

Ernest's—"Teach me to do thy will."

"You have all said your texts very nicely. Now mamma will help you all with your Sunday School lesson, which your Sunday School teacher gave you last Sunday to learn. Try and learn it all well."

In an hour's time their mamma told them they knew

their lessons perfectly, and that they could go out on the lawn with Tutu a little while, and that she would call them when it was time to put on their things to go to church. The morning was warm, but a cool breeze blew over the mountains.

"How quiet every thing seems in your home, Ursula; it seems too, as if you had more time here than we have in our house. There does not seem time for anything at home. We never say texts Sunday mornings or anything. I like the way you live. I wish papa and mamma would live this way, go to church, and have us children go to Sunday School, but we never go, only Paul and I sometimes with you."

"I will tell you something, Elsie, you can't guess what it is. I have waited until now to tell you. Mamma said she was going to ask your papa and mamma if you could come and spend all your vacation with us. Mamma says she has a number of nice things planned for our vacation; Aunt Emily and cousin Bess and Fred and cousin Mabel and all of us are going, I know, somewhere, I think to Burlington, Vermont, but I am not quite sure, and mamma says she wants you with us until school commences and go with us where ever we go. Won't that be splendid, I know you can stay with me, don't you?"

"That would be very nice, Ursula. I feel almost sure papa and mamma will let me."

"Mamma is calling us, it is time to go."

"Ursula and Elsie get in here with mamma. Paul, you and John Eliot get on this front seat with me, and

Marguerite, you and Ernest and Edith can ride on the back seat. You see I had these seats put in the wagon this morning."

"We are very glad to go," said Ernest, "I want very much to go to my own Sunday School, and I am very anxious too, papa, to hear you describe the beautiful windows, and Marguerite says so too."

"Yes, papa, I cannot tell you how I shall love to be with the children when you are telling them about some of the Bible scenes which are painted so beautifully on so many of our lovely windows."

"I am glad you all enjoy them, and I hope what I tell you about them, will be a benefit to you; it gives me great pleasure to describe them to you all."

"We are at the church, Ernest. You will be at lunch with us at Aunt Emily's? Marguerite and the rest of us will be there."

"Yes, papa, and after lunch we will go and see how Mrs. Lyon is, she has not been well the past two weeks, I hear."

"How did you find Mary Lyon, Marguerite," said Mrs. Roelof, when they were all together again at their aunt's.

"Feeling better, mamma, she seemed very happy when she knew we had called to see her. She said it was just like Ernest and me to be thinking of every one, it was so good in us to call and see her. It quite paid us, mamma, for going, it was such a little thing to do, but she appreciated it so much."

"Every one likes to be thought of, Marguerite, and

sympathy is very sweet to many people. More people could give sympathy if they only would, but many let God's gifts rust in them, for if we do not use the blessed gifts God has given us they will rust, and be worth less for want of use. To be able to sympathize with a person, is to be able to throw into his life some brightness, some joy. Sympathy will awaken a feeling in another that is worth more than gold or silver oftentimes, and I am glad, Marguerite, you and Ernest were able to give Mary the sympathy which she craved."

"How lovely your flowers look, Aunt Emily; that moss rose bush is magnificent, how large it is, and the lovely yellow roses and these variegated roses. Your grandfather, Elizabeth, had twenty-five different kinds of roses sent to him from Canada, one summer when he lived in Burlington, Vermont, and among them were a number of these roses, with these different shades of pink and red in the same rose. I remember them well when I was a child and lived on College street, in Burlington. I thought nothing could be more beautiful than those roses. And our large white roses, the large deep red roses and damask roses. Your grand-mamma loved them as she would love so many friends. Each one she said was dear to her."

"Look at these cowslips, Ursula, what a pretty yellow they are; these amber cups are still wet with the early dew. It is said it is called cowslip because some think it has a perfume like the breath of a cow, or from being closely pressed by the lips of the cow in the pastures, and these pale primroses how lovely they are when

they come out at night. You must have transplanted these cowslips and primroses, Emily."

"I did, Alice, I found these cowslips decorating the sloping hills with their fragrant blossoms. The primroses I found in partial shade on the bank of a sheltered lane, by the border of our woods. I did not know whether they would live when I planted them in my garden, but you see it is shady here, and for that reason I suppose the primroses have done well. As the cowslip does not need the shade, that too, has done nicely."

"Alice, we have a neighbor, a lovely woman who has quantities of flowers, in fact she loves her flowers so much, and lives among them so much of the time, she really seems to be a flower among her flowers, and it often seems they will grow for her, when they will not grow for any one else, as if thanking her. Of course I realize, Alice, it is owing greatly to her tender care of them, watering them just when they need water and having proper soil for them and a thousand other kind thoughts they demand constantly, and which our good neighbor never fails herself to give them, and it always seems as if they would not dare to do anything else but just grow as luxuriantly as they possibly can, and her yard is every summer one brilliant mass of color, showing the choicest flowers.

XXVIII.

THE PRIMROSE.

'One summer, Alice, our next door neighbor planted some primrose seed. The seed came from Pennsylvania, and was given her by a friend who had transplanted a primrose a long time before, and had planted the seed from year to year, until it was ennobled from a little wild primrose, into a finely cultivated plant. The summer my friend planted her seed, it came up, but the primrose only grew a little that summer, but the following summer it towered up to a height of five feet, and became a very large, elegant plant. About seven o'clock a lovely summer evening, our neighbor sent in for all our family to come in her yard, she had something to show us. The sight, Alice, which met our eyes, we shall none of us ever forget. I have no words to express the beauty and marvel of that primrose, as it stood there constantly unfolding slowly, petal after petal, and then bursting like magic into the most gorgeous flowers, one can imagine. It seemed quite as if fairy land must be at work. It was a perfect facination watching those flowers burst open. Their color was a

perfect canary color. The petals were soft and had a wonderful lustre, indeed they were like the most delicate satin. But this beautiful bursting open of the primrose, to me, was not quite as wonderful as just before the flower opened. The Primrose then, as each flower opened, was an exquisite joy and marvel, for it was as if it was all under a clock machinery, and as the petals commenced to tremble, and the flower commenced to open, the great power of life was shown in the primrose. The calix often divides itself in two parts ; first one part falls like a flash, then at the same time, or soon after the other half of the calix ; both parts of the calix fall as if they were pulled down with force by a human hand. It was a hand that threw this calix down with such great force I know, Alice, but not a human hand, but the Divine Hand, and then, Alice, the gorgeousness of this almost heavenly flower opened into full glory. Sometimes ten or twelve would open at the same time, and again only two or three. When I tell you, Alice, that night we watched that primrose until one hundred primroses had opened you can imagine a little, and only a little, what pleasure they gave us, for the last ones that came out always seemed to surpass the others in beauty. At last darkness came, and the beautiful primrose's glory was shut from our view. In half an hour after the plant had commenced to open its blossoms there were probably from seventy-five to a hundred people in our neighbor's yard eager to catch a glimpse of the lovely primrose's glory, for it was well worth seeing. The next night the flowery yard

drew together a large crowd of people to see the flowers for it opened just as many flowers that night from seven until dark. They do not blossom until after sundown, children. I can give you an idea how large many of these primroses were by putting together my finger next to my thumb on my right hand, and the same finger next to my thumb on my left hand and just touching the ends of these fingers and then touch the ends of your thumbs, and the circle, Marguerite, you have there is the size many of the primroses were."

"Emily, how long a time did these primroses blossom, how many days?"

"Why, Alice, it commenced the twelfth or fourteenth of June and blossomed until the first of September. It had over three thousand blossoms on it."

"Did it blossom the next summer?"

"There were a few blossoms the next year, but they came out only a few at a time, and very small ones, and never bloomed after the second year; but I assure you, Emily, it was a thing of beauty the first summer, and would amply repay others, as my dear neighbor says, to have a primrose in it's perfection."

"God indeed has shown us great love, giving us not only the essential things, but so many beautiful things, flowers and everything to feast our eyes upon, and enjoy," said Mrs. Roelof.

XXIX.

RAVENSPORT CHURCH.

"We had a fine sermon, Emily," said Mr. Roelof.

"I am sorry, but I could not get out to church to-day, Richard."

"It was on the value of time—so few seem to think of how much value it is. The text was 'so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Dr. Spencer certainly has the power of preaching so all can understand him, and it is for this reason particularly, Emily, I like to have my little family come here to church, rather than go to Mr. Stewart's. Mr. Stewart is a talented man, but has not the ability of preaching so children can understand him, or uneducated people, which I consider a very important thing in a church. A sermon can be full of fine thought, and yet the language simple enough for every one to understand and comprehend."

"Papa, there is the bell for Sunday School."

In a few minutes they were all on their way to the church. As they entered the school room they separated and went into different classes. Paul and John Eliot in

one class, Elsie and Ursula in their class, and Marguerite, Edith and Ernest in Prof. Warren's class."

Ursula's teacher greeted her and Elsie with a sweet smile, and told them she was glad to see them. After the service was over, the prayers and singing, she asked her little scholars how many were at the morning service, how many heard Dr. Spencer's sermon? Nine little hands were raised.

"I am glad so many of you heard it, I will try and tell you as much as I can of it, for the benefit of those who were not fortunate enough to hear it. Those of you, who heard it, I know understood it, for the sermon was, as all Dr. Spencer's are, very plain and simple, as he aims to have them. I have heard him say his daily prayer is, that he may be able to preach so that every one who hears him may perfectly understand all he says and comprehend it and be benefited by his simple words. The text was 'Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'"

He told us how much value time was to us, the right use we should make of it. He said 'Be quick, you cannot use a minute but once, make the most of it.' Many think, he said, that a minute is nothing, but that the hours and days and months are different, that they are longer time and of more value than minutes. Yes, he said they are longer, but they would not have existed if it had not been for these little minutes you have thought often times too short to care for, or to take notice of. After the minutes have gone, he said, they will never come back again. Do not loiter the minutes

away without giving some return for them. It is God's minute—it is not yours. Watch! Every minute is telling what our life is and is to be. Upon the White Throne there is one, Our Lord Almighty, who has taken count of our good deeds and our bad deeds during these minutes, and has them all written down, and sometime we must give an account of them all. One thing which he said, perhaps you did not understand, I will explain it to you. He said 'let your moments be well spent, for every noble life leaves a fibre of it interwoven forever in the world's work.' That means every one who tries to live a Christian life, influences others to do good work. What is it to live a Christian life? to be a Christian, he said. It is to believe that Christ loves us, and that He died on the cross for our sakes. It is to receive Him in our hearts as our very best friend, and to try and live the life of Christ, and to show every one at home and abroad, that we belong to Christ, that we carry within us the image of Christ, and are doing His work here. He then read a little poem which he said he saw in the child's day book. I wrote it down as he repeated it. I wish you could all learn it all by heart. I will write out a copy of it for each of you, and if you can learn it before next Sunday, I shall be very glad for I know it will be a great help to you all your life to have these sweet words stored in your minds."

THE MINUTES.

"We are but minutes—little things
Each one furnished with sixty wings
With which we fly on our unseen track
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's soaring
Taste their sweetness while we may,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes, use us well,
For how we are used, we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use.
Who loses minutes whole hours must lose."

"Then Dr. Spencer said that no one could tell wha one minute might do. A minute might influence a whole family to come to Christ. It only took a minute, he said, to give a poor girl that beautiful hymn, 'Just as I am without one plea'. It is a beautiful hymn."

"Just as I am,—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Yes, only a minute it took to give it to her, this hymn, and yet these verses were cherished tenderly by the poor girl for a long time, and after her death were found in her dress pocket, and perhaps were the means of saving her soul. Her brother, Dr. Spencer said, took the little paper, which was very dirty and old from constant use, to a city missionary, and said to him, 'please, sir, father sent me to get a new paper like this.' The missionary read the verses, and asked the little boy where he had got it, and why he wanted another one.

We found it, he said, in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame. Won't you give me a clean one, sir. The missionary gave the young man another copy of the hymn, and he left him contented and happy.

What a blessed minute that was when the verses were given to that poor, ignorant girl and enabled her to apply her heart unto wisdom, and to love her Lord Jesus Christ, and to influence for good her father and her family."

"To apply our hearts unto wisdom, means, he said, to read the Bible, and there learn in it about God, his only son, and Holy Spirit, and try to do as God tells us to do in His holy Book. We will now review last Sunday's lesson, but first we will say our little prayer, 'Oh, God forasmuch as without Thee, we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.' And we will say this over ten times, as some of you do not yet know it, but I hope soon you all will. I have written it out for each of you to take home, so you can study it some at home; and also, 'Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me'; and the little morning prayer, 'now I wake and see the light.' These you can all study when you are at home. Our lesson last Sunday was about Jesus. Do you remember what the word Jesus means."

"It means, Saviour, Miss Carlton."

"Yes, Jennie, and why?"

"Because he saved us from our sins."

"What does Christ mean ?"

"Christ means the anointed one, the Messiah."

"How was Christ anointed ?"

"With the grace of the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, Philip, Christ did not have oil poured upon him, as the Priests used to have when they were anointed, but the Holy Spirit."

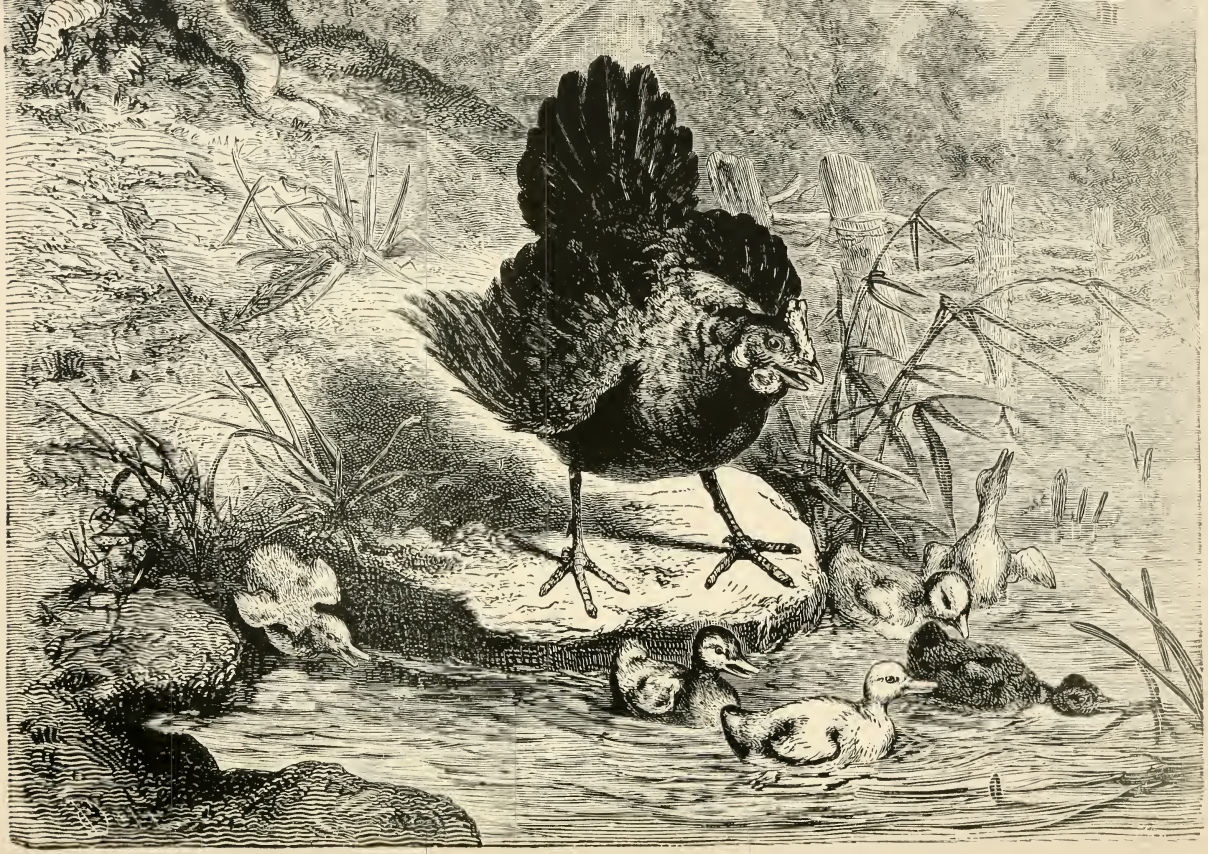
"Amy, whose son is Christ ?"

"God's only Son."

"We say Lord, God Almighty ; what does Almighty mean ?"

"It means, able to do all things, doesn't it, Miss Carlton ?"

"Yes, Jessie, it means there is nothing God cannot do. Some time I will tell you more about this but I have not time to-day, for this is our last Sunday in the month, and on this Sunday we give three-quarters of an hour to kindness to dumb animals. We call it mercy day ; and Bird Sunday, we call it, when I talk to you about caring for our beautiful wild birds and home birds. You have remembered very nicely what I taught you last Sunday, but next Sunday I will only ask you to remember what Almighty means, and the little prayer and verses I have written out for you. I hope, my dear children, you are all trying to be kind to dumb animals. It will make you better men and women and more kind and affectionate to people, if you try each day of your life to remember to be kind to the animals and birds, who cannot speak, even though



The little Ducklings would go in the water, no matter how much their mamma scolded them,

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they are badly treated. Nothing God has made is too small for us to be thoughtful about. I will read to you a few little stories which I found in some magazines and papers—they are beautifully written. First I will read you about a very kind man, Charles Kingsley. He lived in England, and was a minister, and he wrote some very good books. He was going up the pulpit stairs one Sunday in a church, (where he had been asked to preach) when he suddenly stooped down. The people sitting in their seats in church could not see him as he disappeared from their view. They waited some time for him and wondered what had happened to him. At last one of the church members went in the little room back of the pulpit, and there was Charles Kingsley looking at something very closely, which he held in the palm of his hand. It was a poor little half dead butterfly. He found it on the pulpit steps, he said, as he was going up, and could not leave it there to be stepped on, or pushed aside to suffer, and he wished to give it all the chance of life he could at the open window in the bright sunshine, where he safely placed it. Do you not think that was a kind act to do? Perhaps you have never thought that animals and birds have a language. They have a language of their own, not a language with words, but each their own language, a means by which they can make each other understand different things as much as if they really spoke."

"You know, Ursula, how Cricket, your pussy, will go to a door and tap at it, and scratch it, and cry to get out, as much as to say, open the door; and a dog, the

same way, will bark to get in or out of a room, as you all know. And hens, geese, ducks, ants and bees, all have their own way of talking to each other by their own special means God has given them. This story is a very curious one. This hen belonged to a farmer's wife, and instead of the wife letting the hen have her own hen's eggs to set on in the Spring, she took them out of her nest and put some duck's eggs in the nest under the hen. So, instead of the hen having a number of little chickens, she had little ducklings. It is natural for ducks to go into the water, and as soon as they could they would go in, no matter how much their mamma scolded them ; and all the poor mother hen could do would be to stand on the shore and look at them, and try to call them back with great distress, but away they would go, and only come back to their mother when they were ready to. One day a goose came to her when she was standing on the shore just as her little family were about to start off ; it said to the hen, 'gabble, gabble, gabble,' as much as to say, leave them to my care ; and she swam up and down the pond with the ducklings, and when they were tired, she gave them back to the care of their mother. The very next day the ducklings came down to the pond again, and Mrs. Goose was there all ready to take them with her on the water again, and so was the little hen mother on the bank in great trouble because they all not only wanted to go away and leave her but were going. That morning just as they were about to start on their sail, the goose

"Gabble, gabble, gabble, as much as to say leave them to my care."

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came very near the shore, and whether she invited the hen in her language or not, to go with her, it was a fact the hen jumped on her back and sat there, while the ducklings swam round and round the pond, and the goose and hen after them. After that day the hen every day took it's ride on the back of the goose perfectly happy with the goose and her little children, the ducklings. She even showed she was delighted that she could be in her little ones' company. It was said that a great many people used to go and look at the goose, hen and ducklings on the water together until they grew so large they could care for themselves. This is said, children, to be a true story. A lady said a friend of hers saw with her own eyes the cunning hen riding on the back of the goose, sailing around the pond taking care of her children. It is sure they all were able to understand their own language. The goose was sorry for the ducklings and hen, and the hen was sorry for her children, for she certainly thought at first they were going to be drowned, but the goose made the hen understand she would take care of them, and that she could go on her back and ride around with her and take care of them too. What a beautiful lesson from these little creatures. Kind and thoughtful we often see dumb animals to each other. It should teach us to be thoughtful and kind as they are."

"Speaking of how kind animals are to each other, I will read you about an English setter who became lame, in the city of Portland. Only a short time ago, a family physician going to the house where the dog be-

longed saw the dog Jack one day, and told his master he would try and cure the dog, if he would bring him to his office. He took him to the doctor's office, and his leg became as good as new. Not long afterwards the same dog was run over by an electric car, and badly hurt. Do you think the dog could remember he had been cured before, when he could not walk. He did, and people who knew him, and lived between his house and the doctor's house saw him dragging himself past their houses, and they watched him, and he climbed the doctor's steps, and waited at his office door, until he was let in. But this time the poor dog could not be cured, though the doctor tried very hard to help him."

"Another story too, shows how much sense some dumb animals have. A kind gentleman took in his house a dog he found in the street with a wounded leg, and he cured it. Many weeks afterwards the cured dog came back to the house, bringing along with him another dog who had been hurt. The gentleman said he was so glad that he happened to be looking out of the window and saw the dogs coming up the steps, they might have been sent away, if he had not noticed them. He said the cured dog almost spoke as he came into the hall bringing the injured dog with him, he acted just like a person. He took them ; he said, and kept them both, until the dog which had been injured last had entirely recovered from his injury. Do you not think if dumb animals can be so good to each other, it should teach us a lesson. It would almost seem as if they try to practice the advice, 'Be

kindly affectioned one to another.' Don't think that they do not know anything, that they cannot understand. They know just as well as we do when they are well treated, and when people are unkind to them, and oftentimes, no doubt, ill treatment gives them real grief and pain. Remember then and be kind to everything living, for they all belong to God."

"You may now tell me, Ursula, what you can remember of last Sunday's sermon. That is very well, Ursula. I think you must have thought it well over at home."

"I told mamma all I could remember of it at our Twilight Hour, and some things I forgot, mamma told me."

"That was a nice way to learn it well and to remember it, Ursula. I wish all my little girls could learn the sermon preached the Sunday before that way. Florence you may take up the money, and Cora you may give out the cards, and Beatrice you may read the hymn we are going to sing. Then we will sing it."

"Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey ;
Sweeter lessons cannot be,
Loving Him, who first loved me.

With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach us all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing until thy face I see
Of his love who first loved me.

"Blessed Jesus, make us good and holy, make us kind and gentle to all around us. Keep us from using wicked words, and having wicked thoughts or actions. Fill our hearts with love towards every one, and make us more and more like Thee. Mercifully accept our prayers and grant us thy help that we may please Thee and that we may cause others to please Thee both in will and deed, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

When they arose from their knees, Miss Carlton told them not to forget what they were to learn for the next Sunday, and to learn it well.

"Elsie, we will go into the church, papa said he would be there after Sunday School closed, and we would all meet there." They found their papa and mamma there waiting for them, and in a moment more the cousins and brothers and sisters were there too, and Aunt Emily.

"Lo, the star went before them."

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"Children, the last picture we looked at was the picture of the little baby Jesus, in the manger. At the time you know, wise men came from the East to Jerusalem to inquire about Him. These are the wise men here in the centre of the picture, before they start on their journey to find the King. They were very wise and learned men. The place here where you see them is supposed to be Persia, because that lay east of Judea. Do you see that very bright star shining in the heavens, it seemed to the wise men that the star they suddenly saw, was exactly over the Land of Judea. They at once thought something very strange must have happened. More than fourteen hundred years ago God taught some one that a bright star some time would shine in the heavens, and that by this brightness people would know that a great ruler had been born among the Jews. This saying was called a prophecy ; a prophecy, children, is a thing which God enabled some people to be able to truthfully tell would happen before it did happen, and this was what one man said years ago, that 'out of Bethlehem should come a governor who should rule the people Israel.' This saying came to pass, for Jesus was the Governor who was born in Bethlehem, and ruled the people. Then there was another saying which was a prophecy too. It had probably been told them by their fathers, and their fathers had been told by their fathers, and so on for many years back, and then they all said it must be true. The saying was that 'there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel.' This Saviour that was to rise out of

Israel was to come with power to rule. Many years went by and some nights wise and learned men would spend nearly the whole night up in the mountains studying the stars."

"This is what these wise men are doing in this picture, and they have found the star they have so long longed to see. It is very bright and seemed to stand just over Judea. See how delighted they look at the glorious tidings. They must get their camels, they said, and start, for they must find their King. In this section you can see the wise men, just starting on their camels. They are happy men and they are rich men too—see they have presents with them, they are going to take them to the little King, which they expect to find. This side of the window shows you the wise men when they have reached the top of the last hill. They feel very thankful, for it was a long journey and over a sandy desert."

"Here you see them resting their tired Camels, before they go into the gates of the city. You can see the city and the beautiful temple. It was such a great joy for these wise men to seek for the new born king that they thought every one in Jerusalem would be overyjoyed over his birth too, for they thought it was there he was born. But when they were in Jerusalem and asked 'where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and we are come to worship Him.' No one seemed to know of Him."

"This part of the window shows you the wise men in the city inquiring about Him, they expected all the

"They presented unto Him, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

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people would be rejoicing and were very much surprised to find that no one there knew any thing of the good news. Look at these men, how excited they look. The wise men are telling them that they certainly expected to find their King in this city, for he was born King of the Jews. Oh no, the men are replying we only know one King, and that is our King of the Jews, Herod, and we want no other. After some time Herod heard of these men, who had come to know about the expected King. Here is the King, Herod, his face is worried and anxious—he has just asked the chief priest and scribes, where Christ should be born, and they have brought this scroll that is unrolled before him. They find written on it 'the ruler is to be born in Bethlehem.' We will send for these men, said Herod, and see them. Tell them to come and see me. This section of the window is where the wise men are talking to Herod, and Herod is asking them where they first saw the star and how it looked. Then Herod tells them to go to Bethlehem and search for Him there, until they should find Him, the young child, and when they found Him to come back and tell him, for he wanted to worship Him too. Bethlehem is a little town six or seven miles south of Jerusalem. This side of the picture they have mounted their Camels and are looking up into the sky. What do you see in the sky, Ursula?"

"A star, papa."

"Yes, my child, and these wise men saw not *a* star, but *the* star. It was their own star which they had

before followed, and while they looked at it, it seemed to go forward before them to show them the right way to go.

"Here is another picture. It is the stable where Jesus was born. What is that which is above the stable, and shines brightly? It is the same star standing still just over the stable, like a star-lamp, their heavenly guide. They almost cried with joy, for they believed God had guided them to the place where they would find the true king of the Jews. At this end of the picture you see the wise men in the stable, they have pushed the wooden door open, and have entered the stable. Their faith was rewarded, see the dear baby in the blessed Mary's arms, His mother's. These wise men were very much honored in their own country, but just as soon as they saw the heavenly child, they fell down on their knees before Him and worshipped Him. They are giving Him thanks and praising Him. They feel they cannot give Him enough thanks for being guided by the Star of Bethlehem to Him.

"In this picture, children, the wise men are presenting the gifts they have brought to the young King. They have been out and unladen their Camels, and brought in the presents. They have gold, frankincense and myrrh. Frankincense and myrrh are valuable gums from other parts of the East. It was the custom in those days when persons visited Kings or great persons to give them gifts, and they gave Him those precious gifts. When they left King Herod he told them to come back and tell Him, when they found the young

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

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child, but they did not go to Jerusalem again for God warned them in a dream not to return to Herod; and after they had seen the holy child and worshipped him, and presented their gifts to Him, they returned to their own homes. When God told them in the dream not to return to Herod, He does not give them any reason why they were not to go to Him. This is a lesson for us to think of, and to remember, children, that we should obey God just because he tells us to, and not ask any reason why we have to obey Him. This window is the last one that tells about the wise men. On the other side of the church is a beautiful window. The Shepherds watching their flocks by night—we will go and see it, see how lovely these hills are. These men you see in the picture are Shepherds watching their sheep for some savage animals may kill them, or hurt them.

"The angel you see before them has suddenly appeared to them. See what a bright light is shining all around them—it is a light brighter than the sun. Do you see how startled the Shepherds look? They are frightened. The Angel is speaking to them gently and saying, 'Fear not, Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'"

"Then see this section of the window with all these shining forms. They are singing the heavenly song,

'Glory to God, in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.' How wonderful it all must have seemed to these poor shepherds, listening to this beautiful music. They must have wished it would never end, it was so lovely, and it filled them with joy and delight. This part of the window shows the angels returning to heaven after they have finished their song. The light has grown dimmer, you see; their song has ceased and their angelic visitors are returning to their God.

"At this end of the window, the shepherds are talking together about what has happened, and in each heart there was an earnest desire to go, without any delay, and seek Him who had come to save them, and with their own eyes to see Him, and they told each other nothing else could satisfy them.

"They said, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.' They longed to see the Saviour of the world, the son of God, and they all hastened away.

"You see them in this part of the picture crossing the fields, and in this section of the window, the Shepherds have just gone in the stable, which they found after going a long way. And there is the dear child Jesus lying in the manger, exactly where the angel had told them they would find Him, and there is Mary and Joseph giving Him their loving care, and with great delight now show the new-born treasure to them. They then returned to the fields, praising and thanking God for all they had seen and heard that was so

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

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wonderful. This side of the window, they are on their way home, a number of people have gathered around them, they are listening to the Shepherd's story, how they found Him. See how surprised they all look, they will not believe in the manger, in the stable at Bethlehem lies the Saviour of the world. Oh how glad the Shepherds were that they believed it and they told them so, without doubt for their faces showed how joyful they were, and they wanted others to have this joy in their hearts. They loved the blessed baby, and they tried to make others do the same. Should not these Shepherds teach us not only to love Christ ourselves, but to tell our love to all we meet as the Shepherds did. Come this way, Marguerite, you may all come," said the papa. "While we are talking of our dear Saviour I want to show you this beautiful window of Joseph, and the angel appearing to him.

"The angel is telling Joseph to take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and to stay there until it is safe to come back. I will tell you why God had sent this message to Joseph, it was because he wanted to save Jesus' life. How pretty this picture is where the three wise men see the star for the first time telling them the Saviour is born. You remember the wise men did not go to see Herod after they found Jesus, as Herod had told them to do, but they returned home another way, as the angel of God told them to do in a dream. Herod was very angry when he found they did not return, and he said to himself, if this young King lives, soon he will take my place and I cannot be King any longer. I must

think of some way to kill Him. I will send and have all the children under two years old killed, then there will be no chance of His escaping death. He will surely be killed then, and I shall continue to be King myself. The poor, ignorant King, he did not understand that the Saviour had come to save us from our sins, and not to take away his kingdom.

"King Herod sent out the cruel order that certain men under him should go to each house of his kingdom, and kill all the little baby boys under two years old. It was a sad, sad time, not one little baby boy was living in Bethlehem when night came. He told his soldiers to do this because he did not know exactly which was Jesus' house and he thought by going to every house Jesus would surely be in one of the houses, and be killed with the others. But God saw his wicked heart, and his wicked thoughts and actions, and he told Joseph to go quickly with the young child, and Mary His mother, into another country and not return until He told him to. Joseph obeyed God and they went into Egypt.

"This side is another picture of Joseph, you see here an angel of the Lord, who has come to him in a dream, and is saying to him 'arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead who sought the young child's life.' Then he arose and took the baby and mother and went into Israel again. Afterwards they went back to Nazareth, the place Joseph and Mary used to live before Jesus was born.

THE SHEPHERDS FIND JESUS.

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"There is one more window near the door. It is called 'The Childhood of Jesus.' It is divided into parts as some of these others are. I would like to explain this window.

"You know, Jesus' home at Nazareth was a very simple one. Joseph was poor and worked at his trade, he was a carpenter, and Jesus, when out of school helped him in his workshop. The Bible says Jesus himself became a carpenter. Here is a picture of Christ at twelve years old, about the time he went up to the feast with Joseph and Mary, his mother. It is a gentle boyish face you see here, but there is a great deal of character and wisdom in it. He no doubt had to attend school every day he could, for all over Palestine for many, many years before Christ was born there was said to be schools, and that parents were forced by law to send their children. Whether this was true I cannot say. He lived a very quiet life going to some little Jewish village school; other children went too probably, and probably studied the same lessons they studied, and without doubt played with them sometimes, but He and his school mates and friends were not exactly alike. They sinned. Jesus never sinned. He seemed to live a life of prayer. In his heart always was the prayer, 'Teach me Thy way.' It was His wish to take His Father's way, to take Him for His guide, and to please Him in every thing He did. He increased in wisdom, as he grew older, but he was never puffed up with his wisdom. No one could find any fault in Him. He was without sin. This was the secret of His

life. The evil spirit used to tempt them to do wrong, just as he tempts us to sin, but with the temptation came to Jesus the strength to resist the temptation, for he prayed for the strength, and His Father gave it to Him, as He will give it to us, if we ask Him for strength when we are tempted to sin.

"This part of the window shows Joseph and Mary and Jesus going up to Jerusalem at the Feast of the Passover. This was the first time Jesus could remember ever having been with them to Jerusalem. The distance from Nazareth was about eight miles. I suppose Jesus was pleased to go, as a great many others were. You can see in this picture what crowds of people are on the road with them, and with them are a number of boys, very likely going up to Jerusalem too, for the first time. They were looking forward with pleasure to seeing the city and the temple, which they had read about in the Bible. Joseph and Mary always went up every year. Joseph was obliged to go, and Mary was fond of church worship and liked going up with him, and they always went once a year to the Feast of the Passover. This Feast was kept as a solemn feast. God had commanded all Jews to keep it always. The reason for this command was so they should never forget how they would have been slaves, if the Lord had not been so good to them, and taken them out of a country where they were very unhappy and were badly treated, and miserable, and saved them from being slaves. Jesus was taken to the

THE WISE MEN LOOKING AT THE STAR.

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temple once when His parents took Him to present Him to God.

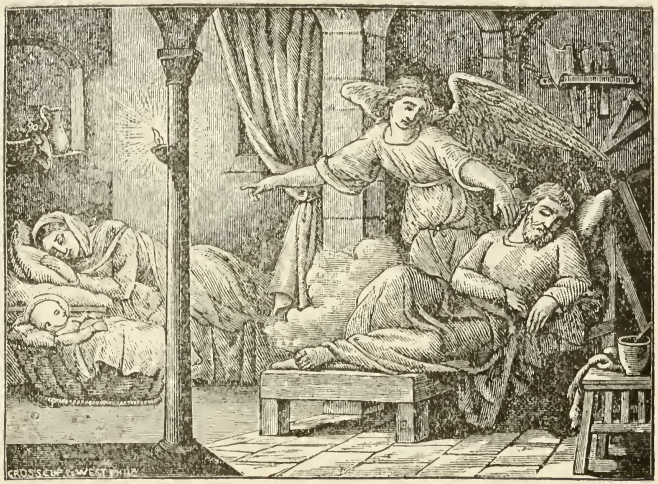
"Here is a picture of Him, a dear little baby, when given to God in the temple. See how much interest all those around the Holy family take in the scene. I always feel, Alice, that members of churches should feel the same interest in those they see given to God in their church, that the people did when Christ was presented to God. It is an example for every one. Jesus had never been to the temple since that time, when he was a helpless baby.

"The feast lasted a week, and on the eighth day as they were getting ready to leave Jerusalem, Jesus was not to be found, and when they were to start He was still missing. As there were so many going the same way they were going, and lived in Nazareth, and lived in the villages around them, and as there were in their party many relatives and neighbors, who had come up with them, they expected to find Him after they started, thinking he had gone on before them and that before the day was over they would overtake Him. The evening came. After the day's journey. Joseph and Mary looked all over for their son, and asked their friends and relatives if they had seen anything of Him, the parents' hearts were filled with anxiety, and as they could learn nothing regarding Him, they returned to Jerusalem, and although it was not a large place, they could find no trace of Him. Nearly three days they spent looking for Him. On the third day, they said they would go in the Temple and pray,

and then, who do you think they saw, when they entered. They saw their darling boy.

"At this side of the window he is standing in the Temple. See all those old men, how wise they look, and yet they are asking Him questions, and He is answering them with great wisdom. They were learning from the country village boy only twelve years old, but this was the first time they had ever heard a boy talk this way. When His parents saw Him, they were very much astonished. His mother's grief was still fresh in her heart, and she said to Him 'son, why hast thou thus dealt with us. Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing.' He answered His mother gently. 'How is it that ye sought me. whist ye not (know ye not) I must be about my Father's business.' He seemed to say to her in these words the time has come when I must do some of the work I came on earth to do. I have been a good son to you and shall be still, but I must think of my Father's business too, and you must not prevent me from doing it. I am your son, and I am God's son."

"When he came out of the Temple He was content to go back with His parents and live as they lived with them, poor, knowing nothing of the great outside world, working with them, and for them, for eighteen more years. The thirty years Christ was with His parents He was little known, but He now commenced when He was thirty years old to go about healing, and teaching and telling people how much their Heavenly Father loved them. In this picture you see Him healing a man.



THE ANGEL APPEARING TO JOSEPH IN A DREAM.

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At this side is another picture of Him teaching the people.

"We have now come to this picture we were so much pleased with last Sunday, Jesus being baptized by John the Baptist and we must stop here, for it is as late as it was last Sunday, and we only had time then to get home before dark. I know you have all enjoyed the lovely windows, for like last week, you have scarcely spoken while I have been talking to you"

"I think, dear papa," said Marguerite, "I can speak for us all, that we have felt almost breathless. We did not want to say anything, we were so anxious always to hear what you were going to say next. I do not see how you can make it all seem so plain and real, papa."

"I have studied these subjects, Marguerite, very closely, and they seem very real to me, and that is the reason I can make them real to you."

They were all very quiet riding home, the mamma said they were thinking over what they had heard.

"We are home again," said Mr. Roelof as he helped them out of the wagon; "we have had a lovely ride home and I have no doubt you all feel a little tired after your long day."

"A long day, papa? it has seemed too short."

"That is because you were interested, Edith, all the time."

"Yes, we have been, papa," said Ernest, "and papa, cousin Bess said she should never forget the beautiful windows you explained so beautifully, and cousin Mabel

said she enjoyed it all so much, she wanted to come every time you explained any windows."

"Oh, they were lovely, papa, can we go next Sunday too."

"I hope so, Ursula, we will have supper now as soon as we can have it, Alice."

At the supper table they talked over what they had seen and heard, and they all agreed they had spent a very pleasant Sunday and a profitable Sunday, they hoped.

"Now Marguerite," said Mr. Roelof after the supper was over, "we will go in the parlor, and you can play some of those hymns they sang at church to-day and we will sing them."

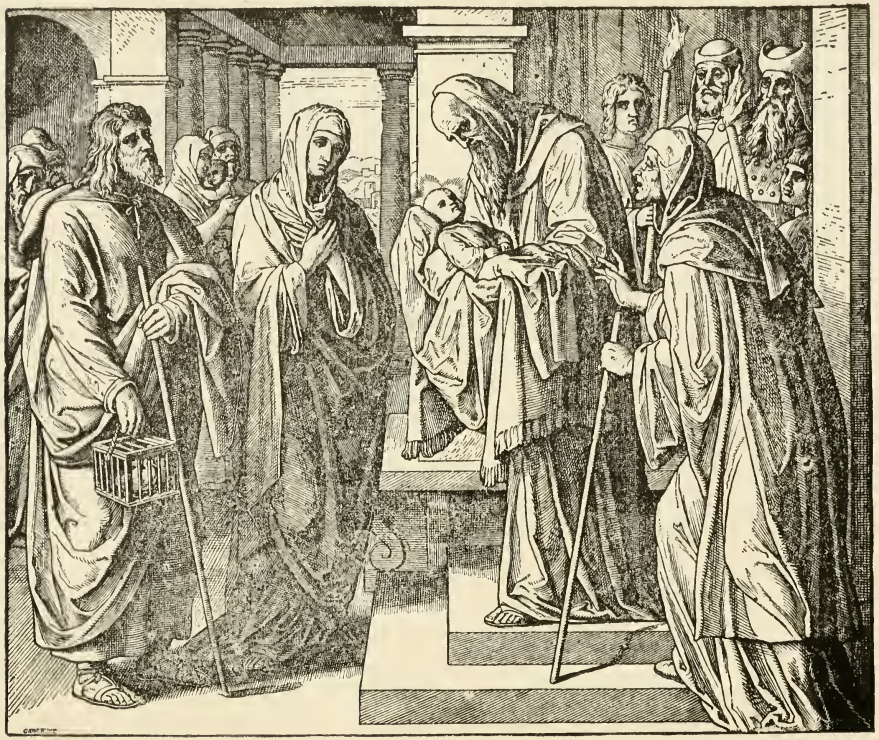
"It is almost too soon after supper for us to sing, wait a little while, Marguerite," said Mrs. Roelof.

After an hour had passed those who knew the church hymns sang them, but the little ones did not know them.

"We will now sing our Sunday School hymns, those we can all sing," said the mamma, and they all sang the simple little hymns they had learned at home and at Sunday School, except Elsie and Paul. They all felt very sorry for them, that they could not sing too, but they could not.

"You could sing very well, Elsie," said Mrs. Roelof, after trying her voice, "if you sing with us from time to time, for you have quite a nice voice."

Little Ursula was sitting with a thoughtful look upon her face.



JOSEPH AND MARY WITH THE CHILD IN THE TEMPLE.

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"Papa," she said, "wasn't it lovely where the wise men saw the star? I don't know which window I like best, that one, or the Shepherds when the angels came to them."

"They both fill us with beautiful, peaceful thoughts, Ursula. They both bring us the same message the wise men and the shepherds received. God's Holy Spirit is our star, ever showing itself and shining, if we will only receive it's light in our hearts, for 'He seeks to lead us to the Prince of Peace.' God's own blessed spirit whispers 'come.' And if we would only follow Him He would guide us to our Saviour, and in our hearts would come a joy we have never felt before when we hear of this dear babe born in the manger for our sins.

"A valuable lesson we should learn too of the Shepherds. It is, that they told others the glad tidings, and so should we. We should want everyone to know of this beautiful life, the life of our dear Lord Jesus Christ, which is so well worth following. Yes, our blessed Jesus' life. You have heard how he was born in a manger, and sought after by the wise men, who were guided to Bethlehem by a heavenly guide. How angels told the Shepherds the joyful news, that he was lying in a manger in a stable in Bethlehem, and afterwards how he showed how humble he was to be baptized by John the Baptist. I hope you will all remember all I have told you. What great love our Heavenly Father had for us, when he gave us His Holy Son. No other gift could have been so valuable. It was the very best that

could have been given us, for it is eternal life, for through Him and His unselfish love for us, giving himself for us, His life on the cross given for our sins, we can live with Him if we follow His commandments in His beautiful home above. We ought to prove we are thankful to Him, by trying to live to His glory in the spirit of the angel's song, 'Glory to God in the highest and peace, good will to men.'"

"Ursula, I think you and Elsie better go up stairs now. Come Paul," said Mrs. Roelof, "I will go up with you and John Eliot; say good night to all."

They were tired children; after saying their prayers, peacefully, they soon fell asleep, watched by their good angels.

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE DREAM.

"Dear mamma," said Ursula, as her mamma entered her room in the morning, "I had such a lovely dream last night, I dreamed I was with the Shepherds when they saw the angels, and heard them sing the beautiful song, and heard them tell where baby Jesus was. And mamma. I asked them if I could go with them to find the dear little baby, and one of the Angels told the Shepherds to take the little girl with them, and to be kind to her, and let her stay with the baby, for Christ loved little children, and says 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' This Baby is Christ, said another of the Angels, and he will take the best care of you all your life, if you cling to Him. And, mamma, I went with them and I saw the sweet baby. His mother was holding Him in her arms, singing that sweet cradle hymn you sing when you get cousin Flossie to sleep, and that you still sing for us sometimes, for we love it just as much as we ever did."

THE MAMMA'S CRADLE HYMN.

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy bed ;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide
And without thy care and payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better art thou attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder Shepherds round him
Telling wonders from the sky,
When they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing,
Lovely infant how he smiled ;
When he wept the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo ! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed ;

FLORENCE MARGARET AND ISABEL GRIFFITH.

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Peace, my darling ; here's no danger,
  There's no oxen near thy bed.

T'was to save thee, child, from dying,
  Save my dear from burning flame
Bitter groans and endless crying,
  That my blessed Redeemer came.

Blessed Babe ! What glorious features,
  Spotless fair, divinely bright ;
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ;
  How could angels bear the sight.

Was there nothing but a manger,
  Wicked sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger ;
  Did they not affront their Lord.

Soft ! my child I did not chide thee,
  Though my song might sound too hard ;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
  And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
  How the Jews abused their King ;
How they served the Lord of Glory,
  Makes me angry while I sing.

May'st thou live to know and fear him.
  Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go, dwell forever near him,
  See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give a thousand kisses,
  Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
  Can to greater joys aspire."

"Wasn't it strange, Mamma, that I dreamed that Jesus' mother sang this hymn to her baby, when the hymn was all about Jesus ?"

"Yes, Ursula, it would seem strange if it was anything but a dream, but dreams are different from everyday life, and we cannot tell why we dream certain things. You knew this hymn perfectly, and so had it in your mind when you dreamed about the blessed babe, and so thought it was sung to him, as your mamma used to sing it to you. I too love that little cradle hymn of Dr. Watts."

"Mamma, she sang it all to him I thought, before she saw us, and then she sang the lullaby aunt Mima sings to the twins, Isabel Griffith and Florence Margaret when she gets them to sleep ; and the cradle song she sings to them when they wake up. Aunt Mima taught them to me. I will try and sing them to you mamma just as she sang them.

THE LULLABY.

Lie here my lamb.
  It is thy right
Upon thy mother's breast
    To rest ;
  This stormy night.

Rest here my lamb,
  The night is cold.
But here on mamma's arm,
      No harm,
  The night shall hold.

Stay here my lamb.
  My Marguerite.
Here will thy church, so dear,
      Thee cheer,
  With vespers sweet.

Sleep here my lamb,
  My baby child.
Thy Father's love has spread
      A bed,
Of flowers wild.

Repose my lamb.
  The hour is late.
Beneath thy cap's soft lace,
      Thy face,
Must dreamland take.

Dream here my lamb.
  The angels bright,
Hovering around, shall stay,
      Alway,
With thee in sight.

THE AWAKENING.

Awake my lamb.
  Thy mother is near,

Thy downy couch of silk,
With milk,
Thou hast no fear.

Awake my lamb.
Thy sleep is past,
Thy happy mother's arm,
Is strong,
To hold thee fast.

Awake my lamb.
My gentle one,
Peace and a mother's love,
My dove,
Shall shade the sun.

Stay here my lamb.
My Isabel,
Thy sunny face to me,
Shall be
A beacon, well.

Awake my lamb.
My baby, see ! !
Behold a world of joy,
Without alloy,
Thou brought'st me.

Awake my lamb.
Awake, arise,
And give papa this bliss,
A kiss,
A glad surprise.

Awake my lamb.
My lovely one,
God gives thee every hour,
The power,
To serve His son.

Awake my lamb.
The Lord divine,
Is ready with His love,
To share,
Your love, and mine.

Then she told us she was so glad to show her baby to us, that she was so fond of this little baby, and that she was pleased we had come to see her precious one, and that it was a great joy to her, that God had thought her worthy to be the mother of the Saviour of the world. I said to her then, mamma, 'don't you feel sorry your sweet baby has'nt a nicer place to lie, when you put him down to sleep, than this poor manger. The little twins, Florence Margaret and Isabel Griffith Eaton, have such pretty cradles, and their mamma has fixed them all up with muslin and lace, and blue ribbons, and their mamma says they look just like great big wax dolls in them, all nestled in the lace, and then their mamma will take them up out of the cradles, and hug them, and cover them with kisses, when they wake up, and tell them they are a thousand times prettier and sweeter than any French wax dolls were, that were ever seen, or any other kind; and they are too, ain't they, mamma? and then I told

her I named my twin dollies after the twins and that they have two lovely little cradles too. And then I said, this is not a nice house either, for your dear baby to be born in, only a stable. Don't you feel sorry he was'nt born in an elegant house.' 'Oh no, my little girl,' she said, '*what difference* does it make where one is born *if the heart is right*, whether in a poor manger or in a stable, or in a pretty cradle, or in a handsome house; or how poor one is here on earth, if a person is good. A good person is an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, he is rich in the other world's goods if not in this world's, which is far better, and his possessions are above, not on the earth and he will always be rich there. He has a beautiful home in heaven.' And then, mamma, I woke up."

"It was a sweet dream, Ursula, and I hope you will always stay near to your Christ, as you did in your dream, believing in Him, and loving Him. You know well that verse, 'suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' If you had not known this and the cradle hymns you could not have dreamed them. They were fastened in your mind, and now you can see, Ursula, why I am so particular that what you learn you shall learn perfectly, and you can even dream sometimes what you know, as you did last night. You and Elsie may say that text sometime at the breakfast table."

After breakfast, Mrs. Roelof called the children to throw some crumbs out to some little birds outside the library windows.

"Ursula, yesterday, when your papa and I were out, we called on Elsie's mamma, Mrs. Ames. She said Elsie could stay with us to-day until this evening, and we then went up to Phebe Scotts, and we saw Phebe's aunt, I asked her to let Phebe come after lunch to spend the afternoon and evening with us, and her uncle said he would bring her over and call for her at nine o'clock."

CHAPTER XXXI.

RED LETTER DAY.

"To-day is your first day of vacation. What you call 'the red letter day,' for you know I usually invite a few little girls to spend part of it with you. You will have to play in the house, I am afraid, for it does not look very pleasant now."

"I hope it will be pleasant, mamma, it will be ever so nice to have Elsie and Phebe with me, and cousin Fred, Mabel, and Elizabeth, said they were coming, and I wish I could have Ruth Keith and Myrtle White, Pauline Armstrong and Beatrice Schermerhorn."

"You can, Ursula, I will invite them too."

"What shall I do, mamma ?"

"We will try and think of something you will all enjoy. If it is pleasant enough you can go down to the bank of the river, under the trees for a while, but if it is not, you will have to content yourselves under the roof here at home."

"Oh, dear mamma, wouldn't that be dreadful."

"Ursula, many little girls and boys would be glad to

RUTH AND MYRTLE.

have a roof to be contented under," said Marguerite, "but have not a place to call home."

"I know that, sister, but it is a great deal nicer, I think, to be under the trees by the river, when it is pleasant; when it rains, I am glad to be in the house."

* * * * * *

"Mamma, mamma, it is two o'clock, the sky is all blue, it is not going to rain, we can go down to the bank, can't we?"

"Yes, you can go down soon, Phebe, Pauline and Beatrice are just coming. We are very happy to see you, Phebe; Elsie and Ursula are getting their things together to go down to the river bank. Edith, you take Ursula's table down, and Paul and John Eliot, you may take these marbles; Marguerite and I will take some games. There are some here the boys will like, while you little girls paint your pictures. Boys, if you get tired playing marbles you can try some of these nice games. Ursula, you and Elsie take these paint boxes and pictures with you. You can paint the pictures in the books or draw new ones, and paint them. At five o'clock, Nora will take down some sandwiches and little cakes and fruit and cocoa, and you can have a five o'clock tea."

"Dear mamma, won't you go down to the woods then too; I know you are going down now, but you are not going to stay, you said."

"Marguerite and I will try and go down at five

o'clock. Go, now, and all have a good time, but keep quiet, for it is a very warm day."

The children spent the time very pleasantly with their games and coloring the pictures in their books. It was a lovely air where they were, so different, they said, than up at the house.

"There is mamma, Marguerite, Ruth and Myrtle coming," said Ursula, looking up from the picture she had just painted.

"How cool you are down here by the water, children; Marguerite and I thought it would be, and came down for a while; Ruth and Myrtle came to see you, and we asked them to come down with us. It is very warm at the house. Have you hunted for any wild flowers? Let us see if we can find some. We will go a little farther in the fields and woods."

"No, mamma, but here are some violets."

"Ursula, the violet is an humble little flower, yet it boasts of belonging to Palestine. It is one of our earliest and loveliest Spring flowers, and comes to welcome the blue birds while they warble their song to the wild flowers at Spring time.

"See, Marguerite, this bank of violets; what a deep purple some of them, and some are light purple, and here is another spot, these are white violets, and, oh! see these blue ones. Oh! children, here are thousands of these purple beauties scattering their modest fragrance to the woods. It is certainly a sweet breath of Spring, all this gorgeous bloom of Spring flowers. No flowers seem to me as lovely as the violets and forget-me-

nots, and the lovely May flowers the trailing arbutus which always seem to smile upon us whenever we see them, and herald joyfully the Spring days. I hear our tall clock striking, and Nora is coming, and papa and Ernest. Papa is bringing a large basket. What have you there, papa?"

"Ernest and I found the family had flown, and we concluded we would take wings too, but our wings did not prevent us from wishing for something substantial to eat, so I told Rebecca to have the dinner cooked for five o'clock, and we would bring it down here, and spread the table cloth on the grass and eat our dinner here. I could not get home to lunch and have had nothing to eat since breakfast. I am sure my dinner will taste good out here. It is very warm in town. How pleasant it is here by the river under the trees."

"I think it is charming, papa," said Marguerite, and "see," said Ursula, "all the flowers Ruth and Myrtle and I have picked, papa."

Nora spread the white table cloth over the grass under the trees, and arranged everything nicely on it, then Marguerite arranged the flowers in bunches, getting the little ones to help her, and they put a bunch of them tied up with grasses, at each plate. When they finally sat down they all ate heartily, for the woods had given the children and all a good appetite, papa said.

"The twilight hour is coming fast," said papa. "Nora you can take some of these things to the house, Ernest,

and I will take the rest." It took some time to get the games, books and other things together.

"I will carry up this little table," said Marguerite.

"Oh, no, sister, I will take that. You and the other girls may bring the flowers, John Eliot and Paul have their hands and arms full of mosses."

Edith commenced to sing a little song as they walked along. Ernest and Marguerite joined her and in a few minutes the entire family were singing it. Edith said it was called

THE SONG OF THE WOOD, OR THE WOODLAND SONG.

Merrily, merrily will we sing,
While we home our flowers bring,
Which we in the woods have found
Round the mosses, and on the ground.

Violets purple, and violets blue,
Primroses pale, primroses true,
Looking up with tender eye ;
Radient, humble, to the sky.

Woods, oh woods, to our hearts ye doth bring,
Many a pleasant, happy thing;
The woodland stream, not wide, but clear,
Rolls on it's way with a "good cheer."

Good cheer to all, to you and me,
To all on land, to all on sea,
Come often to these woods so dear,
Come often and we'll sing "good cheer."

"Did you compose that, Edith ?"

"Oh, papa, you must have known mamma did."

"I thought so. It is a nice little woodland song. Hereafter my visit to the woods, Alice, will be associated with your sweet verses."

"Ursula, hasn't your teacher promised to take you once a week to the woods this Summer?"

"Miss Gertrude said she would take us as often as she could, papa."

"I am very glad, for you will all enjoy it together. It does us good to go to the woods often."

"How long shall you be with your aunt, Phebe?"

"All the Summer, I think, Mr. Roelof; as papa and mamma are going to be away from home, and do not like to leave me home alone."

"Then Ursula and Edith must arrange to have you go with them to the woods, when they go with their teacher. It is late enough to be under cover for there is a little dampness outside now. I remember mamma how careful you always were to have us come in the house, or on the piazza just as soon as the dew commenced to fall in the afternoon, which was often at six o'clock."

"Yes, Edith, a great deal of sickness is caused by being careless about the dew."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SURPRISES AND THE TRICK.

"We may all go up to Ursula's Bower. It will be light there, after the sun goes down, for I have had four electric lights placed there. So we could sit there and see well to read aloud, and so Ursula and others could play games sometimes evenings. The lanterns are pretty, but they did not always give quite light enough, we all know."

"Oh, how good you are, papa."

"Thank you, thank you," they all cried.

"That was a little surprise your papa had for us," said the mamma. "Papa told me in the woods there was a surprise awaiting us all, that no one knew it except cousin Fred and himself, for you see papa did not let me even in his little secret. It is a happy surprise, for we can see in the Bower now, as well as if it was day."

"I think it is very pretty up here, Ursula."

"We do like it here very much," said Mabel.

"And I just love it," said Ursula.

COUSIN FRED.

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"Beatrice," said Marguerite, "will you please step out here for a few minutes, I want to speak to you. Beatrice, this is a very funny trick which I am going to tell you. No one in the Bower knows it, or has even seen it. I will tell you just how it is done. Now you understand it. We will go back to the Bower now."

"Ursula, I want you to take a piece of paper and cut it in squares an inch wide and an inch long, and put them on the table, and now go out of the Bower, and stay out in the hall until you are called back. Shut the door tight as you go out. Bessette, you or any one in the room, may touch one of these pieces of paper while Beatrice is out of the room, and when she comes in again we will ask her if she can tell which one was touched."

"Come in, Beatrice." Marguerite sat down in a chair and Beatrice came in the room. When she came in Marguerite said to her "Be quick telling us the right one. Beatrice looked around a moment and said: "This one was touched," and Marguerite said "Right, please go out again Beatrice, and try it over again."

"You touch one this time, Phebe."

"Come, Beatrice, do you think you can tell this time," said Marguerite.

"I think so, Marguerite, it was this one."

"Yes, that is the one," said Phebe, "and they were all surprised to see how quickly she told.

"I want to go out until you can understand how I can tell," said Beatrice.

"Papa," said Marguerite, "can't you tell how Beatrice says the right one?"

"No, I confess I cannot, my daughter."

Again Beatrice went out.

"Elsie, you touch one. We are ready, Beatrice," and Beatrice entered the room.

"Are you sure, Beatrice," said Marguerite, "that you can guess this time?"

"I have not made a mistake yet, have I? it is this one."

"Quite right," said Mr. Roelof.

"Beatrice, how can you know," said Fred, but Beatrice was out of the room, and had closed the door closely behind her, and did not hear the remark.

"This is the last time, I believe, for you will certainly guess this next time," said Marguerite. "Elizabeth you touch one. Beatrice come and try once more."

"I believe it is this one," said Beatrice.

"It is the strangest thing, you can tell how it is done," said Pauline. "I would like to touch one; please go out once more, Beatrice."

"I will, Pauline."

"Ernest," said Marguerite, "suppose you and Pauline, both touch one, each of you touch one."

"I don't believe she could tell two, sister."

"We will see how far her wisdom goes."

Ernest and Pauline touched two pieces of paper.

"Beatrice, come." Which she did, smiling, as much as to say, you think I won't tell this time. "Doggie be still. Come in my lap if you want to," said Marguerite.

BEATRICE AND PAULINE.

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"I can tell one thing," said Beatrice, very quickly, as if thinking to herself, "two things have been touched. This is one of them," holding her head with both hands, as if thinking for a while. "Let me see, this is the other one. Yes, there were two persons who touched two papers this time."

"Just hear," said Edith, "papa, she told two, this time."

"I cannot tell even now, my daughter how it is done, so you will have to tell me."

"It is this way, papa. Two of the party have to know just how it is done, then one of those two stay in the room, and one of them goes out. They both know, these two persons, that there will be four small pieces of paper laid on a table, and these four pieces of paper they say, they will remember in their minds, as being lettered with the first four letters of the alphabet, that is the first one on the left, is called A, the second one B, the third one C, the fourth one D. Then one goes out of the room, as I said before, who knows the trick, and the other one who understands it, sits by the table with the four square pieces of paper on it all placed in a row. Then the one at the table calls to the one outside, after she has asked one of the party looking on to touch one of the pieces; as the one outside enters the room, she commences her sentence or question to her with the letter B if the second letter has been touched, as 'Beware' or 'Be quick,' or something beginning with B. If it was the first piece of paper that was touched, the sentence when the one outside enters, must

commence with A, as 'Are you sure you know it,' or 'Are you ready to tell this time,' &c. If a person has touched the third one, commence the sentence with C, as 'Come and try once more,' or 'Come quickly,' &c. If it is the fourth paper touched, commence the sentence with D as, 'Do you think you can tell this time,' 'Do try and tell right.' Thus you see, Beatrice was directed by what I said to her, when she first entered the room, by commencing each sentence with the letter which had just been touched, and this pointed out to Beatrice the exact paper touched, and she had no trouble telling it."

"That is certainly an excellent trick," said Mr. Roelof, "and I have enjoyed it very much. I could not guess it, and I should not if you had not told me. Mamma has a little surprise too, for you all to-night, she will tell you all about it."

"Children, I received this afternoon from your aunt Marie Fessenden a letter, saying if I was willing to have her little daughter Dorothy come and stay with us this coming year, she would be greatly relieved, as your uncle Frank is obliged to go to the south of France, at Pau, for his health, if not she will be obliged to place Dorothy in school somewhere, a year. I will read you that part of your aunt's letter where she speaks of this."

"My dear sister Alice: It is with regret that it is finally decided we must leave our pretty comfortable home here among the hills and go to Europe. Frank is no better, and is ordered to go to the Pyrenees, and to

Pau, the south of France. At Pau the air is balmy and warm during the winter, with no winds. I think I hear you say, 'but they have rains.' I grant there are times there when it rains sometimes two or more weeks almost constantly at a time, but as a general thing the air, I am told, is delicious and the atmosphere is clear and the sky so blue that it almost seems as if one could touch the sky, it seems so near. Frank's doctor who you know is a prominent physician in New York, told him that Morristown, New Jersey, was equally as good a climate for him as the south of France. That the air and water was delightful there, so pure, and that it resembles Pau, indeed, was like it, in its climate, and atmosphere—that the same benefit was to be derived from the Morristown air as from the air of Pau. That like Pau, in Morristown the intense blue of the sky and the lovely clear air made you feel oftentimes that there was very little distance between you and the sky, and that it seemed at times almost possible to touch it, and this clear buoyant air tended to keep up one's spirits. Of course it is the clear healthy air Frank needs, and this we know we would find just as good in Morristown as anywhere; this the different physicians assure us is so; they say that persons with lung and throat troubles are sent there from all parts of the country and are always relieved if not entirely cured by the change; and then Frank does not sleep well nights, and our doctors tell us they have known a great many who have gone to Morristown who had not slept well for months, and after reaching there, would sleep beauti-

fully, nights. Indeed that they slept so well that they felt quite rested in the morning. The views too around Morristown are lovely and the drives. Those who live there laughingly say there are three hundred and sixty-five drives, one different one for every day of the year. Friends who live there say there are so many rides it does almost seem so. I have copied an article which I have just read in the New York *Sun :*

'One specially high peak of the Andes affords a peculiarly fine view of the sunrise, and on two sides of this peak huts have been built within an hour's climb of the apex in order that travelers having scrambled up the mountain side may rest over night and go at it fresh in the morning. An American reached the summit of the mountain from one of the huts just at sunrise one morning and found himself face to face with a stranger who had toiled up from the hut on the opposite side. Both gazed in silence at the sight below, and then one said to the other: 'There is only one other view that equals this, in my opinion.' 'Just what I was thinking,' said his companion. 'What's your other view?' 'That to be seen at sunrise from Fort Nonsense, Morristown, N. J.' said the first. 'Why, that's mine, too,' said the other, and then, standing together on that lonely peak, the two compared notes and discovered that they were neighbors in the little Jersey town.'

Frank has some relatives and friends abroad and they want us to meet them and go with them through the Pyrenees and spend the Summer with them in the moun-

tains, and take the Eau Bonne water and the Eau Chaude, and drink with the Eau Bonne water, the asses milk and spend the following Winter and Spring in Pau. Probably the doctor says he will be entirely well again in a year if he is careful and follows his advice strictly. And now, dear Alice, comes the anxiety about Dorothy. I should be perfectly satisfied regarding it all, if I could know she could be with you and your sweet family. But do just as you feel best about taking our Dorothy in your home for a year, and if you and Richard decide you can not have our little girl with you we shall have no ill feelings about it (for we realize you have quite a family of your own, and one more added to it means just so much more excitement and care.) Do not hesitate to say so, if you would rather not have her, and I will make some other arrangement and love you just as dearly. I know the cousins would enjoy being together, but do not let this influence you."

"This is all your aunt Marie says about your cousin Dorothy coming to us, but your papa and myself have been talking the matter over, and have made up our minds what we are going to do."

"Cousin Dorothy, mamma, we have never seen her," said Edith, "I hope you and papa will let her come." "What did you decide, mamma?"

"We decided Marguerite to let her come to us. She has been brought up differently than you children have been—but she is said to be a lovely character, and I

have no doubt you will get along beautifully together. I shall write by return mail and tell your aunt Marie to send Dorothy to us as soon as she finds it convenient to do so."

"I am so glad," said Ursula, and all the cousins said they would be very happy to have their cousin with them.

"I know you will do what you can to make Dorothy happy, and I sincerely hope she will be happy with us, and we must each one of us do our part in trying to make her visit to us pleasant, and remember always she is our little guest. Dorothea, as the English call the name, and which is the name of your little cousin, means a gift from God. It is from the name Dorothea the names Dora, Dolly and Doll came from. They are nick-names for Dorothea. So you see, Ursula, if your dolly was called it's full name, it would be called Dorothea."

"How they came to be called Dolly or Dolls, I will tell you. A great many years ago, in what was called the middle ages, many mothers used to give their children the name of a patron saint, and the saint that was called St. Dorothea for some time was said to be the favorite saint, and when mothers named their babies after this saint they thought the name too long for the little toddling baby, and shortened it to Dolly and Doll. And when their little children had their little babies, which were made of small blocks of wood, with arms, and legs cut out, and eyes, and a mouth, nose, and ears cut out of the wood, they called their

little wooden girls and boys after themselves, Dolly and Doll. These little babies were made small so they could handle them. That is how your dolls came to be called dolls."

"That is quite interesting, I had never heard this before."

"Well, children, you would like to have cousin Dorothy come then, shall I write your auntie, as I said I would, for her to allow Dorothy to come?"

"I am sure we shall all love to have her with us, mamma, said Marguerite."

"Indeed we shall," said the others.

"I will write, then, and tell your aunt Marie to send Dorothy, she will probably be with us this week, and as we have several plans, your papa and myself, for your vacation, she will be in time to enjoy the vacation days with us, which I hope will be very happy ones."

FINIS.

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